A COMPLETE NOVELETTE-"THE WAX MODEL"



ANICH & BACH Vitra-Quality PIANOS and PLAYER PIANOS



Half a century of effort by the Kranich and Bach families of piano builders has made this instrument supreme in tone and real musical value.

Our Golden Anniversary Booklet, for the guidance of piano buyers, will be sent on request.

KRANICH & BACH

233-243 EAST 234 STREET

NEW YORK CITY

JUBILEE PLAYER Price, \$700 "Always Enjoyable"

Vol. XLVI

JUNE, 1915

No. 2

THE SMART SET GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

H. L. MENCKEN

Manuscripts must be addressed, "Editors of THE SMART SET"

CONTENTS

I WANT TO BE SICK			H. S. Haskins		141
THE CONFESSION			M. L. Morrill		142
THE WAX MODEL (complete novelette) .			G. Vere Tyler		143
			T. N. Read		165
			Helen Woljeska		169
PURELY PARENTHETICAL			Austin Adams	•	173
THE PURSUIT			C. Hugh	•	179
THE AWAKENING OF AUTUMN			John Hurlburt Towneley		183
A LEAF FROM A BOOK OF DREAMS			John Hanlon	•	187
THE SCENE OF SCENES			Ernest Howard Culbertson		189
THE ESCAPE			Alan Scrivener		198
THE YELLOW SHAWL			Charles Caldwell Dobie	•	199
POST-IMPRESSIONS OF POETS			Owen Hatteras	•	204
THE DOCTOR'S WIFE			Frank Pease		205
THE PURITAN			Theodosia Garrison .		211
THE AWAKENING			Marjorie Cook		212
THE HAPPY ENDING			Frank R. Adams	•	CHARLES OF STREET
THE PACE			Phyllis Bottome	•	
OVER THE HILLS (one act play)			John Palmer		
EYES			Marion McCrea		
A NUDE DESCENDING A STAIRCASE			Lula Merrick		
THE MAN	1/4		Viola Burhans	•	
	,	10.11	Willard Wattles		254
SCRAMBLED EGGS			Lawton Mackall		255
COME INTO MY PARLOR		•	Robert Garland		259
THE TWISTED INN			Hugh Walpole		267
THE END OF HIS ROPE			Willis Boyd Allen	•	274
A BONE OF CONTENTION		10	Paul Hervey Fox		277
A PANORAMA OF WOMEN			W. L. D. Bell	•	278
BRISÉ LÉGÈRE (in the French)			Emile Delta		280
NOW TO REVIVE THE AUDIENCE .			George Jean Nathan .		283
HERE ARE NOVELS!		•	H. L. Mencken		290
IN THE SHOPS OF THE SMART SET			Jeanne Judson		297
AND					

AND

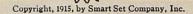
HALF A HUNDRED BURLESQUES, EPIGRAMS, POEMS, SHORT SATIRES, ETC.

The entire contents of this magazine are protected by copyright and must not be reprinted YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$3.00 SINGLE COPIES 25 CENTS

Issued by Smart Set Company, Inc., 331 Fourth Ave., New York, N.Y.

ELTINGE F. WARNER, Prest. and Treas. GEORGE JEAN NATHAN, Sec.

Entered at New York Post Office as second class mail matter



The Next Number of The Smart Set

A Big Summer Feature

TWO Capital, Typical Smart Set Novelettes

I.

"THE FRUIT OF MISADVENTURE," by Waldo Frank—the story of what happened in real life to a "Daddy-longlegs"; the story of a bachelor at the crossroads of romance and a bald spot; the story of a thrilling young girl; the story of their adventure in Westchester.

II.

"THE GENTLEMAN IN THE CASE," by Andrew Soutar—a dashing society melodrama; the story of what happened to a swagger Mr. Raffles at a smart house-party; the story of the cunning strategy of the flirtatious hostess's husband; the story of an amiable and mysterious pilferer, a mysterious Don Juan, and a pearl necklace which, albeit stereotyped, was utilized for a novel purpose.

And These Piquing Features

- 1. "HOW I DISCOVERED BERNARD SHAW," by Frank Harris, quondam owner and editor of the London Saturday Review—an account of the manner in which Shaw's light was first detected and drawn forth from the bushel.
- 2. "THE JOY OF DYING," by Charles Belmont Davis—an unusual story of what happened to a woman who longed for fine feathers, by the author of that admirable story of two years ago entitled "The Conquerors."
- 3. "THE THREE INFERNAL JOKES," by Lord Dunsany—the latest story from the pen of one of the greatest geniuses in modern Western Europe.

and

Twenty other sparkling novelties.

"He is wise who is moderate—and he who is moderate is wise."

And it is for the wisely moderate man that we make a wonderfully mild and mellow Whiskey-Wilson-Real Wilson-That's All!

The Whiskey for which we invented the Non-Refillable Bottle.

FREE CLUB RECIPES—Free booklet of famous club recipes for mixed drinks. Address Wilson, 317 Fifth Ave., N. Y. That's All!

GO Bermuo TO

Golf, Tennis, Boating, Bathing, Cycling LOWEST RATES INCLUSIVE TOURS

S. S. "BERMUDIAN" Sails every Wednesday

Twin Screws. 10,518 tons displacement. Submarine signals. Largest, Fastest and most Luxurious Steamer in the Bermuda Service. Wireless Telegraph. Record trip 39 hours 20 minutes.

For full information apply to

QUEBEC S. S. CO., Ltd., 32 Broadway, N. Y.

Thos. Cook & Son, 245 Broadway, N. Y. Canada S. S. Lines, Ltd., Montreal

Or any Ticket Agent

A Wonderful Beauty Builder

You will be convinced and delighted with Dr. James P. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers

Arsenic Complexion Wafers
If you want to restore and preserve your beauty,
use this priceless beauty builder and your skin
will gradually but surely take on the finer texture and greater clearness and freshness that the
steady use of Campbell's Complexion Wafers always brings. This wonderful toltet ald is guaranteed to clear the complexion of pimples,
blackheads, wrinkles, redness, sallow skin and
all facial blemishes, and a new skin appears
with the firmness and fineness of youth—naturally, quickly, but surely beautifies the face and
figure. Don't use rouge or powder which fill
the skin pores and bring polson into the system.
against neglect of skin aflections. Act now—delay is dangerous.
Send to-day for Campbell's Wafers—50c to \$1.00 per box by mail
postpaid in plain cover on receipt of price.

Richard Fink Co., Dept. 60, 396 Broadway, N. Y. Every druggist can get Dr. Campbell's Arsen for you from his wholesale dealer.

The Market Place for Fine Country Properties

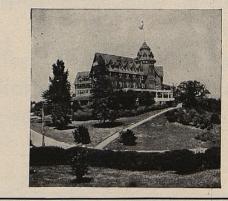
4....

1 Prosperous families throughout the country who are in the market to Purchase or Rent invariably turn to Town & Country as the Foremost Directory of High Grade Properties.

I Among Owners and Agents Town & Country is recognized as an established National Medium for Advertising important Estates and Country Homes.

TOWN & COUNTRY (Est. 1846) 389 Fifth Avenue, New York





The St. Charles, "The finest all-year hotel in the South"

At NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Perfectly located in the heart of the business and amusement centers. Accommodates one thousand guests.

Commodious rooms for commercial purposes advantageously located. Turkish and Russian baths.

Management coming direct from the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, is guarantee of the high standard of cuisine and service.

The famous Italian Garden is one of the largest and finest assembly rooms in the world, and with the adjoining outdoor dining terrace, covers 8,000 square feet.

ALFRED S. AMER & CO., Ltd., Proprietors
Folder on request

The Edgewood,

"New York's ideal suburban hotel"

At GREENWICH, CONN.

Situated on the highest point of a magnificent private estate amid the Connecticut Hills overlooking Long Island Sound.

Forty-five minutes from Grand Central Station by constant electric train service on N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R.

Combining the comforts and conveniences of a City Hotel of the highest class, with the charm and attractions of a Country Home.

Restaurant a la caste with distinctive service and quising at the Club

Restaurant, a la carte, with distinctive service and cuisine, at the Club House. The privileges of the Club are extended to all guests of the Hotel. Fine auto run of twenty-eight miles from New York.

THE ALFRED S. AMER CO., Owners and Proprietors

Booklet on request

New York Headquarters and Booking Office at "The Vanderbilt," Park Ave. and 34th St. ALFRED S. AMER, General Manager



Grocers everywhere sell Ridgways Tea. If it happens that your grocer does not have it, send 25 cents to our New York office for trial quarter-pound tin.

Ridgways, Inc., 111-113 Hudson Street, New York 354-356 No. Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Vogue

SUMMER FASHIONS

Now ready. A wealth of suggestions for every occasion during the warm weather; the diaphanous gowns of midsummer, simple little waists and frocks for informal country wear, hats, shoes, gloves, and all the accessories for every hour of the day.



in June

IN THE COUNTRY

Dated June 15. News and pictures of interest to all whom June will find at play far from the town. Summer plans at all the smart watering places, and a later presentation of the smart summer fashions. Many new devices for the better enjoying of life in the country.

Where shall you be in June? If you go where society is—Newport, Bar Harbor, Southampton, or the Adirondacks—see that Vogue goes with you. If, on the other hand, you are planning a quiet summer in some rustic hermitage, then Vogue will be the one connecting link with the outside world that you will most want to retain. Wherever you go, be sure to receive Vogue's two June numbers.

Vogue, 443 Fourth Avenue, New York

25 cents a copy Twice a month

Condé Nast, Publisher

\$4 a year 24 numbers

WHEN YOU TRAVEL

Let Town & Country Hotel and Travel Bureau supply you with transportation schedules, hotel rates and complete information covering your itinerary, whether here or abroad.

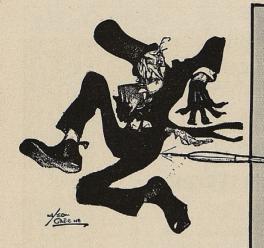
ALL YOUR ARRANGEMENTS CAN BE MADE HERE WITHOUT CHARGE AND WITHOUT TIRESOME DETAILS OR DELAY :: :: :: :: ::

This Bureau does not represent and is not affiliated with any railroad or steamship company, or company engaged in private business promotion :: :: ::

Besides the leading Summer and Winter Pleasure Resorts, we have at hand complete information about Health Resorts in all sections of the country—their climate, advantages offered by the treatment of their waters, and the cost of transportation and accommodation. Either correspondence or a personal visit will receive prompt and satisfactory service.

TOWN & COUNTRY Est. 1846 389 Fifth Avenue, New York

TRAVEL BUREAU Est. 1903 



From Puck Readers:

I get PUCK every week and am a great admirer of it. It is a good clean paper, and thoroughly enjoyable.

EDDIE LEONARD,
The Minstrel.

New York City.

I have been reading PUCK steadily for the past six months, and it is certainly entitled to the title it bears as "America's Cleverest Weekly." The mere fact that PUCK is so generously criticized by the sanctimonious is encouraging, and very amusing to those of us who know what it means to incur the righteous wrath of the pure in heart. I wish you every success in building up your val-uable and indispensable weekly.

ROBERT E. BAKER.

Baltimore, Md.

I would not miss my weekly copy of PUCK for twice what I pay for it. H. L. TAYLOR.

Charleston, S. C.

I have been a reader of PUCK for upward of thirty years, and I have always considered it the foremost periodical of its class. Permit me to congratulate you on selecting such sweet and clean stuff as "Rosemary." Your readers would appreciate more of the same kind.

CHAFFEE FREET.

New York City.

I cannot refrain from commenting on your Easter number. It is a work of consummate art.

ARTHUR LEONARD ROSENBERG.

San Francisco, Cal.

Your ideas are 'way ahead of everything in its country. W. E. WARREN. this country.

Shreveport, La.

I want to express my appreciation of your excellent humorous paper. I think the pictures are lovely and the humor spontaneous and pleasing, and I am glad to note the changes which have taken place, as I am a very old subscriber, having read the paper for a number of years.

J. B. ARDIS.

Corwin Springs, Mont.

I read all the best weeklies; they come to me in a big bundle. Usually I open PUCK first, because I appreciate the pictures and color-work. They are fine.

JAMES SHINE.

This Way Out, Mr. Gloom!



eloquent paragraphs — These among hundreds in our files — tell you more concisely, more interestingly, more sincerely than we could write, why some 60,000 new readers have expelled gloom from their work-a-day world through a weekly communion with the reborn



10 Cents a Copy Everywhere

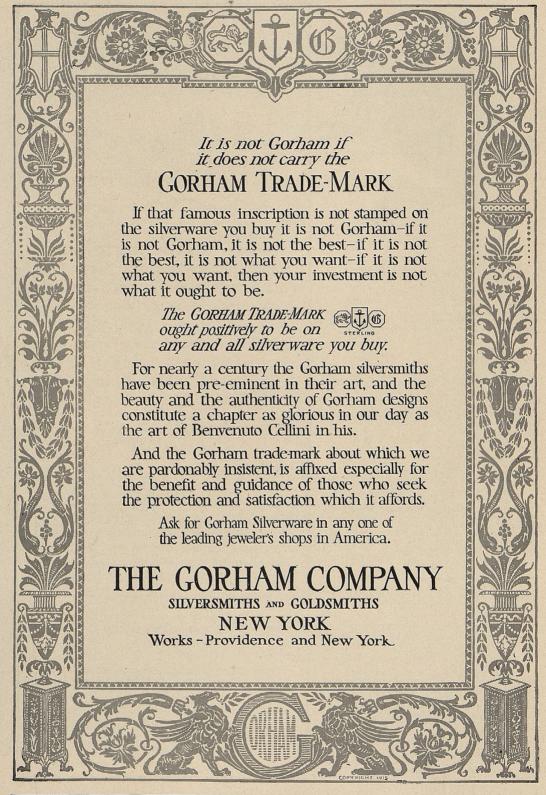
If your newsdealer cannot supply you, an easy method of putting Puck on probation for the next three months is to fill in the coupon below, pin it to a dollar bill and await the arrival of thirteen numbers of the only periodical of its kind in America.

PUCK PUBLISHING CORPORATION 301 LAFAYETTE STREET NEW YORK

Enclosed find one dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26), for which send PUCK, for three months, to

NAME				
		1110		
ADDRESS				

CITY AND STATE



THE SMART SET

Something lively; something striking; something new.

I WANT TO BE SICK

H. S. Haskins

WANT to be sick! I want to lie in bed and be fussed over and petted and nursed. So far in my life I have had but one disease—health. It sticks out all over me. It runs swiftly through me. It yanks me up in the morning. It tucks me up in bed at night and shoves me off into unexcited sleep, not even to dream. It stands by my chair at meals and gives me an appetite for just the right food in just the right quantities.

My head never aches. I never feel chilly. I'm never too warm. I haven't any bad habits. I have tried to adopt some, but my uncanny health will not let them fasten themselves to me.

So, day after day, year after year, I lead a life empty of nurses and doctors and coddling. Others love their symptoms; talk about them and are listened to. They achieve the nobility which comes from suffering. Theirs are lives of variety. Each night they can ask, "What new symptoms have I had to-day? How much nearer am I to calling a doctor, a nice wise doctor who will talk about me and let me talk about myself?"

Lucky people with ailments! With one-tenth of their bodies lying abed, sick, the well nine-tenths in the same bed is fussed over and petted and nursed, storing up energy and power and new life for the future. I have none of this relaxation. Mine is the dreary, changeless humdrum of perfect health.

I want symptoms. I want to be put to bed and petted, I want to come back to convalescence with brews and potions and soft cool fingers and dark rooms and sweet flowers to beguile me. I want to be sick!



THE CONFESSION

By M. L. Morrill

PRISCILLA'S female ancestors had been Prudences, Mehitabels and Priscillas time out of mind, while her male forbears had mounted heavenward under the appellations of Joshua, Caleb and Benjamin.

From both lines she had inherited a liberal supply of that confiding, gushing spirit for which New England is famous—so liberal, indeed, as to cause

her mother much anxiety.

"Priscilla," she would say, shaking her finger at her daughter, "when will you learn the importance of keeping your own counsel? I heard you tell Abigail Dexter the other day that you thought bread pudding was horrid."

But Priscilla found it hard to change herself, and so she went on being indiscreet. Indeed, at the age of twentyfive, after an acquaintance of only eight years, she engaged herself to a newcomer in town, Lispenard Leffingwell by name.

Priscilla's friends and acquaintances shook their heads. No good would come of this ill-considered alliance,

they felt convinced.

Who had ever heard of a Leffingwell in New England? If they had only known the man's grandfather the temerity of the venture would be lessened; but to marry a perfect stranger after an acquaintance of only eight years—plainly Priscilla was sailing straight for the breakers!

But, true to her headlong character, after a further probation of only five years, during which time she shamelessly permitted her fiancé to use her first name, she consented to be led to

the altar.

Priscilla's marriage was a happy one. At least it gave every sign of being happy.

Yet from time to time a cloud would gather on the young wife's brow which even her husband was not able to banish.

"Mother, don't you think I might tell him now?" demanded Priscilla one day, during a visit to her old home. "I sometimes think Lispenard suspects something."

"Not yet, my child," replied her mother. "Think, you have only known

him fifteen years."

-And Priscilla, convinced but only half satisfied, decided to defer the confession.

Eighteen years passed in this way and she and her husband were getting to be old people. Concealment, she thought, could be no longer continued. To be sure, her mother, she knew (had that good woman been still living) would have counseled caution. But Priscilla had always been headstrong.

She decided, therefore, to make her confession on the anniversary of their wedding. Accordingly, she waited until the relatives and friends who had come to wish them long life and prosperity had departed.

"Lispenard"—she began haltingly, "there is something I—I—wish to tell you—but—but—it seems so—immod-

est."

"Yes, my dear," he said, helpfully.

"It seems so immodest," and a blush dyed her cheeks. "Perhaps I should have told you before, but you will understand that it was impossible until I began to feel that I really knew you. Lispenard, I—"

"Yes, Priscilla?"

"I—I—"

Silence. Priscilla took a long breath, desperately.

"Lispenard, I have a-wooden leg!"

THE WAX MODEL

By G. Vere Tyler

TP to that moment women had flitted before young Mr. Melville Ilchester's eyes like birds in the trees of a forest. Invariably, if one alighted anywhere near him, she was off again before he could study her, or even get a really good look at her. Neither birds nor women were, as far as he was concerned, important. The trees would still be there without the birds flying about in their branches, and he could imagine and understand a world that would be quite satisfactory without women flying about on the ground. Birds pleased the eye and the ear: he was not quite sure that women did either. At any rate, he was not dependent upon them for his comfortable existence.

Young Mr. Ilchester's appearance confirmed his pose. He was of athletic build; had a pale, pinkish complexion; a square, firm jaw; deep, hazel-tinted, purplish eyes, half asleep, half sad; and a serious expression that lingered like a veil over his beardless face. He ignored fashion, and usually dressed in nondescript black, with a soft black Alpine hat planted firmly on his head. He had a slight stoop and carried a stout stick. He gave the impression of one over-powered by gigantic, well-husbanded strength and wisdom devoutly attained, and threw out a hermit-like asceticism that separated him from his fellows. Except for an occasional childlike smile, seldom betrayed, one might have estimated his age at between thirty-two and thirtyfive. He was, in fact, barely twentyfour.

While unquestionably a healthy animal, and created for physical as well as mental adventures, easy circumstances, inherited egotism, isolation and silent observation had made of him an idler, as well as a severe and ofttimes false critic of the world and its follies. His standard of life, of which he knew little, was absurdly high, and he had no toleration for that which fell short of his own ideals. There was a good deal of the Puritan in young Mr. Ilchester. Virtue was in the very marrow of him.

Orphaned at the age of seven, his life had been spent alone in his house, an old-fashioned granite barn that had been in the possession of his family for generations. It was situated outside of London, and surrounded by a cultivated wilderness of trees, shrubs and flowers. The family servants were so archaic as to be almost inhuman and since he could remember he had been master in his own house. He dined at the head of a table that would have seated fifty guests, and dressed for this solitary function with the same punctuality and precision that he would have devoted to the business if he had been entertaining an emperor.

His mind was perfectly clean. was not a corner in it over which the proverbial cambric handkerchief might not have been passed in safety. He took his existence quite naturally as he found it, and was perfectly oblivious of the fact that it was narrow, severe and lonely. He had all that a gentleman should have: house, land, servants, animals, and his daily habits, serious affairs, occupied his time.

It was not strange that such a personality should suddenly awaken through an apparent trifling cause. In the case of young Mr. Ilchester it was a display of gorgeously displayed wax models within a glass case before which he happened to find himself in Earl's Court.

It seemed to him, as his gaze hung upon the unique and to him marvelous figures, that for the first time he was enabled to observe woman motionless long enough for him to get a definite idea concerning her. He began to study these wonderfully contrived and executed replicas of the female form divine. They were more realistic than any picture or statue that he had ever seen, and he was lost in the surprising

art that had produced them.

Presently, rather as a shock, he discovered that the examination of the figures was exciting him, and that this excitement was causing him to move rapidly about from one figure to the other, ignoring people and stumbling against them without apology. brought himself up, analyzed his feelings, and concluded that his excitement was not without support in the laws of nature. The figures, while lifeless, were searchingly lifelike. Their faces were pretty; their lips seemed crimsoned by human blood; the flesh tints were marvelous; the eyes, clear and expressive; the lips, invitations, and the swelling bosoms seemed actually to heave in passionate breathing.

Young Mr. Ilchester attempted to compose himself and study the figures from the standpoint of a critic of the arts, but this was impossible, for each penetrating glance accentuated his

emotions.

In front of him, in a diaphanous négligé, a woman with a wealth of blonde hair, magnificent, insolent eyes, and pale pink hands clasped at the back of her head, was seated before a dresser gazing into a mirror, lost in admiration of her own charms. Below the dressing-table the stockingless feet were slipped into rose-tinted slippers that matched in color the ribbons decorating her garment. At the ends of the dresser and to either side of her were the most delicate and expensive creations in lingerie, filmy things made

out of transparent materials, elaborately trimmed in soft, alluring ribbons and laces.

Just as he had never studied a woman at close range before, so he had never studied the garments that women wore, and mingled with his other feelings there was thus the highly agreeable one of discovery. Did they really bedeck themselves in these things-in all this finery of gauze and ribbon and lace? The garment on the woman seated in front of the dresser was so transparent that she appeared to be clothed in a cloud—a cloud with pink depths. It affected his imagination rather staggeringly and he turned away from her —but only to be confronted by a beautiful brunette in a black and gold costume of the Directoire style. The embroideries on this costume were dazzling. It clung to the figure in a snakelike fashion, had the then much-discussed slit from knee to ankle, and the bodice was cut so as to accentuate all the curves of the ravishing form. The upper parts of the arms were covered in open-work gold lace which served to emphasize the brownish tint of the skin. The head of the wax lady, slightly tilted, was insolent in its pose, and she was gazing defiantly into his eyes. Her own were black and dreamy, filled with self-consciousness and magnetic charm, and the red mouth, tantalizingly pursed, was an invitation to kisses.

Young Mr. Ilchester, already flushed of face, felt a bit of moisture upon his brow, while his broad white hands were trembling. His Puritanism suddenly bubbling up, he grew angry at this, and attempted to tear himself away, but the languorous eyes, the red mouth and the black curls caressing the slender throat held him where he stood. His bewildered gaze traveled slowly from the top of the beautiful head to the little foot incased in a dainty black satin slipper, and then back again. Over and over he resolved to leave, only to find himself powerless. And all the while she smiled her siren smile into his eyes, the self-confident, contemptuous smile of the woman who comprehends.

"A marvelous figure, Monsieur!" said a man's voice in broken English. He turned sharply. "Marvelous!

Yes, marvelous in its iniquity!"

Young Mr. Ilchester, who felt his hands still trembling, and knew that a slight moisture had broken out upon his brow, flashed a contemptuous glance at the Frenchman and strode away. He would have no traffic with such deviltries.

II

But in spite of his indignation at what he was pleased to style French indecency, the following morning found him again in front of the costume ex-Nothing was changed. hibit. beautiful brunette in the ravishing black and gold costume was just as he had left her the day before. While still a good deal embarrassed his eyes now met hers more fearlessly and a mad kind of rapture overwhelmed him, as if he had been separated from her for years and returned and found her the same. Again his eyes traversed her from head to foot. The black hair was parted demurely, the brow was innocent, the long-fringed lashes curled upward, giving the face an ecstatic expression, and also allowing the beholder to gaze into the very depths of the eyes. It was strange: already this wax woman could change her expression at will and each one produced a new effect. The little ears seemed to have grown pink during his short absence and the figure altogether more lifelike. He felt his self-control deserting him.

"Will Monsieur not view the rest of the exhibit?" asked the Frenchman in his ears. He started. "Perhaps," continued the Frenchman, "Monsieur does not know that not one of these charming ladies is only a wax figure for the exhibition of the costume? No, no, Monsieur; every one is the exact representation of one beautiful artist modèle. If Monsieur is charmed by the face, let him rest content that the face of the real one he might see. If

Monsieur like the throat, or the long arms, or the little feet, all the originals of these beautiful figures actually exist."

Young Mr. Ilchester remarked that the information did not interest him, but the Frenchman was evidently not convinced, for he continued volubly: "But Monsieur does not fail to admit that they be the very beautiful young ladies?"

He pointed rapturously to the figure in black and gold that had so captivated young Mr. Ilchester's imagination.

"For instance," he went on, "the little one in the black and gold! is she who is called by the great artist for who she is modèle 'La belle Julie'! And then the great impression here in scarlet, and with the scarlet poppies in the black hair! A-h!" and the Frenchman rubbed his hands, "that is Mlle. Evonne. She also is La belle Evonne. And will Monsieur observe well that little wicked ear and that little tiny scar. One young Englishman, grave like Monsieur, did bite that little scar! Ah! la! la! but La belle Evonne was angry that day! He has pay big money for that little scar, and that has made La belle Evonne laugh very much, and when the artist make that figure for this exhibit, she say not to forget the little scar!" The Frenchman screwed up his face and looked very wise. "Monsieur will also notice the lovely line from the little ear to the tip of the shoulderthere-and then the curve of the chin," he pointed to the little pink chin, "and

"Stop!" exclaimed young Mr. Ilchester angrily. "The misuse of life, as in the case of these artists' models, and the misuse of life's gifts, as in the case of these artists, if they can be called so, is a crime!"

Young Mr. Ilchester took in the booth with a sweeping gesture.

Monsieur Hermineux was greatly distressed. He sighed deeply. But the next moment he had bowed from the waist very low to young Mr. Ilchester and in his uplifted eyes the distress was not apparent.

"And Monsieur is quite sure he would not care to see the original of the figure in the black and gold—la belle Julie?"

"Quite sure!" returned young Mr.

Ilchester gravely.

"Then there is no need to tell Monsieur that she sometimes does visit the exhibition—that, in fact, she was here this very morning and may come at any

time once more!'

"She is in London?" young Mr. Il-chester was surprised into asking. He attempted to stop the throbbing of his heart, and did quell a sudden and raging desire to question the Frenchman further. For the second time he was about to leave when suddenly the Frenchman caught him excitedly by arm.

"Monsieur!" he gasped, "regard the door! It is Mlle. Julie herself who

enters!"

As he spoke a beautiful French girl was advancing towards them. At first glance, her costume, a simple rosecoloured crêpe de Chine, with a hat trimmed in pink roses, was so entirely opposed to the one in which she was exhibited in the case that young Mr. Ilchester congratulated himself that there was no likeness. But when she stood before him and threw back her veil, the likeness was so startling that a gasp escaped him. If anything, she was more lovely than the wax figure made in her image. She was more girlish, less wicked—in fact, she did not appear wicked at all. The figure was beautiful and insolent. She was lovely and piquant. Her eyes, instead of being defiant and sensuous, were soft and luminous; the lips were flexible, childlike and delicious. The wax figure was beauty from the hand of man, whose intention was to represent evil: she was beauty from the hand of God, whose intention had been to produce perfection. In fact, nothing emanating from the hand of man, even had the artist been not merely a modeler in wax, but a great painter or sculptor, could have reached the beauty of her transcendent face and the divinity of her form,

rhythmic as it was in grace, and throwing out dangerous magnetic currents, as flowers throw out perfume. Young Mr. Ilchester looked upon her fascinated. She had within her, not only the freshness of the rose, but also the seduction of strong French extracts.

Young Mr. Ilchester felt bewildered, and in spite of the magnetic attraction of Mlle. Julie's personality he would, in all probability, have made his escape had not the Frenchman prevented it by a most polite and formal introduction.

"Monsieur," he said gallantly, "permit me to introduce Mlle. Julie Devenant, the *originale* of the Directoire Monsieur has had the goodness to admire."

Instinctively young Mr. Ilchester's hand went to his hat, but before the introduction could be acknowledged Mlle. la belle Julie, in a most startlingly unexpected manner, flew into a rage with Monsieur Hermineux. The figure in the case, it seemed, was not at all arranged to suit her. She greatly preferred her back to the audience and her face displayed in the mirror. She had assured Monsieur of that several times, and above all she had not had her déjeuner, only that very poor coffee that the English make, which was not coffee at all, and those abominable ham and eggs that, of course, she could not Between the Frenchman and Mlle. Julie the situation immediately became tragic, Monsieur Hermineux admitting that he was at his wits' ends. If Mlle. Julie could speak Englishah! that would be another matter; all would be quite simple, "mais, pas un mot, Monsieur!" Young Mr. Ilchester fancied he detected a tear in the eyes, suddenly so full of pathos, and now inquiringly fixed upon him.

"I speak French," he said, his voice queerly shaky, "and I will take Mademoiselle to a French restaurant."

In another moment he was leading Mlle. Julie from the hall of the costume exhibit, while the Frenchman, having seated himself at his little table, began to write what seemed to be a letter.

Young Mr. Ilchester's French tutors now stood him in good stead, for Mlle. la belle Julie began to pour forth volumes of her sonorous native language in his enchanted, and a bit bewildered, ears. She was very hungry—those eggs and that fat ham! And then, it was incredible, but they had actually offered her tea for petit déjeuner! She had demanded coffee instead, of course, but what coffee they brought!

When they reached the restaurant it was quite difficult for Mlle. Julie to be suited as to a table, which must be in a corner, in the shade, near the band and with flowers in sight. But by the aid of the head waiter and two assistants the desired table was finally secured, and as Mlle. Julie took her seat and adjusted her skirts the band broke into a very

light mazurka.

Young Mr. Ilchester remained standing, a bit awkward, a bit embarrassed. Was this all? Were his services over? Should he go? He did not know. Finally he ventured that he supposed he should leave, but this caused the Mlle. Julie great astonishment and consternation. Her little hands flew apart, her eyes looked wondrous prayers. Monsieur! Why must he go? Was it not all very nice? Ah! and la belle Julie grew very sad, she understood: Monsieur did not care for the French place-Monsieur, and the girl broke into a very merry laugh, was sighing for his Lipton's-how many there were! -and his "cupothe." And la belle Julie laughed again-a laugh that made the Englishman for a moment ashamed of tea, and, in fact, of his whole existence in his own land. Would he not be seated? She would show him that it was not so difficult to enjoy the things that she herself would order!

And when young Mr. Ilchester was seated opposite her, and with the head waiter, the wine attendant, and two others hovering about, she gave her orders. Then, when they were gone, each in a different direction, Mile. Julie proceeded without further ado to give her

life history to the young man, which she commenced by assuring him had been very, very sad. Her father had been an artist, her mother—ah! what a life—a dancer! They were dead they had died before she was fifteen. Would he like to know what became of her then? It moved her heart to tell it, as it would touch his to listen. She was sent to a convent! Ah! hers had been a life. Three years she was shut up in those dreary walls and then -could Monsieur believe it?—she became a governess. Think! A governess! And after that? Ah, one day the great Cazin saw her walking in the park with her little charge, and then and there made a picture of her-and, well, it was the great artist Cazin who led her to become the artists' model.

As young Mr. Ilchester, overcome by sympathetic infatuation, ventured no remark, the girl took occasion to partake with interest of her luncheon. She finished her entrée, including all the sauce she could scrape up out of the

dish, and then looked up.

Would Monsieur care to know something of the real Julie who laid awake in her bed when all the world slept to weep? Or was Monsieur fatiguéhad she talked too much? No? Then, to be quite frank, what the real Julie hungered for was-no, no, no, not what Monsieur supposed—a fine house, beautiful costumes and diamonds, not at all! It was love, pure love, untainted by passion, such as Monsieur would bestow, alas! not upon her, but upon some very sweet young girl whom fate had been more kind to. Was it not true? Also, Monsieur had never loved, she could read that in his very beautiful eyes—eyes that made her think of the quiet lonely lakes of his great England. It was true, was it not-Monsieur had never loved?

"Never!" exclaimed young Mr. Il-

chester, blushing deeply.

Exactly! She was sure she could not be mistaken, and yet, after all, did not Monsieur find life rather tiresome? If love was silly, did it not also pass

the time? And was not that the great

thing, to pass the time?

And then young Mr. Ilchester answered that he did not think so; that the great thing was to employ the time usefully. But Mlle. Julie did not understand that. Usefully? It was as though the word were quite foreign to her language—and since they had had their black coffee, she supposed, as the tables were in such demand, they should go. And so the bill was presented to young Mr. Ilchester, and he paid out a trifle over a pound.

This he did in a kind of a dream. It was only when his companion sprang to her feet that he realized that they were not to sit there in the little corner that she had selected, that was so shady, that was so near the band, and where flowers were in sight, forever. It was the first time he had ever experienced an enjoyment that was not serious—the first time he had ever sat listening to the chatter of a girl, and this girl was very beautiful; not only was she beautiful to the eye, but to his inner consciousness, too. She commanded his sympathy. Had not the world ill treated her?

Mile. Julie was drawing on her long gloves. With her head slightly tilted to one side, her eyes were fixed upon her occupation. He stood observing her. The wine had brought a flush to her cheeks and her thick lashes were above them. He marveled at the upward curl of them, her straight, pencilled brows, the gentleness of her forehead, from which the black hair was drawn back quite severely, and the tenderness of the pouting lips.

When she finally lifted her eyes, in which there was a bright smile, and extended her small gloved hand in farewell, young Mr. Ilchester started.

She was bidding him adieu! All he would have asked of her at that moment was to follow at her heels as the great dog at home followed at his. He called upon his courage and spoke to her.

"May I not see you again?" he asked. His voice was husky and he feared that if he spoke another word it would

"Certainly," replied Mlle. Julie, "that is quite simple," only now she was in a hurry. "Au revoir!" She started off again, but he sprang to her side. He was pale and he still feared his voice.

"When?" he asked in a whisper.

Mlle. Julie became thoughtful. This was Tuesday—she had many engagements, but, well—Friday she would see him. On Friday evening he might meet her in front of her wax image. There was to be a new costume for that day—it was ravishing—but now, au revoir; and she was gone.

IV

No sooner was Mlle. Julie out of sight than young Mr. Ilchester was in tremendous haste to reach his home. Once there he felt that he would be instantly restored to his normal calm. It was as if a terrific storm had swept through him, and he could feel the flashes of the receding lightning.

Having decided on the tube and taken his seat, the crowds and rumbling of the trains irritated him and it seemed that women sprang up from the very earth and platform to surround him. An uncontrollable terror seized him when one girl, smelling of some subtle perfume, took her seat by him in the train. He got up irritably, went into another coach and seated himself between two men.

But they also disturbed him. They were casting glances at two girls opposite them and this inspired him with disgust. He was now doubly anxious to get home, where all was silent and grave and composed. He would go out in the garden, where the familiar flowers were, dismiss this little French girl from his mind, have tea there, and then all would be as before.

Nevertheless, upon his arrival there the grave old servant who opened the door to him seemed a reproach. He dared not look into the fellow's eyes, so, passing him hurriedly, having given orders for tea, he strode out into the

garden.

The sun had descended sufficiently to be almost obscured by the thickleafed trees of the high western wall. Dark shadows clung to the wall and lay on the ground; the place was permeated with a certain mournful dampness, and for the first time it appeared to him heartless and cold. He looked about him, amazed at the lack of comfort extended him. The flowers seemed imprisoned and hopeless-blooming against their will; the broad paths were like the deserted trail of the departed; the high stone walls, in which he had always experienced such pride, seemed advancing forward to crush him, and he was attacked by an overpowering loneliness that made out of his past life a vain and empty ceremony.

And then, of a sudden, the waxen figure of Julie appeared before him, with the smile in the eyes he had feared, with the lips presented and the

legs exposed to the knee.

He stepped out of the path into a pansy bed and all the other women in their glittering costumes seemed to spring out of the earth and surround him. He wanted to run, to get out of their way, but when he attempted to do so his feet got doubled up in diaphanous materials and he stumbled over the woman seated at the dresser, with bare arms and pink hands clasped at the back of her head, smiling contentedly at her own image in the mirror.

Just then, as he was trying to pull himself up, he saw the servant coming down the broad path in his black clothes, carrying the tea service. He motioned to the place where he wished the tea served and remembered when he had taken his seat that he had made it a habit never to allow his servants to speak to him except in response to his orders. For the first time in his life he felt the need of human sympathy—human help. He wanted to call out to the old man to come back and stand beside him and speak to him, but he only watched the vanishing form down the broad path until it entered

the house. He began to pour his tea and was amazed to remember that this little ceremony, the day before, had

given him pleasure.

The garden was growing a little more solemn; across the sky in the west a strip of cloud, the color of the costume worn by Mlle. Julie, lay like a veil. Things about him seemed falling asleep. A moist, quiet night was on its way. Finally it began to be dark and this seemed to annoy him, as a suggestion of his going to his room and dressing for dinner. The idea weighed upon him. The jug of hot water awaiting him was as familiar as the dinner service. Strange that these things had never appeared familiar before—familiar in the light of being tiresome. He went indoors, somewhat impulsively announced his intention of not dining at home, and left the house.

V

THE next few days were restless ones

for young Mr. Ilchester.

Among other things, he made unprecedented visits to his tailor. Both to and from Earl's Court he found it necessary to stop to be fitted. Having failed utterly to dismiss the little French girl from his mind, having, in fact, experienced great difficulty in quelling his impatience to be with her again, it was his intention to present himself before her on Friday in fashionable garb.

His constant attendance upon Earl's Court had given him the opportunity to observe the costumes of fashionable and worldly people. He noticed that not only were the women painstakingly gowned, but that the men were equally attentive to the details of attire. He was furiously jealous of these elegant representatives of his sex, who seemed in every sense of the word to eclipse him. If one of them lingered in admiration of the beautiful figure of Mlle. Julie it filled him with uncontrollable indignation. He would rudely step in front of such an one and attempt to shut off his gaze. That polite persons

of both sexes stared at him and expressed by their glances that they considered him excessively ill-bred in no

way disturbed him.

Friday morning found him in front of the image, clad in black as usual. Friday evening, however, the time appointed by Mlle. Julie for the continuance of their acquaintance, found him a very much changed individual.

For young Mr. Ilchester had suddenly become gay. He wore a very light suit with charming invisible stripes, fashionably cut, and instead of the priest-like black Alpine, a very picturesque panama. His rather heavy shoes had been replaced by low patent leathers, above which could be seen a pair of embroidered silk socks. The plain stout stick had given place to a very handsome silver-mounted malacca.

It was not surprising that for a moment Monsieur Hermineux failed to bestow upon him the usual nod of recognition and that Mlle. Julie failed to recognize him at all until he advanced towards her, rather awkwardly, it is true, and lifted his fine new hat. It was at that auspicious moment that the smouldering fire of his dark, luminous eyes first caused her a slight sensation

of alarm.

She herself was most charming. She wore a becoming toilette of white lace, simple and girl-like in design, and a large white hat covered in black ostrich feathers. Her hands and arms were encased in black gloves that accorded well with her high-heeled satin slippers and silk-embroidered stockings. Pinned to her bodice was a single scarlet rose. She was not only beautiful, but dazzling, and in the eyes of the grave and fluttering Englishman she was the embodiment of all that a man might fight for or die in defense of. But to his great discomfort the things that he had studied out and arranged in his mind to say to her faded away and he stood in profound silence gazing upon her.

Mlle. Julie laughed merrily in his face, and, while her laughter was music in his ears, it brought the blood to his He again attempted to speak, but again found that words failed him. A man who passed by in animated conversation with a girl by his side filled

him with a rage of envy.

For quite a while he roamed about by the side of the French girl in a silent and ecstatic state, and, whether his head was bent with hers over a showcase of jewelry, or they were being borne along beneath the stars in a Lohengrin launch, he was conscious of her only and knew that the world had changed from a commonplace orbit for mortals into an entrancing haven for gods.

"We can't walk here forever," Mlle. Julie, who was not only very tired, but who knew that it must be getting quite late, exclaimed finally and petulantly.

Young Mr. Ilchester had almost forgotten that they could not, but he recovered himself and inquired of her what she wished to do. She suggested a taxi, and they were soon being hurled through the gaily lighted streets towards her little flat, of which, once more comfortable, she was telling him.

One thought consumed young Mr. Ilchester: that at the door of her abode, as he mentally called it, he must leave her. He told her this, and it was then that Mlle. Julie became first thoughtful and afterwards talkative. Monsieur understood that she was a good girl -it was true that she was an artists' model, but that was her profession, and an artists' model could be as pure as an angel-that is, if she cared to be. For her part, she had been ill-treated and abominably cheated, but she had never yielded to the temptation of other girls of her class. Monsieur believed this?

Monsieur did believe! Very well, then, Monsieur would be her very great friend. She would allow him to go in, but only for five minutes, only that he might see her little nest; a girl must be very careful; only a peep at her pretty little salon, quite English, everything all covered up in cretonne with the big bunches of flowers. Ah! there were times when even she had some good luck, as the little flat would con-

vince Monsieur.

And as Mlle. Julie was speaking these words she was taking a key from a gold bag and opening the door. The next moment she had touched the electric button inside, and they were facing each other in a flood of light. Mlle. Julie stepped back: "Voilà, Monsieur!"

she exclaimed in triumph.

Young Mr. Ilchester's impressions were that he had never seen a room quite so small or one quite so vivid. It was all a confused blending of white and red. The walls were papered to represent white satin and covered with studies of Mlle. Julie framed in scarlet. Filmy lace curtains hung at the windows from scarlet poles. On the table was an empty wine-bottle and a couple of glasses. A pair of bedroom slippers peeped out from the ruffles of the low couch, and across a chair, just where Mlle. Julie had left it, was a pale blue peignoir, covered with lace and ribbons, looking light and airy, as though quite capable of flying away. Through the open doorway and backed against a large mirror that reached from floor to ceiling—that made the entire wall, in fact—was a brass bedstead, the coverings and pillows of which were showers of lace. There was the light, flighty odor of strong sachet powder in the air, and the seven lights of the crystal chandelier made the small place blindingly bright.

Young Mr. Ilchester again found

himself speechless.

Mile. la belle Julie went up to him. "Monsieur, then, does not like the

little home of Julie?"

Her eyes were full of pathetic pleading; her lips twisted themselves charm-

ingly into a petulant smile.

"I do like it," replied young Mr. Ilchester; "it is very beautiful. It surprised me. I have never seen anything like it."

"Monsieur has never seen the home of a little artists' model—never?"

"No, never," answered young Mr. Ilchester, tearing his eyes from her face and glancing around.

As they rested on the big couch that took up one corner of the room, and

where a dozen cushions were reclining one upon the other, Mlle. Julie touched him lightly upon the arm.

"But I cannot ask Monsieur to sit

down."

"I did not expect it," replied young Mr. Ilchester quickly.

"Monsieur knows why?"

"It is too late."

Mlle. Julie laughed, and the beauty of the strange little notes ringing out on the dazzling atmosphere, where the vivid reds were almost blinding, caused him to feel momentarily faint. He turned very pale. "Exactly," she exclaimed. "It is because I am a good girl. Monsieur believes that?"

"Why repeat that question? Why do you doubt it?" He spoke impulsively. "I do believe it. I know it! I would stake my life on it! You are

beautiful and you are good!"

He stood erect and looked at her. His face was pale, his eyes glowed and

his mouth was set.

"Do you know, Monsieur, what I have heard of the big Englishman?" asked the French girl suddenly. "That he is one great beast—every one of him!"

"I have heard the epithet applied to us," said young Mr. Ilchester, surprised that his voice was so calm.

"Monsieur is not like that?" inquired Mlle. Julie, lifting her beautiful eyes.

A quick flash escaped young Mr. Ilchester's eyes. A momentary realization had touched his subconscious self.

"I do not know," he replied, "I have never been put to the test; I may be! It is well, Mademoiselle, for you to remember that, in case I am, a wild beast is a dangerous thing to trifle with."

"Trifle? I? I cannot understand, Monsieur!" exclaimed Mile. Julie,

feigning great astonishment.

"I do not understand myself," returned young Mr. Ilchester gravely as he gazed into her eyes. "I only know that you are beautiful and that I thank God you are good."

"I am one little angel?" asked Mlle. Julie piquantly, yet also a bit alarmed.

"A little angel," said young Mr. Il-chester tenderly.

There was a pause.

"Will Monsieur go now?"

"Yes: when you have told me when to return. Tomorrow morning?"

"Tomorrow morning," Mlle. Julie laughed. "Ah! but that is quite impossible."

"The afternoon, then?"
"The afternoon? No!"

"The evening?"

He was holding her eyes with his own glowing ones, and the passionate earnestness of his pale, striking face

again alarmed her.

"The evening? No! This is Friday," she counted on her fingers. "I will see Monsieur in the evening of Monday—not before."

"I will wait. Good night."
"Au revoir, Monsieur."

She slipped past him, opened the door—smiling bewitchingly as she held it for him—and he strode through it.

Outside he paused a moment. "Monday," he repeated absently.

"Oui, Monsieur, Lundi."

"Not before?"

"Non, Monsieur." Mlle. Julie was smiling ravishingly now.

"I will wait," repeated young Mr. Ilchester.

VI

A SURPRISE awaited young Mr. Ilchester the following morning, when he found himself, as usual, in front of the costume exhibit of Monsieur Hermineux.

It was the increased loveliness of the statue of Mile. Julie in an entirely new costume.

As though to ravish his imagination and lift him to celestial realms, Mlle. Julie was all in white: a simple costume fashioned after the Greek style. She looked the embodiment of purity and innocence. Her eyes were tender and expressive—he was sure that the corner of the mouth drooped. The girlish form, so simply gowned, the innocent countenance, the classic head with a

wreath of gold leaves on the hair affected him in such an exquisite manner that tears gushed to his eyes. Monsieur Hermineux saw those tears of a youthful overcharged soul and waited until they had subsided before approaching him to discuss the figure in the new costume. He also informed young Mr. Ilchester that Mlle. Julie had left just before he arrived.

This news proved both exciting and depressing to young Mr. Ilchester, and he soon left the ground in imaginary pursuit. A thousand things presented themselves that Mlle. Julie might be doing; a thousand places where he might possibly find her. She had spoken during their conversation concerning the restaurant of the Savoy: she sometimes lunched or dined there, she had told him. So, noting the hour, and that it was approaching lunch time, young Mr. Ilchester betook himself to that hotel. The place being overfull, he had to remain for quite half an hour waiting for a table. At last, however, through an exorbitant tip, he got one, and a moment later was in his seat considering the Frenchiest of French dishes.

It was his first visit to this hotel, and the sights that greeted him were quite overwhelming. As a matter of fact, he was in the mood to be impressed. His heart was aflame with a first love and he was in that exalted emotional condition wherein ordinary sights take wonderful forms. In his ecstatic state of mind he was absorbed in all he saw. Life had indeed changed for him, so that he found it difficult to realize that he was himself, and more than once his thoughts flew back to the cool, solemn house in which his life had been spent, that house which had claimed his existence to the exclusion of that which was light-hearted and gay. He marveled again at all that was going on in the world, all that he had never been a part of, and rejoiced in what appeared to be his liberation.

If only Mile. Julie were by his side! If only he could see her enter, beckon

that her place was reserved, and again watch her as she gave her discriminating order. Why not? Such wonderful things happened! He had read of people willing things that were beyond credibility. If only he could will Mlle.

Tulie to his table!

What a brilliant scene! People were beginning to leave, it was true, but others were constantly arriving to fill the vacant places. He could feel the excitement of these people, bent upon diversion and the luxurious satisfaction of appetite. The faces of the women especially attracted his attention. They were happy and expectant, and, under the spell of his infatuation for the French girl, for the first time all pleasing women appealed to him. He peered into lovely faces as they passed him. He caught the faint aroma of delicate perfumes. The pale colors of the costumes seemed to tremble upon their wearers like leaves on lovely bushes. He could only liken them to flowers. He condemned himself for the injustice, born of his own blindness, that he had done femininity. And interwoven in his thoughts was the vision of la belle Julie, who had evoked them. She lighted the scene as a chandelier does a ballroom.

Suddenly a merry laugh broke quite unexpectedly upon his hearing. He started as though bells had rung inside his brain. It was Mlle. la belle Julie's laugh! Young Mr. Ilchester quickly turned his gaze in the direction of it. He had not been mistaken. The French girl, with a flush on her lovely face from the wine she liked so well, and with one slender ankle protruding in the chicest manner possible through a strangely parted skirt, was leaving

the place.

She was accompanied by two gentlemen. In one of them young Mr. Ilchester recognized an artist, in the other a well-known society actor. A droopy young girl, who was clothed in white and who had on a white hat of the same style as Mlle. Julie's, was also of the party. She looked weary and brought up the rear of Mlle. Julie

and the two men, who were both trying to talk to Mile. Julie, one over each shoulder.

Young Mr. Ilchester sprang to his feet and took a step forward. It was his intention to collar the men, throw them aside and take possession of Mlle. Julie. He met the gaze of the young girl following them and the alarm in her face checked him. He knew that it was his own face that had alarmed her. A few moments to collect himself, and then, regardless of surprised glances directed at the white, passionate face and unusually excited strides of the young Hercules, young Mr. Ilchester sprang after the French girl. He was only in time, however, to get a glimpse of her and her party being carried away in a scarlet motorcar.

For a moment young Mr. Ilchester stood gazing absently after the automobile. A curious light that was more like darkness gathered in his eyes, and when he returned to his table a wholly unexpected calm had settled upon him.

His luncheon consisted in paying his bill, after which he took a taxi home. How the afternoon passed he did not exactly know. As usual, perhaps. At any rate, he dressed for dinner, and went through that laborious ceremony alone. At nine o'clock his finger was pressed to the electric button of Mlle. Iulie's flat.

Monday evening was the time appointed for him to call, but Mlle. Julie had told him she was a good girl, and a doubt had arisen in his mind that he would not sleep with.

VII

MLLE. JULIE herself opened the door to him. She wore a diaphanous tulle and lace gown that quite outlined her perfect form from head to foot.

Standing in the doorway, young Mr. Ilchester observed her thus with a lighted cigarette in her hand. On the couch two men in evening clothes were lounging; on the table were several wine-bottles and half-filled glasses. The room smelt of champagne, and

was in a grayish haze that the cigarette

smoke had made.

Young Mr. Ilchester stood a full moment in the doorway, which he quite filled up, and without a word turned and walked away. Had Mlle. Julie seen the look in his eyes she would probably have dropped the wine-glass she was lifting to her lips. She did not see the look, and a burst of laughter reached him as he passed out of the house.

When young Mr. Ilchester left the flat of Mile. Julie, where two men in evening clothes were reclining on a couch; where wine-glasses gave out their intoxicating fragrance; where cigarette smoke clouded the air, and where Mlle. Julie herself, in her diaphanous white dress, with a wreath of red cherries dangling on her hair, was the embodiment of all he had detested and instinctively feared in woman, he stood for a moment on the sidewalk, staggered as from a great blow.

Certainly a staggering blow had been dealt him and this blow was from a hand too tiny for his vengeance. What was the aim and purpose of such a creature? Was the feminine instinct the same as that of a poisonous plant?

He knew a certain plant of apparently innocent intent that, in fact, bloomed quite placidly until an insect touched its bosom. Then all the leaves contracted and crushed out the insect's life. The insect's safety lay in keeping away from the plant. A man's safety lay in keeping away from women—they were like that plant. Poets knew it, artists knew, novelists and philosophers knew. The world was full of warners of warnings. How was it that he, who had instinctively cherished these warnings, had suddenly forgotten them? He felt ashamed, and again his big person oppressed him. He was powerful and he was nothing—a child, an infant. A small imp had been the undoing of him in a week!

A taxi whizzed by and he mechanically hailed it and had himself taken to Earl's Court. It was the scene of his intoxication. It still fascinated him. Inside the dazzling lights blinded him. They were like jewels worn by women, magnified to immense proportions and set on fire. They seemed to him all that was left of an army of women whom God had suddenly destroyed. He saw these women, decorated in these jewels, perishing in the flames that had now expired, and he was glad that they had so perished. His mind reverted to Milton's "Paradise Lost," much of which he knew by heart, and he de-

spised Eve anew.

What a beautiful world this would have been had God not allowed the serpent to enter it and become implanted in woman! Why was sex attraction introduced-why did God make such mistakes-such fatal mistakes? For a moment, Puritan as he was, he was almost angry against God. If the purpose had been to perpetuate the species, such a cruel method was not necessary, since Adam and Eve. perfect man and woman, were created without recourse to any such means. Young Mr. Ilchester was very orthodox, but passion had made him fearless. He would not have been, in this moment, afraid to meet God face to face, and he would have, without hesitation, put his question to Him.

Why had he been led astray? What could he know about women, he who had spent his life in an old stone house with the portraits of his ancestors, who had drunk tea in an old-fashioned flower-garden and rowed his boat on a solitary lake in his own grounds; he whose companions had been his horse, his dog and his gun? His own lonely life stood out cold and grisly before him, and he wanted to sit down on a bench that some people were vacating a few feet away and put his face in

his hands and cry.

A few moments later he found himself in front of the restaurant where he had lunched with Mlle. Julie that first fatal morning. He stopped as though a flying bullet had arrested him. The people seated about on the balcony in the pale light, with rare dishes, and bottles and half-finished glasses in

front of them, seemed to have sprung up out of the earth from a hell of departed spirits. The little table in the corner, the table that was near the band, in the shade and where flowers were in sight, the table at which he had lunched with Mlle. Julie, was vacant. For a while he stood quite passive with his eyes fixed upon it. Finally he walked in and took his seat before it.

A waiter approached him cheerfully. What would Monsieur have? And wine! What wine could he order for

Monsieur?

As he spoke the man who attended to the wine orders, a small, sharp, knowing creature, stepped up with the wine-list. The waiter took the winelist.

"Will Monsieur have the same wine as the other day? Number twentyfour? It was a very good wine—most

excellent."

Young Mr. Ilchester had never drunk a drop of wine in his life. He paused and stared at the man. How was it possible that the fellow remembered him? In an instant he knew and a flush overspread his face. The waiter remembered him as the escort of Mlle. Julie.

"Yes," he said, "bring me the same

wine."

As the waiter departed he said to himself that he would take his first glass of wine and drink to her destruction. He meant it. In his heart was the agony of having been duped and the overwhelming misery of lost faith. He would drink to her destruction!

The place was crowded, lights were blazing, wine was flowing. Young Mr. Ilchester suddenly felt himself a part of all this and the idea sickened him. He leaped to his feet and for an instant stood at bay, ready to fell it all at one blow—the false, glittering, artificial show world that had risen up on the placid, patient earth.

The waiter found him thus.

"Voilà, Monsieur!" he said airily as he unfolded a napkin and extended it. "And now what does Monsieur fancy to eat? A salad—a little pâté—some lobster—?"

"Nothing," answered young Mr. Il-

"Some little cakes, then? There are some very nice eclairs—"

"Nothing!" young Mr. Ilchester repeated, and the wine was opened.

Young Mr. Ilchester watched the process: saw the man cut the wires with a queer-shaped instrument, saw him take a napkin from his waist and wrap it about the cork, saw the manipulation of his fingers, watched him hold the bottle poised until the escaping gas was not too violent, watched the foam recede while the bottle was suspended, saw a full moment spent by the waiter in filling his glass, and heard another "Voilà" of satisfaction as the glass was finally filled to the brim and ready for him.

When this performance was over, the waiter, whose very soul seemed to have been in his occupation, turned away with perfect indifference and stood, as though he had never before seen young Mr. Ilchester, with his back to the wall looking beyond

him.

A lonely feeling came over young Mr. Ilchester and he felt himself a victim anew to the deceit and artistic treachery of the world. This waiter, who showed him such marked attention, was interested only in his duties, and in an instant had apparently forgotten his existence. Mlle. Julie, in a similar manner, was interested in her duties and would quite as soon forget his existence.

His teeth closed, he felt a spasm of repugnance and then deliberately lifting his glass he eyed its contents and drank to her destruction. How many times he drank thus to Mlle. Julie's destruction he did not know. He did not remember finishing the bottle, but the waiter, whose habit it was to tilt all bottles to make sure that they contained nothing for himself in the bottom, remembered that he did, also that young Mr. Ilchester was leaving without his hat and that he followed and handed it to him. Young Mr. Ilchester himself remembered afterwards, he could not tell

whether it was before or after he had taken the wine, that a band he passed was playing the march from "Tann-häuser," and that he tried with his fingers to catch the runs that seemed falling over each other and escaping. Also he remembered quite distinctly entering the hall that contained the French costume exhibit. He remembered seeing the Frenchman seated at his little table. He also seemed to remember that he stood outside of this building a long, long while, possibly an hour or more, but that he finally entered it quite calmly, with what object he could not He supposed his purpose must have been defined, or perhaps a sudden outburst of fury had robbed him of purpose, he could not say—it mattered little.

What he did was to walk steadily up to the showcase and take his position as usual, in front of Mlle. la belle Julie, standing there in Grecian attire, modest and innocent, a living lie, with a wreath of gold leaves on her hair. He remembered that, as he looked at this angelic figure, the eyes suddenly began to laugh. He remembered that he felt himself for an instant in the grip of a hundred glittering reptiles, that these reptiles were trying to crush the life out of him, and with such volcanic violence that his breath went and tears sprang to his eyes, that he threw out his arms to try and free himself, and that the next moment he had smashed the glass case with his stick, and continued to smash it until an opening large enough for his body was made, and then that he had sprung upon the figure of Mlle. Julie, choked it, dashed it to the ground, and trampled the face in with his heel. All was forgotten then until he found himself facing a crowd of people that had gathered about him, and the Frenchman, who was pale as death, and whose fist was being thrust into his face.

A few moments later he recalled that he was arrested for being drunk and disorderly and led out of the building and through the grounds of Earl's Court by two policemen.

VIII

While young Mr. Ilchester's lawyer was busy the next morning liberating him from prison, and the Frenchman was at his post, flying about like an enraged tiger, one moment denouncing young Mr. Ilchester, the next thrusting, in an imaginary face, an irate fist, Mlle. Julie was sitting up in bed with an avalanche of papers about her, dispatching messengers to Monsieur Hermineux to send her someone to translate their contents.

Also Mile. Julie was denying herself to photographers and newspaper reporters. For once—possibly actually for the first time—Mile. Julie was not thinking of herself, but of a powerful, dark, towering form that had filled up her doorway the evening before, and whose eyes had shone in a pallid face like molten metal in the side of a snow-covered hill. She shivered as she recalled the burst of laughter of her guests, in which, as a matter of fact, Mile. Julie had not herself joined.

A pathetic thing had happened to her! She had fallen in love with the ponderous young Englishman who had a few hours ago turned away from her in scorn, smashed a valuable wax image of her, given his check for all damages—she had this moment received a wire from Monsieur Hermineux to this effect—and made himself so conspicuous in a night. Extras were this moment calling the name of young Mr. Ilchester in her ears.

The thought of him stirred her with strange sensations. She began to have a dim understanding of what was meant by England's power. She recalled that her great Napoleon fell before the hand of the English and this fact was no longer a mystery. She felt that an army of Englishmen made up of men like young Mr. Ilchester could crush the whole world into powder. And there awoke in her small, symmetrical form an acute longing for the dominating presence of young Mr. Ilchester. She resolved to go to him.

And so at four o'clock, dressed as

though recently escaped from a harem, with a pair of scarlet shoes on her dainty feet and a scarlet parasol in her hand, she stepped from a hansom and walked up the broad path hedged with tall bushes to the solemn entrance of young Mr. Ilchester's house. It had a door as wide as one whole side of her little salon.

The tower clock in the distance was striking. The sun was still high in the western heavens, but the afternoon was in a melancholy mood, and the tall trees inside the wall shaded the interior. Mlle. Julie had often attended church and very seriously confessed her many sins, but she was quite sure that no church had ever been as solemn and awe-inspiring as this big, square stone house, shut in by great walls that hardly a giant could peep over.

When Mile. Julie lifted her little gloved hand to the tremendous iron knocker it trembled and she hesitated. Finally, however, she gained the courage necessary to knock, and was a moment later confronted by the aged servant, whose placid glance denied her entrance to the enormous door, the knob of which he held in his hand.

It was only at this moment and when the servant's eyes had traveled gravely to her red shoes that Mlle. Julie remembered that she did not speak English. She stammered forth, however: "Monsieur Il-ches-ter," and was admitted.

What she noticed about the drawingroom that she was ushered into was that it was very high, very large, and very dark; also that there were three ponderous windows that opened out on a beautiful stone terrace, that beyond the terrace was a lawn of perfectly cut grass where a very old fountain sent up jets of water, and that the fountain was guarded, a little distance off, by trees very much larger than any she had ever seen. She shuddered, glanced about at some heavily framed portraits that were beginning to become visible, and then at the end of her scarlet parasol.

At this moment young Mr. Ilchester

entered, and she noticed that he did not take up the whole doorway when he passed in, as he had done in hers. She experienced, without exactly understanding why she should do so, relief that the place was big enough for him. He appeared to have grown very much older since she had last seen him, nor was he at his best. He had the appearance of having recently come out of a bath, and his hair, which was still damp, was brushed back from his forehead, accentuating the harsh and sinister expression that her presence had evidently provoked.

Mlle. Julie arose timidly and assured young Mr. Ilchester, in a voice also timid, that she had come because she was very sorry for him, for everything—for herself. Herself most of all, because she had caused so much trouble to Monsieur, was that not enough to

break her heart?

"You have no heart," young Mr. Ilchester had replied calmly, while his eyes covered her from head to foot.

eyes covered her from head to foot.
"No heart?" The little French girl was herself again. "No heart!" That was where Monsieur was greatly mistaken. The trouble with her was that she was all heart. For instance, she could never refuse anyone anything. That was the whole difficulty. Did a young man come to her door-even though she was very busy, tired, ill, she could not refuse admittance to him if he was pleased to enter. That was her heart—that was why Monsieur had seen the two young men at her little flat. What a grand big house Monsieur had-not like her poor little flat, not at all. Both of these young men had called; she was busy, she was tired, yes, she was—in fact—well—but what could she do? Turn them away? Yes, surely, if all was as Monsieur had said -if she had no heart. But Monsieur was wrong, she did have a heart, and there was all the despair. It was the girls in this wicked world with hearts who got all the trouble—it was her heart, only her heart, that had made her receive the two young men the evening before at her little flat,

"And it was your heart also," said young Mr. Ilchester coldly, "that caused you to dress yourself indecently, drink their vile wine, smoke their vile cigarettes, join in their vile, insulting laughter? You have troubled yourself in vain to present yourself to me, Mademoiselle, for our acquaintance is at an end."

Young Mr. Ilchester spoke French perfectly, but it irritated him that he

was forced to adopt it.

All the pain and shame and ignominy that a strong, pure nature could experience he had experienced through this girl; all the pain and shame and ignominy that a strong, pure nature could experience he was still experiencing through her bare presence. It was she who had aroused within him the basest passions of which, in his estimation, a man was capable. Those passions were still running riot within him, still tearing his body and soul asunder; the kiss he was longing to press upon her mouth was tingling every bit of his body; he could feel the desire of it from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet; nothing sweet and soothing and delicious had ever been his; this desire was sweet and soothing and delicious; it clung to him; he could not rid himself of it—and with it was the barren knowledge that he could never make it a reality.

His infatuation had occurred on account of his ignorance. He had been taken unawares; caught when he was unarmed. He was not ignorant now; he did know; he was not unawares; he was not unarmed. And he longed to let loose in plain unvarnished English—in his own tongue—upon this tiny fragment of humanity, who thus strangely affected him, this creature who had amused herself at his expense, deceived him and insulted him behind his back by a burst of cruel laughter, all the pent-up fury of the outraged

male.

But he could not; he must talk to her in her own language, whose very abuse contained polite formulas! He would tell her to go, that was all, and be rid of her! He did so, and the small thing cowered before him, and, dropping in a heap to the floor, pressed its forehead to his varnished boot and began to seb.

began to sob.

Young Mr. Ilchester stood still and impassive. At last the tiny fragment looked up. Did he not understand? Monsieur could kill her, strike her, kick her with his big foot—what did she care! Nothing—only he must not send her away, for—for she loved him!

Young Mr. Ilchester did not move a muscle and she went on: he was not like other men, he was big and strong and fine; he was one to be adored! As for her, she was nothing-nothing at all—and all she had to ask was would he not allow her to remain in the little flat, and would he not come to see her? As he still remained silent and motionless, she went on more vehemently. Perhaps Monsieur would not trust her, and there Monsieur was wrong—there was where he did not understand the French girl; she could be true. Money? Ah! not if she loved! The little flat, one little dress, black if he preferred. some little things-very, very simple for the house. And a servant? Not she-Monsieur would not believe, but she could sew and clean as well as anyone, and cook-ah! she knew many little dishes! And the life of the artists' model. How tired she was of it! And that little flat, ah! how she loved it! In the great, big, gloomy London it was like a butterfly on a big, high wall, like the one outside surrounding his Ah! and it was true—if only Monsieur would believe-she loved him, ah! how very much she loved him; and Mlle. Julie raised herself to her feet and made a great effort to put her arms about his neck, an impossible feat, but well understood by young Mr. Ilchester, who caught the two small hands in a fierce grasp that caused a cry to escape the lips of Mile. Julie, whose face beneath her little rouge spots had grown deadly pale. He looked into her eyes all the fierce disdain and contempt that he had for treachery and that he wanted to pour

into her ears in good, round English.

And all the while the beautiful, tear-stained eyes tempted him, and the small mouth, the secret of which he already seemed to know, drew his lips to hers. For one instant he weakened, his eyes grew humid, his head lowered, but one half-inch separated his lips from hers. Then strength gathered over his countenance like a storm on a yielding sky, his eyes flashed, a slight laugh escaped him. He flung her from him into the nearest chair, threw up his head, and strode out of the room.

Mlle. Julie had placed her parasol on this particular chair and it snapped

when she fell upon it.

She was a forlorn little figure, some moments later, following the servant to the door, carrying the little broken parasol in her hand, like a sword that she had taken off and was ready to surrender.

IX

October passed away like a brightplumaged bird taking silent flight, and November arrived in a black cloud, enveloping England in settled gloom. It too passed sullenly, and December came, darker still, so that lights flashed and gleamed sometimes during the en-

tire day.

One thing disturbed young Mr. Ilchester's settled misery. Mlle. Julie had not left London. This thought, at times, caused him excitement that he could not control and that vastly angered him. He would like to sweep her with his strong arms into the whirlpool of her Paris indecency. He denied to himself that he walked the streets with the hope of meeting her, but he was always looking ahead of him, eagerly sighting every small female form in the distance, with swelling throat and a quick nervous parting of the lids.

Sometimes the little hand of Mlle. Julie clutched suddenly at his heart and the little cruel fingers seemed to squeeze the blood from it. In after years he could never look back on this

period that it did not send a shudder

through his being.

Many letters had come to him from Mlle. Julie in offensive scarlet-lined envelopes, smelling of more offensive Parisian perfumes. These envelopes, with their suggestion of all that was distasteful to his correct Puritan sense. addressed in a small French handwriting, made him pale for hours after he had re-addressed them unopened to the little flat that she had likened to a butterfly on his stone wall. Once, twice, three times, Mlle. Julie had had the impudence to again present herself at his door, but each time she had been denied entrance. Once she had called after a rain and when he went out he saw the print of her high heels in the walk, and on another occasion he found some decoration of her costume. He had picked up this little tassel and worn it all day in his breast pocket, but at night, when he went to his room, he burned it—burned it because his lips ached to touch it. And young Mr. Ilchester was not a weak man.

X

"In the name of the Holy Virgin open this!" Thus wrote Mlle. Julie on the outside of one of her little scarlet-lined, highly perfumed envelopes on the day before Christmas, and young Mr. Ilchester, after holding the envelope a long time in his left hand, with his eyes intently fixed upon it, broke the seal. It contained these words:

"Monsieur, I am dying and I am dying because of the great love that has filled my heart for you. Since the day you turned me from your house no man has crossed the door of my little flat, and I am no longer an artists' model. I am dying because, on account of my great love, there is no way to buy any food. Still I am in this little flat, but only because the rent is already paid. A dying girl does not lie, Monsieur, and very much I would like to say au revoir before I go, and hear also from the lips of Monsieur —Monsieur whom I adore and for whom I die: 'Julie Davenant, you are a good girl.'"

Young Mr. Ilchester read these simple words many times, so many times

that before he realized the passing hours, the day was spent, the heavens had once more reddened in the west. and once more the elm trees grew black. And then he seated himself in the old armchair that was placed as ever and always against the background of purple tapestries. A terrible struggle waged in his soul, the struggle of a trained mind and an untrained heart. Young Mr. Ilchester's stern English conscience helped his brain against the impulse of his heart, whose beatings he could plainly feel and almost hear. The two enemies of impulse, the brain and the conscience, grew masterful indeed as the tenderness of his heart betrayed itself, so that within young Mr. Ilchester a fierce battle raged, as in the heart of some medieval saint.

And the words of her little letter, that was a part of the time in his hands and part of the time in his pocket, kept

sounding in his ears.

"A dying girl does not lie. . . . I wish to say au revoir before I go. . . . Julie Davenant, you are a good girl."

Upon the very red of the heavens glowing through the towering old elms these words seemed plainly written. "Dying," he said at last aloud. "Dying!" He sprang to his feet, but as quickly sat down again. "Impossible!" He spoke this word aloud too, so that the old butler who was laying the table, responded "Yes, sir," and then looked a long while on his young master, who had not heard him and who was reading in the dim light a letter written on a small sheet of notepaper, and that conveyed a strange scent to the nostrils of the staid old man.

"Dying," whispered young Mr. Ilchester again, as the old man retired, and once more pronounced emphatic-

ally, "Impossible!"

And yet, he presently argued, the young did die—even laughing babies died, and the little children who played and ran about and were joyous—they died. Once in his childhood there was a woman always standing at a certain window with a baby in her arms, a little baby whose laugh once reached him

as he was passing by, and one day instead of the woman and the baby at the window, a little white coffin was being brought from the house and the woman was following in a long black veil, bent over and crying. Yes, even babies died!

"Dving!" If he delayed and passed days like this, thinking so that the whole of it seemed but an hour, and then went there, he would find them bringing Julie out like this. . . . And then suddenly, back of these morbid reflections came the thought that Mile. la belle Julie, the French artists' model, was lying to him. Perhaps if he went there she would receive him as she had done before, in a diaphanous costume with a lighted cigarette in her hand. Perhaps there would be more bottles and empty glasses on the table and two men in evening clothes on the couch, and a languid girl in white, and a laugh that would cut into his very flesh.

Young Mr. Ilchester's powerful frame shook as he put the letter back in the envelope—he had made his decision—he would not go. But then his eyes again fell on the words: "In the name of the Holy Virgin, open this!"

He sat still a long while, and the lights were lit and dinner was served, and as he went through the motions required, a strange and unnatural joy seemed in the atmosphere of things about him. Nothing was real. It was as if he were in a strange land among strange scenes—a land that was above this earth. Hope had come to young Mr. Ilchester from somewhere—hope that Julie had spoken the truth, that she was poor and solitary, was battling for food, was struggling to maintain angelic ideals, was this moment in distress, in need of his protection and his aid.

Tears blinded the young passionate eyes, tears born of the hope that he could say—speak the words, and speak them in truth that the girl had said she wanted to hear from his lips. And yet he did not go, for in all his floating unreality were the sharp teeth of doubt, that began anew to bite into his brain

and heart. All night this conflict of hope and doubt raged, but in the morning, with determined look and square set jaw, he started forth to once more put Mlle. Julie's words to the test.

XI

It was twelve o'clock when he reached the little flat and his ring was responded to by a heavily built man with a close-cropped beard, who had a vulgar, half-kind, yet also forbidding countenance—a man whom necessity had made a brute, but who, given half a chance, was pleased to indulge the partly remembered kindness of a lost nature. His breath was strong of liquor and he wore a faded overcoat, frayed at edges, with broken buttonholes, and had on an old, filthy red necktie. This terrible being had large dirty hands and looked at once subservient and aggressive.

Young Mr. Ilchester stared at the man, whom he instinctively recognized as a bailiff, and then said slowly:

"I wish to see Miss Davenant."

The words had barely escaped his lips when there fell upon his ear a mad, triumphant, despairing cry: "Monsieur!"

"She is ill," said the big man who had opened the door, "come in, sir."

Young Mr. Ilchester entered and the sight that met his gaze the next moment was pathetic, disconcerting and heartrending. For a moment he stood as one spell-bound. The big man took his seat serenely in the white and gold chair in the little salon of Julie, drew his overcoat over his knees and, taking up a soiled paper-back novel that he had laid on the floor when he answered young Mr. Ilchester's ring, began to read, quite undisturbed, where he had left off.

In the next moment, in a nightgown of tangled lace, sitting up in bed with outstretched arms, young Mr. Ilchester discovered all that was left of Mlle. la belle Julie, the little Parisian artists' model. She was paler, it seemed to him, than the dead; her dark eyes

glowed unnaturally as in the face of a corpse; and her lips, that he remembered as so scarlet, were almost ashen. She was, it was easy to see, a skeleton, and the fragile arms so dramatically extended might have been those of a girl of ten. As young Mr. Ilchester went forward and took his stand at the foot of the bed, her lips trembled, her countenance became distorted, but her eyes were moist and tender.

"Monsieur," she said again, and then, burying her face in her small emaciated

hands, proceeded to sob.

Young Mr. Ilchester stood as one turned to stone, looking at her fascinated, yet alarmed by the convulsed form half hid in a forest of dark waving hair, paralyzed, as it were, by the scene, at once so unexpected and tragic, and the emotions it evoked.

Presently he went up to the bed, and dragging her two hands from her face, bent above her a terrible frowning countenance. His eyes grew bloodshot and darted flames that she felt touch her like fire, and that made her cower and tremble before him as before a ruffian bent on murder.

"What is this?" he began in a low voice. "Tell me the truth about everything!"

But young Mr. Ilchester's answer

was only a fresh burst of sobs.

"Stop!" he cried, still speaking harshly, but in a low, compassionate tone. "What do you want? Why have you sent for me? If you tell me lies I will kill you!"

Mlle. Julie put up a tear-stained, tragic little face and young Mr. Ilchester saw the small wasted throat with a new emotion.

with a new chilotion.

"Wait, Monsieur," she gasped, "wait, when I am calm I will tell you all!"

Her head fell back, her eyes closed and young Mr. Ilchester thought she had fainted. But she had not, and immediately her lids parted and she looked at him hungrily and yet alarmed, like an abused, starving animal who is afraid to take the extended morsel.

"Wait," she repeated, "I will tell you

all! But Monsieur must believe! Ah! my God, Monsieur must believe! I am starving, Monsieur, because I have not one penny, and for four days that big man is there night and day to watch me that I do not take out one thing to sell and buy a loaf of bread. I am still in this little flat because until two more weeks the rent is already paid: that is why I am here, why I can still be in this bed and not in the street or the prison-is it true, Monsieur, in London if one does not pay one can be put in prison? Ah! Quelle horreur! Monsieur will remember that I took this little flat all furnished, but some of these things were not in the furnished flat, and so this bed, and some rugs, and many things I have bought and not paid all at one time. Monsieur knows one can furnish in that manner, it is easy in that way to pay a little each month. It was not wrong for me to get these things; in Paris I have often done the same but-" and the girl held very hard to the great hand, "now I cannot do what I have done—I cannot any more be the artists' model, because, because I cannot kill the hope in my heart that one day I will see Monsieur and that he would say Julie Davenant is a good girl. I have lived and I have starved in this big London for that, and I have been quite willing-ah! quite willing, to die with that hope in my heart!"

Young Mr. Ilchester, feeling his emotion getting the better of his calm, was attempting to twist his hand from her grasp and turn away. But she

clung to him.

"No, no," she cried, "do not turn away. Look! See for yourself—you see how thin I am! That big man there, no, do not be cross with him, he has been so very good." She pointed to a coarse, stale sandwich on the little dresser. "He brought me that and he made me a cup of tea, but I could not eat! Ah! Monsieur, if you will not come, then why live? I did want to die!"

She dropped his hand and hid her face again for an instant, but then

looked up, her countenance all transformed.

"But now you are here, Oh! I want to live! Monsieur does not believe all I have said? Look, then, at my armssee these bones," and she bared her throat and neck to his gaze. "Does Monsieur know it is five months since he turned me from his door? Five months-and ah! this great London," and Mlle. Julie clutched at her emaciated breast as though tragic memories were suffocating her. "It does so kill the life," she gasped, "one cannot breathe: it is all like iron, and each moment one may be crushed. London is not Paris, Monsieur. Ah!" and Mlle. Julie fell back on her pillow and again closed her eyes. "How I have longed," she breathed, "for Paris-my dear Paris-but how can I go? I cannot: I must wait-wait until I am about to die and hope always that at last you will come!"

She was talking brokenly with closed eyes, and young Mr. Ilchester was listening with impassioned intentness.

"Ah! yes, Monsieur, many times I have said I will go to Paris-I will steal away-many times I have packed a little bag, but never, never can I go -not until once I have heard from your lips 'Julie, you are a good girl.' And will not Monsieur speak to me those words? In five months, I have heard no words, good or bad. Only from those from whom I have bought a little chop or a few apples, a little fruit now and then, have I heard even the bon jour. Not even is there a concierge here, Monsieur, to whom one can speak and cry a little: no one, and five months is a very long time," Mlle. Julie again closed her eyes, "a very, very long time."

"Lie down," said young Mr. Ilchester, his voice sounding as he had never heard it, "you are very

weak."

"No, no." Mile. Julie's voice was growing weak and a trifle husky, occasionally her breathing was slightly labored. "No, no," she repeated, "I will first tell all!"

She paused and her eyes closed, but

she opened them quickly.

"Monsieur was right-I was a bad girl, very, very bad! But why be good, Monsieur, when no one cared, and all wished me to be bad? And then one must live! How can Monsieur understand? Once a girl is born into the world, and that is all—there is no home. no money, and there is hunger, always that awful hunger; and so one must accept help-and always one wants more, a girl does, until wanting makes one mad and the more one has the more proud one is of having, and so one keeps trying always to have more, more, more of the beautiful things. But then, Monsieur, that is when one has not loved. Then, ah, is it not so: one wants very, very little. Shall I tell Monsieur my dream? My dream that never left me night or day?"

"Yes," breathed young Mr. Ilchester, still gazing at her as one might at the Holy Virgin she had called upon.

Mlle. Julie seemed to go into a trance as she fixed her eyes on the space be-

fore her.

"A forest," she said, "a deep, deep forest, where one might count a lifetime and never all the trees; a little place in the middle of that great forest; a very small place with one small window to look through at night and see the moon and stars; and one door to stand in and look, always to look far—far for one whom one loves to return. To gather fresh leaves for a bed, to work hard all day that the little place might shine and be clean, and then to stand in the door and look and wait and wait."

Her eyes closed a moment in ecstasy,

then opened suddenly.

"That is my dream, Monsieur; that was my dream all those five months, and always I would reward myself, for I would see you coming. Sometimes you would be on horseback. Then I would fly to meet you and run by the side of the horse. Sometimes you would walk, and then I would fly and fall at your feet, and always at the door of the little home you would take

me in your arms and say, 'Julie, you are a good girl,' and once, only once, in my dream you said, 'Julie, I love you!' But it frightened me to dream that, so I never did again. Oh! how I have prayed to the good God that once I might tell you this dream!"

She turned towards him and stretched

out her thin arms.

"You have seen, Monsieur, how changed is my body. Ah! but my heart, that is also changed, far, far more. But in that changed heart a light seemed to burn brighter and brighter each day, and that light was my hope that some day you would come!"

"I am here," said young Mr. Il-

chester.

"And some day Monsieur will speak the words: some day Monsieur will say, 'Julie Davenant is a good girl'?"

"I say them now," said young Mr.

"I say them now," said young Mr. Ilchester, bending over and peering into the round, wet eyes. "Julie Davenant

is a good girl!"

"Monsieur!" murmured the quivering lips. "There is one thing only now I will not do to please Monsieur. It is this: I cannot kill my love. Myself—yes, that is easy—my love, no, I cannot! Never before have I loved: never again will I love. Monsieur does not know the French girl—for love she can do all things, even she can die! Have I not proved those words?"

"Yes," breathed young Mr. Ilchester. His eyes were still on her, and his lips close to hers, but a sudden pallor overspread her features and her head

fell back once more.

"Ah!" she breathed. "I am very tired, but also," and she smiled, "I am content."

Young Mr. Ilchester put his arm at her back and lowered her upon her pillows.

"Sleep," he whispered.

She opened her eyes and looked long and tenderly into his.

"Oui, Monsieur," she said faintly, as

she closed her eyes again.

Young Mr. Ilchester switched off the light and stood in the gloom looking intently at her.

"Monsieur will not go?" she breathed.

"No."

Mlle. Julie put out one hand, palm

upwards.

"And one little moment—one very little moment Monsieur will hold my hand while I sleep?"

Her eyes were still closed, her voice

was a sigh.

Young Mr. Ilchester drew up a chair to the side of the bed, gazed a moment on the small, upturned hand, lying on the lace covering and then closed it within his own.

"Ah! Mon Dieu!" whispered Julie as a tremor passed over her.

XII

But Mlle. Julie did not die. Nay, she lived—all through that summer afternoon, all through the night. And when the pale mists of morning showed through the window, young Mr. Ilchester was still there beside her. Anon he leaned over her and kissed her tenderly. And anon she opened her eyes and smiled up at him with all the joy in the world.



COME

By Sara Teasdale

COME when the frail moon like a petal Floats in the pearly dusk of spring, Come with arms outstretched to take me, Come with lips pursed up to cling.

Come, for life is a frail moth flying, Caught in the web of the years that pass, And soon we two, so warm and eager, Will be as the grey stones in the grass.



THE worst sufferer from hay-fever is the wife of the man who has it.



WHEN a woman laughs, laugh with her. When a woman weeps, weep with her. When a woman is silent—beware!



VERS LIBRE

By Owen Hatteras

KISS me on the other eye; This one's wearing out.

AN UPHOLDER OF TRADITION

By T. N. Read

7ERY few artists of any kind, in this busy age, follow the famous dictum of Bertholini in Providence and the Guitar, "Art is a life to be lived." My friend, T. Sandringham, does. If this episode, with its explanatory sequel, does not convince you of that, the fault is mine; I have failed to limn for you the famous author of The Cock to Esculapius, Woman and the World Movement, The Deathless Hour, and Other Poems; and the still more widely read Love-Letters to Lavinia. Only Sandringham can thoroughly express Sandringham, but in this topsyturvy time, when people will read any quantity of gossip about a great writer in preference to his works, this truthful tale may not come amiss.

The prologue now being spoken, we

ring up the curtain.

She was the softest, fluffiest creature alive; and she looked just like the girl you wanted hardest to marry and couldn't. She gripped the arms of the big carved chair in the Sandringham drawing-room, a desperate look on her face. Every woman who had read the Love-Letters to Lavinia was almost fatuously sure of being "understood" by their author, but it is one thing to be understood one's self, and another to present one's case clearly, and Maida felt urgent need of advice.

A tall, distinguished-looking man, with thoughtful face and clear-cut features, entered the room. He had almost too much presence, but not enough to disconcert the eager little lady. As he hesitated for a moment, bowing cour-

teously, she began:

"Are you Mr. Sandringham? I'm Miss Marchmont, Maida Marchmont, you know. Didn't you get my last letter? I can stay twenty minutes, I stopped the limousine round the corner, and told the chauffeur not to wait."

A glance of what would have been dismay in any less civil person crossed the great man's face. Quick at her woman's trade, the girl guessed his per-

plexity.

"Oh, how stupid of me! You must get hundreds of women's letters, and I don't write clever ones, anyway, that you would remember. But I'm such a great admirer, and in so much diffi-

culty-"

"Oh, I have it! You are engaged, you wrote me, but you don't know whether your fiance responds to the highest needs of your nature, or whether marriage as a career offers opportunities of the greatest self-development for a woman! Miss Marchmont, does anybody know you are here?"

"Not a soul. I motored down from Westfield, and am supposed to be shop-

ping for my trousseau.'

"Then nobody shall know it. Come into the library with me; we shall be

free from interruption there."

He offered her his arm, which Maida took, thinking "I wish Ed would do it like that!" She was more at her ease in the smaller room, which was indeed the more attractive, being cozy and sunny, the walls lined with books, and lighted by low French windows, looking out on a tiny rose garden. "It's nice to talk in such a becoming place," mused the girl, conscious that the golden-

brown tones of the library brought out all the pearly tints of her complexion.

Her host rang for tea, and she begged so earnestly to be allowed to make it that he graciously permitted her to do so, tho' he guessed correctly that she was much more accustomed to being waited on than to serving.

"Now tell me about yourself," said the author, heroically sipping his Ceylon concocted just as he didn't like it. "Your letters don't express you in the

very least. So few people's do."

Maida put down her cup and plunged

into her subject, leaning forward with

shining eyes.

"You see it's like this. The Brewsters have lived next door to us for years, and Ed Brewster and I have been engaged ever since he's been in long trousers, almost. His people were very pleased about it, and I imagine mine were, too, though they didn't say much. Ed's such a good fellow, such a loyal chum. Mother didn't care about my going to college, but when she consulted him, he said he was going, and he wanted his wife to have all the advantages, and more, than he could possibly have.

"Well, I enjoyed college life, I imagine, as much as any girl who ever went to Vassar. After I graduated, it was different. One gets tired of dancing, bridge, and even tennis, after a while. Flirting was nice at first, but I couldn't make Ed jealous, and what's the fun of flirting when nobody disapproves? Ed wanted to be married at once, he was doing pretty well in business, and he'd never even looked at another girl, but mother had stipulated for one free year for me after college, and I wasn't so sure I wanted my freedom when I got it."

"Ah, that's like most of us," mur-

mured her vis-à-vis.

"I wanted to travel," continued Maida, "but couldn't find a congenial chaperone. So I filled in time with settlement work, running up to New York for the theatre, and reading all the new books I could get. I'm afraid all this bores you?"

"On the contrary, I am ravished," promptly responded her polite host. "But if you would move to the divan, I am sure you would find it more comfortable. And let me place this pink pillow at your back. So-o-o. So few blondes realize the possibilities of a deep salmon-color."

When Maida had moved and the pillow was satisfactorily adjusted, she

went on:

"Ed was immensely pleased that I took such an interest in books. Poor Ed! He's very fond of books himself, and he used to plan how we would read to each other on alternate nights after we were married."

("Lucky dog!" ejaculated her

hearer.)

"One night he brought me Woman and the World Movement, and that book really changed the world for me. But I didn't get on nearly so well with Ed after that. I began to see he didn't have any real respect for my intellect. When I tried to discuss serious things with him, woman's suffrage or things like that, he would say, 'Oh, yes, by all means, let them have the vote, I'm willing!' And when I got the rest of your books, and tried to read him the Letters to Lavinia, it was even worse. He said (pardon me for repeating it) that I had better 'put on my rubbers and wade through that slush!' I wouldn't speak to him for two days for that!"

"Pardon me, Miss Marchmont," interrupted the other, suavely. "If you have called on me to patch up a lover's quarrel, forgive me for reminding you that such things generally heal them-

selves if left alone."

"It is not in the least like that," panted the girl, with crimson cheeks. "You don't understand me. It is now a fortnight before the day set for me to marry Edward Brewster. A month ago I was perfectly happy in my engagement. Now I have changed entirely through reading your books, and he doesn't see it! I can't make him see it! It would be cheating him to marry him now, because I'm not the girl he thinks I am! And it's all your

doing! I explained it all to you in those letters you don't remember, perhaps never read."

If she had been pretty before, she was beautiful now, her eyes flashing and

breast heaving.

"I deceived mother about coming here! And if I married him I'd simply have to keep on deceiving people for the rest of my life! I thought you could help me find a way out, but if you can't, if your talent only amounts to a power to string words together, and you're at heart as narrow and conventional as—most men, let me go! I'll help myself!" and she began tugging desperately at her veil.

"Just one moment, Maida. May I

call you Maida?"

The girl dropped back in her seat with a curt nod, determined to see the

end of her adventure.

"What will happen if you don't marry him? Could you become a resident worker in that settlement you're interested in?"

"Nnn-o-o," the girl answered sullen-

ly, twisting her fingers together.

"Have you any special artistic or literary talent? Could you play the piano well enough to teach it?"

Maida silently shook her head.

"And of course your family wouldn't allow you to become a stenographer or trained nurse, and you probably don't know enough to teach." The woman started indignantly, but he was pacing up and down the room, not looking at her.

"Very well then; you will marry, of course; your face and your temperament both show it." He discontinued his stride, and coming up to her de-

manded abruptly:

"What is your fiancé's business?"

"Something in rubber," responded Maida promptly. "I never let him talk to me about it."

"But you always talk to him about your affairs, don't you? All your fads (forgive me), your new ideas and your moods and whatever you're interested in?" "I suppose so. He always seemed to like it."

"Oh, the Born Husband! What a lucky girl you are! Miss Maida, I'm afraid you're very selfish. You think a great deal of yourself and your fiancé, but you haven't the remotest particle of consideration for me!"

"Mr. Sandringham!"

"Not the remotest. Do you think I'm made of stone? Is it fair to tantalize me with the sight of what I can never have? There you sit, lovely as a plumtree in bloom, and I am supposed to give you advice, as though I were a hundred years old, as to whether you shall marry another man! Do you suppose I want to tell you to marry him?"

"Mr. Sandringham!"

"You haven't any business here, anyhow, Lavinia. Don't you know I've fixed you fast between the covers of a book?"

"The Love - Letters to Lavinia!" breathed the girl softly, her lips parted. Do I—am I really—anything like that?"

"Like! you are Lavinia! And I divined you without ever having seen you! I'm as fine in my line, almost, as you are in yours. But what shall I do, now that I've found you only to lose you?"

"Why should you lose me?" said the girl, becoming bolder. "Why couldn't I be your secretary, or something? I can typewrite just a little, I've always wanted to help on something big. Very likely I'm just as selfish as you say I'm cold and hard and I'll never fall in love with anybody—I've had enough of that with Ed! But I've always wanted to be of service to some great man. Why, just making tea for you—you don't know how happy it made me!"

The "great man" winced, either from memory of the tea or some other reason.

"Lavinia, Lavinia, you are letting your own heavenly-kind instincts run away with you. What sort of work could I do with you in the room? An artist can't confine himself to one type. All my women-characters would be you, and all my men myself in solution,—

i.e. hopelessly in love! No, we've each got our work cut out for us. Mine is to write novels and essays, and eschew love-letters and poetry as much as possible, and yours, to be Mrs. Edward Brewster.'

"Marry Ed-now?" The girl seemed

bewildered.

"Why not? He'll be an ideal husband. If I weren't fascinated with you myself, I should say he was probably too good for you. Your very indifference will be a spur to his passion, and keep him prompt in those little courtesies which mean so much to women, but which men generally forget to prac-

tise towards adoring wives.

"I mean to marry myself some day," he went on. "Some bonne et brave femme who will subdue the cook (I hope), find my collar-button for me, and see that I get the proper number of clothes in from the wash. But do you suppose I shall ever forget you? You belong in my real life which she will never be able to touch. You kindled the altar-fire, while she will light the hearth. The irony of it is that your memory will probably keep me what she would call 'true to her'!"

"Good-bye," said the girl abruptly.

getting up and pinning her veil.

"Good-bye," said the man, bowing gravely. "And may I hope you will take my advice?"

"No-yes-no, I don't know."

"You've left your glove," said he, hurrying after his guest to open the door for her and give it to her.

"I thought—if you wished—you might keep it."

He raised it to his lips.

Six months later, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Brewster were dining in a New York restaurant, with a big. red-faced man, a business acquaintance of Mr. Brewster's. As they seated themselves, a gentleman at the next table rose, bowed to Mrs. Brewster, and hurried out of the

"That's T. Sandringham, Ed," said

Maida.

Him?" chuckled the red-"Who? faced man. "That's Billy West, his secretary. Sandringham is a little, sandy-haired, scrub-faced creature, who hardly ever goes out, and would never be seen at a place like this. He keeps this West to keep the women off him. I tell you, Billy has it soft! Sandringham says he is entirely too insignificant looking, that West's face and figure exactly express his (Sandringham's) inner consciousness, if you know what Sandringham gets hunthat means. dreds of women's letters a day, and he reads them all and teaches Billy what to say to them. He generally tells them they're just like Lavinia, the heroine of the Love-Letters. I know, because Billy told me.

"Queer duck, this Sandringham. He's got a whole library fitted up to receive them, with sham rows of books, such as he thinks they'd like to read. His real books are up in the attic, where he writes.

"Billy must have the temperament of an oyster, or, with his opportunities, there'd come a big smash-up. Why, with his head and shoulders, and Sandringham's reputation, he might easily be ten times a bigamist. I beg your

pardon, Mrs. Brewster!"



OW little it takes to make life perfect! A good sauce, a cocktail after a hard day, a girl who kisses with her mouth half open!



THE FLAMING FLOWER

By Helen Woljeska

RAGUE is a marvelous city. Like a queen she stretches herself on the shores of the silver-gray Moldau, in the fertile Bohemian plain. Precious and rare, many old-time jewels adorn her. And, as with a diadem, she is crowned with the sumptuous Hradschin.

Her oldest quarters are curious with quaint, crooked thoroughfares, flanked by dark houses, melancholy and dreary. Silent they stand and mysterious, dreaming in somber aloofness of long

ago splendors.

In one of these houses, more gloomily weird than all of its neighbors, there lived an old gentleman, queer, elfish, small and fantastic. Garbed in the faded brocades of a long buried century, he moved with strange marionette grace, holding his princely head proudly. His face was pale like old ivory, and tired, tired—as though he had lived since the world began. But his large black eyes blazed with a wild supernatural power-and the people who chanced on him shrank, trembling, out of his way. The children all thought him a wizard. Some bold ones would yell that word at him, when, silently, he stepped from his gray silent house. "Wizard—wizard—" they railed, from a safe place of hiding. Then the old gentleman, wrathful, shook his tall staff at the scoffers, while his little white dog, Capriole, yelped in vicious de-

In all the neighborhood there was but one child not afraid of him-little Libussa. Libussa never had played and frolicked like other small children. Quiet and pale, a poor crumpled roseleaf, day in and day out she sat on her father's dim doorstep. With heavy dark eyes she would languidly stare at the sinister house right before her. And while with febrile fingers she thoughtfully twined golden ringlets, wonderful dreams would hover about her of strange things and raptures, that might be hidden behind this queerly carved door, these tall, veiled, barred windows.

One tremulous April day, after a long winter's seclusion, the old gentleman saw her sit there again, more listless than ever. And of a sudden he stepped right across to Libussa. And he snapped: "Why do you not play with the others? Why are you here, always alone?"

Libussa was not frightened. looked straight up into the old gentleman's eyes, and they did not seem at all wicked to her-though no doubt they were blazing and black.

"The other children will not play with me, because I am not quick and strong and gay," explained Libussa

gently.

"You must not always sit in this dark and dismal street-" insisted "Child, you will fade before you ever bloom. Why don't you play in some green, sunny garden?"
"Oh!" said Libussa with faraway

eyes. "A garden! But there is no gar-

den near. . . ."

"You are mistaken-" The old gentleman spoke curtly, yet Libussa felt as though a warm wave of sympathy suddenly were sweeping over her. "I have a garden quite near. Will you come there with me?"

Libussa's eyes grew wide with delight. "Gladly—gladly," she breathed. Without another word the old gentleman took the little girl by the hand and led her away. Capriole barked shrilly and gaily. And together the three entered the tall, dark, mysterious house.

When the heavy door had closed behind them with dull, hollow thud, Libussa felt something almost like fear quivering through her. She found herself in the dim twilight of a wide, high, magnificent hall, from which stretched the vista of many sumptuous, richly furnished rooms-all appearing asleep, enchanted, shrouded in the triple mystery of solitude, shadow, and silence.

Numberless faces looked down upon her from shimmering gold frames. There were beautiful women with moist eyes and lips, laughing girls and slender youths. Then again profiles which made her shudder, and leering grins which brought the blood to her cheeks, she knew not why.

"Who are all these?" she whispered, frightened, clinging to her leader's hand. But his lips remained shut and his eyes stared straight before him, as with unfaltering step he walked on.

Libussa would have loved to linger among these relics of many lands and ages, these richly figured ancestral gobelins, these grotesque carvings of bacchanalian bouts, these slender, cold statues, glistening in marble whiteness, these queer figurines of jasper and delicate china. . . . but, with unfaltering step, he walked on.

Finally they reached a small anteroom, all paneled in dark wood, subdued daylight filtering in through high, narrow, iron-barred windows. the old gentleman lit an oddly-shaped lantern, and reached for the huge rusty ring from which dangled his big black keys. He then opened a low door. And Libussa peered down into the deep, damp cellar's grisly darkness.

"Where are we going?" she stam-

mered.

"To my garden," he answered gruffly. Libussa would have run away, had she not been afraid to lose herself in the maze of tall, dim, shadowy rooms they had just passed. So, trembling and faint with dread, she followed the

old gentleman.

She followed him down the black, narrow, winding stairs, down, down, And she followed him on through dismal subterranean vaults, on, on, on. The red flickering glare of the lantern betrayed to her horrible sights of frightful things, chained and caged, and of sepulchres desolate enough to be the graves of lost hopes, and broken idols, and joys turned into blasphemies.

Finally the old gentleman stopped. They were standing before an iron door, heavily barred and padlocked. He deposited his lantern on the stone slabs and put his keys into those rusty locks, opening them, one after the other —removing the bars, one after the other—And then the door flew open!

They stood in floods of sunlight in a green, blossoming spring garden. "Oh!" cried Libussa, "oh! how won-

derful!"

The old gentleman, almost shyly, showed her through his lovely, secret sunken garden. He showed her the young, dainty, hopeful leaves on trees and bushes, the tender buds of violets and lilies of the valley opening their petals with timid delight, and the dark grove of tall, whispering pines reaching up towards the heavens with earnest yearning. The earth smiled like a face that often has wept, all fragrant with the promise of new life and love. And the birds put that promise into jubilant song, throwing their notes of exultation up into the clear, sunny, endless April sky—and up, up, up they went, higher and higher, until at last they disappeared in the unknown.

Libussa had never before realized what happiness was, nor the joy of life and death that comes with true companionship. A great wave of rapture swept through her feeble little body. She wanted all creation to be happy with her. "Oh God is good-God is good!" she cried, clasping her thin

hands in adoration.

The old gentleman did not answer. He seemed strangely moved.

After this day, every afternoon her mysterious friend led Libussa to his lovely garden. And she learned to know and love every part of it, even the high gray walls of silence that enclosed it and shut out everything beyond. Together they enjoyed the gaily daring display of gold-starred jonquils and red-speckled tulips, the delicate seduction of hyacinths and white lilacs. the caresses of spring breeze and rippling laughter of fountains. Together they listened to eerie tales of fragile poppies burning with frenzy of life while death nestles in the heart-of marvelous orchids dreaming strange tropical dreams in soulless exaltation. Everything they shared—everything was open to her-everything. . . . except one thing only, one mystery, which he never would allow her to approach.

What it was that he so jealously kept from her she could not guess. He merely told her that it was something terrible, merciless, of irresistible power, which, should it ever enter their lives, irrevocably must mean death to their gladness and friendship. . . . And Libussa acquiesced. Carefully she kept away from the thorny mocking foliage with which he guarded his secret.

By and by spring deepened into summer. And a glorious summer it was. Riotous with perfume and color and song. Libussa had become a part of the gladness and sunshine surrounding her, imbued with a new vim and glory of life, gay, spirited, intense. But, as she grew accustomed to the new richness of her life, this joy of perfect companionship, which at first had been a blessed miracle to her, somehow lost its divine glamor, sank to the level of a mere matter of course. And, after a while, her thoughts more and more frequently occupied themselves with that which he denied her, the one, the supreme mystery.

There were days of brooding, restlessness, when she could think of nothing else, when nothing could calm her, and the old gentleman's wittiest carnations, most tenderly affectionate roses and chastely worshipping lilies, were but weeds in Libussa's eyes. On those days his face would look drawn, his brow deeply furrowed, his mouth compressed, while in the smoldering depth of his eyes appeared a sorrowfully accusing look. But Libussa did not heed.

Finally the blazing month of August had arrived.

It was a hot, sultry day.

The sun flamed glaringly. The sky seemed merciless in its hard, glittering blue. And the oppressive atmosphere weighed down all life with heavy lassitude.

Libussa sat on her father's dusty, prosaic doorstep, anxiously awaiting her friend. But when, finally, he arrived, he seemed strangely different from other days-agitated, restless, apprehensive. Capriole even did not greet her with his usual jolly little impudent bark—but growled ominously, scowling up at her from under white and silken bang. Libussa uneasily wondered if the heat should be blamed for this ill temper of her friends. She felt vaguely conscious of something hidden and threatening that seemed to thrill her with strange excitement. . . . How glad she was when finally they reached the wonderful garden and found it as lovely as ever in dewy fragrance and peaceful charm.

Up and down they wandered together, up and down those perfumed, shadowy paths they both knew and loved so well. But somehow the usual delight was missing. The peonies seemed vulgar, the hollyhocks stiffly formal, the roses thorny. And the old gentleman's voice trembled hoarsely when he spoke, his keen eyes glowing with a scarcely suppressed flame.

He who planned this humanity has, with divine irony, so arranged matters that we are ever the ones to ourselves precipitate the fulfillment of whatever we most dread. . . . It so happened in this case. The old gentleman, though supremely anxious to guard his secret, yet coursed around its enclosure in ever narrowing circles. His burning hand crushed Libussa's fingers. His agita-

tion increased her own. And finally the inevitable happened. As one suddenly mad she tore away from him, dashed wildly through the menacing hedge, not minding thorns and spikes, and, breathless with a craving that knows neither fear nor regard, penetrated the hallowed spot-

Then she stood spellbound.

Surrounded by the rich foliage of luxurious shrubs, protected by tall, dark, mysterious trees, a wonderful flower had unfolded itself. It was a flower the like she never had seen before—glowing, voluptuous, of brilliant hue. And it shed a fragrance, tender as violets and lilacs, sensuous as roses and magnolias, spicy as cinnamon and myrrh, poisonous as the deadly nightshade. .

For a long time Libussa stood as one bewitched, unable to stir, wholly immersed in worshipful adoration. life seemed changed to her. All life seemed but a whirling maze of frantic shadows encircling this divine flower in delirious frenzy. And but one wish was left in Libussa's heart—the wish to possess this flower. Friendship, honor, gratitude, everything was for-She knew only her great strange desire.

With feverish eyes and trembling hands Libussa moved closer-her burning fingers clutched the smooth, supple stem-

A horrible cry resounded. A cry of anguish and terror. It made Libussa's blood run cold. And the broken flower, a shameless, evil mass, sank down

among its leaves. . . .

Before Libussa stood the old gentleman. His face was livid with agony. His pupils seemed on fire. As deadly enemies the two stood eye in eye, each wordlessly accusing the other in hatred and loathing.

And a sudden darkness descended upon the garden-moaning, the wind

swept through long, fallow grass, drove down the flowers and strained the tallest trees. Thunder roared and clashed. And fiery bands of lightning illumined the place which, a few moments ago, had been so glad and golden—and now lay lurid and desolate, the haunt of evil

"Come—" said the old gentleman in

a hard, husky whisper.

He took Libussa by the hand and led her away. Capriole followed, barking a furious, hoarse little bark that almost seemed like wild

sobbing.

Once more they walked through the dark vaulted passages-that never before had seemed quite so endless. Once more they climbed up the black winding stairs—that never before had seemed quite so dismal. And once more they passed through the bewildering labyrinth of those sumptuous, silent sleeping rooms.

When they had arrived at the housedoor, the old gentleman for a last time turned Libussa's face towards him. Once more she looked into his deep black eyes. But alas, those eyes seemed dim and dulled and broken. And a bitter flood of self-accusing tears welled up and streamed over the child's

In solemn silence the old gentleman opened the tall heavy door. Wind and rain came driving in. And Libussa, blinded by her weeping, staggered down the dark stone steps.

The little dog's reproachful yelp sounded after her-it seemed faint and

far away.

Then all was still.

She never saw the old gentleman again.

An old friend told me this tale. And he added: "Beware—when the flaming flower of passion bursts forth in the peaceful garden of friendship. . . . "



PURELY PARENTHETICAL

By Austin Adams

IT sounded like the panting of a launch. While faint and far, it certainly was getting nearer and louder. At any other time, the coming of a boat at nightfall, with Frank away and no one but the children and herself on the whole island, would have made her frantic with fear. Now, however, so strange had been her mood this day, it thrilled her with rebellious hope of an impending—what? No matter what. It would be different, something untried, a glimpse of shores beyond all previous horizons. Why, the mere fact that she was not afraid was a departure, her first escape from the accustomed.

To make sure that "Peter Rabbit" had prevailed where prayer and admonition had failed, and that the precious young heathen were not enjoying an extra chapter by feigning sleep, Kathleen ceased reading, waited in vain for the much dreaded "Please go on, muzzer," and then tiptoed from the room and out upon the veranda. No boat was to be seen, although the short sub-tropical twilight still illumined the sea. There could be no doubt, though, that a boat, a large power-boat and not merely a launch, was nearing the little harbor just around the point which hid

it from Kathleen's view.

Presently the throb and gasp of the engine stopped. With it stopped also the beating of Kathleen's heart, for in the vacuum of silence so suddenly created by the stopping of the engine reaction had swept her back to the accustomed. Gone was the wild primeval woman who had obsessed her since morning; remained only the tamed one she had always been; and the tamed are timid. No longer did she hunger for

the untried, nor welcome the idea of testing her strength by facing unguessed peril. She wanted only safety and Frank. God, how she wanted Frank!

Far off across the darkling sapphire sea she could make out the California mountains near whose base was the great city where Frank was to-night. He way off there!-and she out here. alone and unprotected with Toots and Mildred, out on this speck of land the sea might swallow and no one ever know it! Why had she let Frank go? How wicked she had been all this rebellious day-actually longing for some great experience, some taste at least of the unknown, just one free fling into life's other side! And why had this boat come?-to-night, the only night on which she'd been alone since she was married? Was it to punish her?

With her eye fixed on the path by which whoever it might be must come from the harbor, she crept backward to the door, one desperate plan after another taking form in her mind. She would lock all the windows and doors, hurry the children down to the cellar no, the tiny little attic would be better and remain hidden until the strangers, finding the house deserted, went away; she would get Frank's big automatic revolver-lucky that he had taught her how to handle it !-- and face the situation; or, it might be best to shut up the house and run for dear life with the children to the cave in the cliff back of the barn. Yes, that was the only thing to do-get away as fast as possible.

Yet she kept her eyes fixed on the path and crept even more slowly than before toward the door. Something

seemed to hold her, imperious primeval instinct perhaps, subconsciously compelling her to know, to experience, some hitherto unsuspected possibility of life. Had not vague intimations been reaching her all day? The next step backward brought her heel to the threshold, no great impediment, but it served to stop her. Would no one appear on the path? One or the other of two things, equally dreaded, must happen-either someone would come or nobody! Nor could she at that moment say which she dreaded most, the knowing or the never

knowing-what?

Suddenly the beat of the engine began again and almost before Kathleen could realize what this meant she saw the boat, a smart yacht with raking masts and roomy deckhouse, make her graceful bow around the point and lay her course straight for the mainland. Then she knew. Engine trouble-Frank was always having engine trouble in their launch—had made them stop under the lea of the island for a few minutes; that was all. And now they were panting away at fifteen knots-bearing from her forever the secret of this strangest of days! Limp from relaxed tension she dropped upon the wicker settle by the door and watched the lights on the fastvanishing yacht twinkling in the purple dusk.

Leaning back upon the cushions Kathleen gave way to a feeling of poignant disappointment. Fate had cheated her. Useless for reason to argue. Whatever experience the coming of the boat might have brought, she wanted it, had a right to it. What else had this day meant, with its whispers of far shores beyond all previous horizons? Days there are, we know, when revolt is in the blood; when that unblushing old savage, oneself, caged but unconquered, tugs at the bars of complacency and convention in a scandalous determination to get out and run amuck just for once. Instinct, at such times, defying reason and conscience, bids one to dare some Great Adventure long lurking in the dreamed-of or beckoning from the desired.

All this long lonesome day Kathleen had felt it, the lure of the untried. Up from the sea, her most inspiring confidant, had come to-day only tormenting taunts that she, poor dupe of conscience, would never, never see its fairest Never! And up from her soul, till now so poised in principle, so satisfied with being unsatisfied, had surged to-day a wild dissatisfaction, profound, not be lulled to sleep, mocking her whole philosophy of life. Life! Is life denial? Not if there be a God. And God, being God, cannot have bungled so; He could not have implanted passions, desires, capacities in her and then forbid their use. No, life

is not denial; denial is death.

A little shiver ran through her and Kathleen discovered that she was cold. With a last reproachful look at the yacht and then a remorseful one beyond it toward where Frank was, she ran into the house. Halfway across the living-room she stopped, returned to the door, and, smiling at the useless precaution, locked it and then unlocked it again. She found the children fast asleep, and as she held the shaded candle to look down at their angelic faces she could not help recalling how unangelic they had been all day. Never before had they been quite so outrageously rebellious; from pious and obedient little Christians they had been turned into Turks, infidels and heretics, with a dash of desperado thrown in. The hour of prayer itself, at bedtime, had found them impiously impenitent. Speaking for both, Toots had announced that "Now I lay me" and "Our Father" had been permanently cast aside and that it must be exclusive "Peter Rabbit" or war. "Yes," thought Kathleen as she left them, "revolt is in the air."

While making ready to light the big lamp on the living-room table she bethought her of the driftwood logs lying in the great stone fireplace and tossed the burning match amidst the kindlings. In a moment the cheery crackling began, long tongues of blue and gold and green and red flame leaping high into the cavernous chimney and lighting up the sombre redwood walls and ceiling of the large room. To Kathleen, sitting upon a low chair on the hearth, there came with the warmth and homeiness of the firelight the first half-hour of genuine acquiescence she had had since she and the children waved goodbye to Frank that morning from the point. the half-hour might have stretched out indefinitely had not the demon of that day suddenly slipped the phrase "purely parenthetical" into her mind when she was calmly trying to account for this day's spiritual and emotional debauch and treason. "No one need ever know anything about it," suggested the demon; "it's purely parenthetical, you know, a merely accidental clause inserted by the way and not at all affecting the meaning or the fullness of yourself, the sentence others read. That can be ended as if this had not happened."

Purely parenthetical! The phrase had burned itself into her life. A light from heaven—or a fire from hell; lighting with hope and consolation the darkest valley that a wife can tread scorching the very roots of peace and withering trust. It was her strengthand her undoing; it had made possible the last eight years-and menaced them; it had acquitted Frank-and damned him. Without it, how could she ever have returned to him? With it, how could she ever know what might have been? She had come across the phrase in some book she was reading during those horrible black months after she had found out and left him. It was the story of another wife who, wiser than she, believed her husband's sin was "purely parenthetical," a sudden temporary weakness under temptation, and more a guarantee of future virtue than cause for future doubt. "Rub out a life's parentheses," the book had said, "and you will find the story, the real true story, of that man's soul.

So she had gone back to him—Mildred was coming—and, armed with the great phrase, she had accepted the

purely parenthetical nature of Frank's one sickening disloyalty and set about constructing that grey philosophy of life which had, with doubtless as few successive periods of eclipse as most lives have, brought her thus far. Forgiveness had transfigured Frank, there was no doubt of that nor of his steadfastness and loyalty. Then, two years later, Toots had arrived, linking them Prosperity, moreover, come to Frank and people envied her. Yes, her philosophy of life worked well—but it was grey; something, the thing, was lacking; life, to be full and true, cannot be all submission; it must know something, too, of daring and achieving. Longing for rapture, she had known only duty; fitted by every throbbing strain in all her being for Great Adventure, she had reached thirty with nothing but Frank's gratitude for her ability to guard each day against its petty evils. Yes, yes, the demon must be right; to-day's mad insurrection was "purely parenthetical"; Frank would be back to-morrow and all of the to-morrows would be as all days were-alike and grey.

With horror gripping her throat and faint from the shock the sudden alarm had produced Kathleen sprang to her feet and turned toward the door. Someone was walking up the path. In a moment the footsteps had reached the veranda and crossed it. Then a knock. Too terrified to speak she steadied herself against the back of the chair and tried to remember where Frank's revolver was. Then another knock, louder this time. Still she could not speak—nor move. A third knock remaining unanswered, the knob was turned tentatively, but the door was not opened. Watching the door with wild staring eyes, expecting each instant to see it opened, Kathleen, after an interminable stretch of dumb suspense, managed to loosen the grip from her

"Who's there?" she called as loud and as calmly as she could. The door was thrown open and a man, laughing uproariously, came in and ran forward to meet her.

"Hal!" cried Kathleen, collapsing into a chair; "how on earth?—and, oh, what a fright you've given me!"

"Sorry—tell you all about it after dinner—starved—not one bite since

breakfast."

"Dinner?" laughed Kathleen; "Where do you think you are? We had supper an hour ago. I've still got my chafing-dish, though."

"Great!-couldn't be better. Get

busy."

As she appeared and reappeared from the pantry and while she fussed over the chafing-dish he told her. The two expositions had brought him to California; at Coronado he had heard of their idyllic life out here on the Isle of Dreams; and as he was just out of dreams, he hypnotized Jack Montague into bringing him out in his yachtfunny she had not seen the yachtwished she had, for then somebody would have come down to the harbor to meet him and he wouldn't have taken the wrong path and half an hour to come a few feet; but here he was -and how was everybody?

"The kiddies and I were never so well before—sea air and sunshine are the best doctors—but Frank doesn't seem to be able to pull himself together. It was a knockout, you know, and I fear he may never be himself again,

poor chap."

"Nonsense! He shouldn't feel that way about it. Since the war broke out over night and the Exchange was closed it's quite the fashion for Wall Street brokers to take to the woods. Everybody's doing it—but by the way, where is Frank? Doing the chores at the barn?"

Kathleen started. In the excitement and merriment she had entirely forgotten Frank's absence and the consequent delicacy of the situation. Now it rushed in upon her with a wild conflict of sensations. The tamed woman in her hurried a flush to her cheek, but the wild woman exulted ominously in the citadel of her inmost thoughts. Adventure!

"Frank is in Los Angeles," she said apologetically—and defiantly.

"What!" exclaimed Hal, dropping

his serviette and staring at her.

"He went to see what is delaying the flock of Angora goats they promised to send ten days ago," explained Kathleen, the wild woman enjoying Hal's evident uneasiness. "Do you know about Angora goats? They're great; Frank expects to make millions out of them."

"Damn Angora goats!" he growled, rising and coming to her side. "Do you mean to tell me you're here alone?"

"Dear me, no-the children are

here."

Puzzled and vaguely troubled by something in her manner, he studied her face for some time before saying, "But of course there are servants."

"We keep only one—a Japanese man, and I made Frank take him with him. Do sit down and finish your rare-

bit, it's stone cold."

"You expect them back to-night," ventured Hal, clutching at a straw to save himself from further bewilderment.

"No, not till late to-morrow afternoon."

"Cæsar's ghost! That settles it. I of course can't stay. You know what everybody will say, or at least think, about it—that it was all a put-up job—just another little scheme worked on an unsuspecting husband. Such things are common enough, God knows, in our set."

"Why should anybody ever know

anything about it?"

He looked at her. She accepted the challenge and held his eye. It was he who found the look upsetting, so he gazed speculatively up at the rafters as he said, "Montague knows I'm here."

"But he doesn't know that Frank isn't here."

Again he looked at her, but that steady eye of hers was even more disconcerting than before. "But—but—won't Frank—won't you feel you ought to tell him?" he floundered piteously.

"Good heavens, no; he'd sue for divorce at once."

"I'm off," he exclaimed, glancing about for his hat, but smiling as he went on: "No, of course I can't get away until the yacht shows up. Monty promised to have her here by sunrise to-morrow; but hang it all, this is fierce! Suppose the children—"

"They scarcely ever wake till it's broad daylight," she broke in, "so you'll have been gone an hour. Anyhow—" She stopped short and jumped up, scarlet, and looked in terror at the nursery door, fully expecting an apparition of two curious little figures in pink and blue pajamas, for a merry laugh and sundry other noises had come thence. No vision appeared, however, and she went quickly into the nursery to assure herself that the ensuing silence was that of slumber.

"It was only Toots laughing and talking in his sleep," she said on coming out; "he often does." The tamed woman suggested leaving the nursery door wide open as before, or at least ajar, but the wild woman, now grown imperious, shut it and locked it.

"And with no wireless station on the blooming island I can't even send out the 'S. O. S.' call of distress," muttered

Hal, chuckling lugubriously.

"Don't be silly, Hal," retorted Kathleen, pulling a chair to the fireplace and seating herself with her back to the table, "you're here, you can't leave till morning, it's nobody's fault, so do sit down and finish your supper. I've got Camembert if you prefer it to Rocquefort, though I think you'll like the way I prepare it—dear old Colonel Randolph's recipe, you know—made him give it to me when we ran down two years ago to Virginia for a bit of hunting with the Warrenton pack. Ever tried it?"

Correctly surmising that her mind was on anything but the comparative merits of varieties of cheese and that her prattle was but a screen masking the battery of bigger talk to follow later, he lit a cigarette, stood watching the back of her pensively bowed head

for some silent minutes, and then, suddenly aware that he really was hungry, he threw what remained of the cigarette into the fire and returned to the table. Kathleen, who happened at that moment to be in a houseboat on the Nile, saw the tiny comet whizz past her and disappear in the leaping flames, rudely recalling her to the here and now. Presently she heard the uncorking of the second bottle of Bass, followed by the prosaic but persistent manipulation of a knife and fork, and she knew that for some time at any rate hers would be the only speculations on the astral plane.

"Yum! but these sardellen are luscious," mumbled Hal thickly, the crunching of toasted biscuit emphasiz-

ing the remark.

Kathleen ignored the animal. was back in Egypt, trying to develop a negative she had taken years ago, a negative of this very animal's soul. Of the scant score of men she had known at all intimately Hal was the only one who had in the least disturbed her. Strangely enough, too, he was the only one of some half-dozen really intimate ones who had made no attempt to disturb her. Yet he had disturbed her; the mere touch of his hand was toxic to her; she had long ago avoided dancing with him—for conscience's sake! It was Hal alone who, in her innocent imaginings the best of wives may have, she would have wished to marry-if she hadn't married Frank. Also, at times, other imaginings, less innocent perhaps but sternly repressed, lit up with flame her grey submission to Frank. They had so little in common, Hal and Frank, that it was mostly at other people's houses that she saw Hal; but always, by chance and not by planning, they seemed to get a little time alone, time she had scrupulously thrown away with idle chatter. If he had guessed her thoughts at any time she did not know it.

"Put out the lamp and come and sit here by the fire," she commanded without turning her face, when she heard him rise and sigh with satisfaction. "I want you to tell me what you were going to tell me on the houseboat that winter in Egypt, you remember, when Gwen hinted to you that I was thinking of leaving Frank again. I wouldn't let you tell me then; I'm going to make

you now. Come!"

He had put out the light and she made him take her chair, while she sat on the cushion on the hearth before him, her chin propped on her knees and her hands clasped before her ankles. But he refused to tell her, at first, that is, insisting upon discussing quite other matters. When, finally, their talk had somehow tended to make it easier for the wild woman to gain her point he told her-all. The fire was almost out; the hour was late; so it was natural and fitting for her to rise at once and thus secure a moment's opportunity to recover from the tremendous revelation. Hal was to occupy the sleepingporch off the library and at the end of his amazing story Kathleen escaped to fetch some extra coverings for his bed. As she returned with the eider-down quilts in her arms he caught her, held her, and, dizzy and delirious, she felt his kisses on her lips, her eyes, her hair-

One evening several months later, as Kathleen and Frank sat watching the parti-colored flames leaping from the driftwood fire, he turned to her and laid his hand caressingly on hers. Rigorously as she had trained herself never to precipitate discussion, still less to excite surprise or invite inquiry, by betraying any emotion other than those he had come to think her entire stock, she could not quite prevent the little start of amazement and anxiety with which his first caress in years now filled her. His words reassured her, however, and still more the infinitely tender way in which he spoke them.

"Tell me, Kathleen," he said, "what is it that has changed you so? I noticed it when I came back from Los Angeles and it seems to last and to become more and more real. Come, tell me what has made you so much happier, so much closer to me. Is it—is it—"

"Yes," she broke in eagerly, laying her other hand on his and holding it tight, "it is because I understand you now-you know what I mean."

"You mean," he whispered, looking wistfully into her eyes, "that you at last believe that it was purely paren-

thetical?"

"Yes," she replied, meeting his look with one triumphantly sincere, "I realize now that it was purely so, a parenthesis leaving no stain on one's life when it's rubbed out."

"Thank God!" murmured he, putting his arm about her and drawing her

cheek against his.

Contrary to all precedents, they let ten o'clock pass without stirring from the hearth, where they sat silently watching the fire burn slowly out.



THERE are men so philosophical that they can see humor in their own toothaches. But there has never lived a man so philosophical that he could see the tooth-ache in his own humor.



F there were only three women left in the world, two of them would immediately convene a court-martial to try the other one.

THE PURSUIT

By C. Hugh

So she thought she had wound him about her little finger, did she? And that he was near to a proposal? Shucks! She was never further wrong in her life. He had discovered her scheme in time. And he was through with her—done, forever and ever, amen.

Even now he could see, as if it were being enacted all over again, the scene that had discovered the scheme to

him. . .

She had entered the car with him and then had remembered having dropped a small book, a sort of a diary, while they sat at the table. In her very evident anxiety, she would have sprung down and dashed into the restaurant for it had he not restrained her and hurried back. And he could see the book yet as it lay open and face up on the floor beside her chair. There was writing in it and as he picked it up the words burned into his brain.

Friday.....

....... and he ought to propose tonight when we go to see The Blue Domino. I think I'll have him if I wear my pink dress and go without gloves......

So that was why she had worn her pink dress and had "forgotten" her gloves! It had only been a game she had been playing—a game of hare and hounds, with him as the hare! There

in his hands was the proof. . . .

He remembered how he had stumbled into the car, his brain awhirl and his whole mind numb. He remembered the drive homeward—how he had refused to respond to her advances as she continued the pursuit—he liked to call it pursuit—and had failed to note how close the car had thrown them and that

her hand, ungloved and white, lay upon her knee, near and easily accessible. With studied indifference he had seen her glance toward him and had heard the little sigh as she changed her position so that all the force of her delightful profile was brought to bear upon his senses in that half light. As they had driven through the park he had declined to be led into comments on the "beautiful moon—how lovely it is to-night." And he was even cruel enough to ignore her trembling, pouting lips-oh, she was a clever actress!—as she leaned close to him and remarked that she was "so-o tired, Victor," and he didn't even put the usual arm about her to protect her from the jolting of the car. He would show her that he was not yet trapped—not yet!

He had carefully and politely declined her invitation to rest a moment after they had reached her home and she had assumed a position of tired innocence by drooping in the nearest big chair and looking most adorable! He had made some inane remarks, had even smiled, and had gone out again in the cool of the night thinking of that puzzled little frown which lingered between her eyes as she bade him a kiss-

less good night.

Gad, what a close shave!

He had driven rapidly to his club and there had consumed ten straight highballs, and cursed the world in general and women in particular. Beyond that he would not permit himself to go, as he never would gossip or do anything to start gossip. And as a result he had been forced to bear his anger and disillusionment alone—the very hardest test for a man.

So she had only been playing with him! He thought he had been playing with her. He knew that she had gradually grown to be more to him than the pal she had been at first. But the shock of finding those words in her diary—now he realized what a hold she had secured on him.

But he was through. He would break away. She was a vampire—a

veritable Kiplingesque vampire.

No, he wouldn't yield. He would dismiss her from his thoughts. She was incapable of love, at least of the love that such a passionate and blasé a nature as his demanded. And he would,

he certainly would, forget her.

He turned again to his writing. However, the phrases, the neatly turned sentences of the word-wise, would not come. But the bright red lips—those full, red lips which curved in a perfect cupid's bow—appeared again and again. And he could again see the pearls behind that smiling cupid's bow and the pink of her cheek; and the almost jet of her hair; and that slow engaging smile, sometimes to be followed by a sly wink of the eye which seemed to say, "The world is a joke for you and me, isn't it?" Now he was certain that he was included in that joke of a world -that he was the biggest part of the joke. And as he thought of it he remembered that the sly wink had become less prominent of late as if she had grown reluctant to divide the joke with such a fool as he!

And he had groveled the more at her feet in the effort to win for himself more of that affection that he had smiled at early in their friendship. But he had reached a point where he couldn't, or rather, wouldn't go further. He would forget her—or, he amended to himself, if he couldn't forget her, he would stay away from her long enough for her to miss him and for her to wonder, perhaps to worry. Oh, he would give her plenty of time to come to him! He would try the absent treatment—just the reverse of his late method—and would push her out of his life!

He now half believed the stories told about her-of how she played to a man just to bring him to propose to her, and then played with him. Only a few months before, he had scorned such tales as lies and calumnies and had accepted her at her face value. He now was inclined to believe that they were true and that she had been trying to make a puppet of him as she had of Todd and James and Zerner. The affair now looked to him like a wellorganized campaign to force him to his knees and a proposal—to force him, Victor Wirsing, to his knees-him who had gained a reputation by depicting the character of women and who was supposed to be learned in such matters as love. Well, he would show her that she had mistaken her power over him. If it was to be a campaign, an organized campaign, he would not be taken unawares, but would proceed to make it a stand up, give and take battle. But from now on he would forget herwould spurn her every attempt to sway him.

He was forced to admit to himself, however reluctantly, that there was a certain indefinable attractiveness about her personality—a kind of fascination—that had made his visits more and more frequent until, no doubt, he had given her the idea that she had conquered him. But she hadn't, he assured himself; he had only been drifting, and now would come the real battle of wits.

Perhaps, after all, she wasn't an adventuress. Perhaps she was only careless, and innocent, and carefree as she seemed. Bah! How could a woman learn to display so ingenuously that little bit of silk ankle without having carefully prepared the stage setting?

As he tore her apart, bit by bit, he could remember all the little tricks by which she roused the passions in men and gathered them as slaves about her. All tricks! And the men, all puppets, to be worked by the twitch of a string, a pull of a cord!

He had been one of them—he the wise one, the cynic, the scornful!

But he was through. He could see

through it all now.

He remembered that night he had met her in the Wilcox box at the theatre. He could remember the flash of her eyes—those unforgotten brown eyes—as she extended her hand in welcome. And she *did* press his hand, he remembered it now, when he politely acknowledged the presentation and seated himself beside her. How she had interested him that night with her naïve expressions and her carefree and innocent attitude! She had been playing with him then—that first time they had met!

He remembered now how she had leaned toward him during the last two acts of the play and how their shoulders had touched, and the thrill that had run through him. Of course, she had appeared as if only trying to gain a better view of the stage, but now he knew that it was only a trick, a ruse. And then a little later, when the house was dark, she had dropped her fan and he had picked it up, and as he handed it to her she dropped her hand lightly over his. She had smiled then at what had appeared an accident, but now he was certain that it was a trick—a part of a pre-arranged plan! Oh, she was wise, very wise!

That time in the third act when she had grasped his arm as if in excitement over the play was surely only some exquisite play-acting of her own, He remembered how her fingers lingered on the sleeve of his coat even after she must have been aware of her

mistake.

Such perfect innocence had appealed to his protecting nature and he needed only the excuse of returning the hand-kerchief she had dropped that night—he believed she had done it purposely—to call to see her.

And it must have been clever stage managing to have Mrs. Wilcox taken suddenly ill and to be confined to her room when he called, leaving the rest of the big house empty except for Carline and himself. Now he remembered meeting Mrs. Wilcox on the

Avenue the next afternoon and how surprised he had been at her quick re-

covery. All stage managing!

That night at the Country Club when she had slipped on the step and twisted her ankle; and he had carried her to a chair and was genuinely anxious about her; how she had played upon his feelings then as he lifted her to the car and took her home! He recalled how she curled her soft arm around his neck and gently moaned as he helped her into her house and called her aunt!

He recalled the oceans of flowers he had piled into her room the next day, and how he had broken into a busy afternoon to call and see her. He could vividly see the pretty picture she had made as she lay stretched languorously on the couch, her slim figure dressed in a gloriously intimate affair through which the curves and angles of her exquisite body peeped at intervals. He could yet feel the warm hand as he bent over her in greeting, and the deep brown eyes looking up into his. He even could remember the conversation, formal and halting at first, with her injured ankle as its subject. Of course he must see the injured member-and she had innocently extended the bandages for his inspection. That trim, usually silk-clad ankle was still a thing to conjure with, though swathed in business-looking gauze. And then had come the climax of her acting—when she allowed the strap of her dress to slip down from her shoulder and he had glimpsed the white contour of her little bosom! The thought of it, even yet, set his blood to flying and his pulses to rioting!

He now recalled how he had stammered in his speech—he the blasé, the satiated, had stammered and almost lost the thread of what he was saying! How he wanted to take her in his arms and kiss her—to press his lips on that warm cupid's bow! And how he had hated Mrs. Wilcox when she entered

to announce the doctor!

Oh, she would have made a great actress!

That time she had called at his office

182 ENVY

—he called it office, although his friends likened it to a studio-and asked his support for a charity-fundraising affair. He remembered that, too. And he had thought her only impulsive and unsophisticated, and had stopped in the middle of a paragraph to go with her to his friends in an effort to help some poor sinner who was too lazy to help himself. That had been the start of the talk—the beginning of the tales that connected his name with hers—that had compromised him, who had always been so careful. "they" had said that he was desperately in love with her—wanted to marry her! He had overheard it at the club, had overheard two of the younger men discussing it and cursing his good fortune.

He remembered how it had set him to thinking and how he had gradually fallen in with the plan—with her scheme. He had even dreamed of their life together—just the two of them. How like heaven he had pictured it! Fool!

Well, he was now done. He was through with it all—and her. She was a cat, that's what she was, and he had been the mouse; and he gritted his teeth and started madly to write.

"Well, what is it, Reubens? A note? Well, give it here..... So she would like to have me call for her at the Bascombe place, would she, and take her out to dinner? She has something to tell me and wants to see me so-o badly? Well, she can wait; no more cats for me—I'm through—

"But—say Reubens. Get my coat and hat and have the car brought around. The Bascombe place isn't very far and—I need a little ride anyway."



ENVY

By Richard Florance

L ARK'S wing
In the blue,
And no cloud
Down to the far, faint edges of the world.
Sun, and a spring wind
Running the roads.
Lark's wing
High, high,
Shrilling a song . . .

Oh Lark,
You do not know anything.
You do not sing to the sun, nor to the blue sky,
Nor to the spring winds running the roads.
You sing
Because you are a lark,
And have nothing else to do.
While I, a lover,
With the beauty of morning beating on my face—
I cannot sing at all!

THE AWAKENING OF AUTUMN

By John Hurlburt Towneley

MUST have known that her face would brighten like that, before I took her away from town. I had receded townward four days before, after weeks in the wild. I suppose I must have been very brown and red, and borne that strange light in the eyes which only the open sun can put there. And I know that my beard had lost the memory of the steel edge, since the flaunting parti-colored pole was the main mecca of my pilgrimage. Only, on the way to the perfumed shrine, I paused, as a poor sinner will, to sin by the wayside. That is to say, I turned into a tiny cigar store to buy unnecessary cigarettes. I was absorbed in picking out the proper coins, and did not notice the person behind the counter until she spoke.

"You've been out in the sun."

She said it as any polite saleswoman might have; but just as I looked up I caught the tail of her glance at me, and saw her eyes narrowed, looking past me as one looks at a distant horizon. And all at once, I knew a great deal She hadn't been out in about her. the sun, and she wanted to be, very much.

Then she was opening a fresh box of fat cigars for a very thin man, and I had to go away. But all the time I was getting shaved and bathed and dressed down to the quite presentable being I am in fine, I was thinking about those eyes narrowed to some vision of desire. And so simple a desire—to be in the sun.

The next day, when the new sun rose, I quite forgot that anyone could passionately long to be out under it. But passing that little cigar store again recalled me, and I bought more cigarettes which I did not need.

Before, I had noticed only her eyes. But now I saw other things: a rather pinched little face, with the eyes very wide apart, quite dark; and dark, crisplooking hair, drawn back; and a mouth which had silenced many cries. Her skin was too white, but she wore no paint; and she was short, and not very well dressed. She was not attractive; she was not the usual girl who sells cigars in a little hole in the wall in a city block. But I had seen her eyes squinted to a light that never was, and so I knew her, and all that she held of

This time I talked with her, because it is refreshing, after all the polite passive people one meets, to find someone who wants one thing very much. And this woman was a creature all vibrant, near to the elements. She should have been swinging over the hills with head bared to the sun; and here she was behind a glass barrier and a little burning lamp in a tiny city cigar shop. Such a disordered thing is life!

But though I felt this, and she felt what I knew, our talk was quite trivial, as most talk is, even the most significant. I began it by smiling at her as if we were old friends.

"Oh, it's you. . . You don't look the same."

"Yes. I've come in out of the sun, you see."

"You looked so—so good—and

healthy."

"I'm just as healthy as I was; and I haven't been in town long enough to be less good."

"Do you live out there?" I cannot

tell you how she said those words "out there." There was longing in them for all of God's real world.

"Mostly, yes. I like it, too."

"I wish-" And again she looked past me, and there was no need for words.

"Why don't you, then?" And her head went down so that I saw only the crown of her hair; and I knew that I had touched with rude hands things that were tragic.

"Pell Mell," said the voice of the gilt youth who loomed beside me just then. And I turned and went, for fear of pressing those tightened lips any closer.

The next day, and the next, I rioted in cigarettes. At morning, noon, and dewy eve I spent money that I could not afford for cigarettes that I should not smoke. And I do not know why I did it, except that this very plain woman fascinated me with her evident sorrows and her potentialities for happiness. Most women can thrill to grief, but there are very few who can thrill to joy. This woman, cast upon the city into God knows what kind of a life, kept the great free breezes blowing always in her heart and a lifted green horizon before her eyes. I loved her, I suppose, for wanting the things I loved.

Obviously, I am not habituated to making conquest among such as these. It is usual that I do not see what the people are who pass me on the way, because I am so deeply dreaming of what they might be. And especially women. But this, may I plead, was different. And anyway, why plead? It just happened, as most things do.

What she thought of me I do not in the least know; very little, I suspect with modesty. She liked me, perhaps, a little because of my life in the open air, and a little because I gave her a chance to breathe it in freedom for a while. I believe that she did not think about it at all; she was not a being who thought much about anything.

When I proposed taking her for a day in the country, she became, for one moment, a thing of beauty. I shall not tell you what I felt as I watched her face change. I would have surrendered my last hope for giving her a taste of the things her face could lighten to like that. This was the third evening, my eighteenth box of useless cigarettes, and my last day in town. After that moment of beauty, her face mirrored a host of difficulties to be overcome, and the gradual overcoming of them. Then she smiled, and beauty

I went for her at two o'clock the next day, the earliest hour at which Mame, the unknown to me, could relieve her. The usual shop girl would have been gaily bedight, and seductively smiling under an extra supply of rouge and a few extra curls. Not she; the same simple suit and blouse and untrimmed hat, the same grave and waiting face. We started, and she did not even ask where we were going. gave herself to the moment's freedom like a child, without curiosity and without eagerness; just a voluptuous abandonment of all faculty of thinking to the present joy.

I remember now how silent we were. We went through miles of city streets: the downtown ones with their throngs of heterogeneous humanity and motors; the half-way-between streets where business is pushing in; and the outskirts where there are houses and houses and yet life seems more crowded and suffocating than in the downtown din. And all this time she said not a word. It was not until, turning a corner by a big barn where for the first time we could see the rusty autumn meadows and the flaming trees up against the sky-oh, so illimitably blue and far!-that she spoke. Then it was only, "I am glad." But I understood, and had no answer.

There were miles of clear country road to travel, with all the glories of autumn attending us. The meadows and lowlands were modest enough, in their peaceful faded greens and browns, with purpling shadows just now in the sere grasses and shrubs. But the woods were riotous. There were blazing maples; and nut trees, rich with a spendthrift abundance of pure virgin gold; and the oaks, just regretfully leaving off the summer's green, but flaunting a crimson branch here and there to show you what they too could do for the glory of autumn. And all standing very still in the long afternoon rays: so still, with a slow leaf falling sometimes.

Through all this we went, as blithely as it is possible to go when all the world is royally dying around you. It was only by glances that I beheld the glorious passing, since, when I had not to watch the road, I was mainly absorbed in the still profile beside me. She had her head back, and the eyelids were drooping in a kind of mystical rapture. It seemed to me that this spreading land was revealing secrets to her, intimate mysteries not divined by the uninitiate. She was beautiful like that, because she was part of the beauty around us. The color and the still, mysterious life of the trees were pouring new life through her. She belonged to all this, she was part of it all—as if her soul had once here its setting. most. I think—as I do—did she love the gray serried clouds, the deep foldin-fold of the near-lying meadows, the long, undulant line of hills lying up against the sky, far and dreamful.

All this while we did not seem to have any need of talk. Only once did she sigh very deeply, and I felt her body droop a little, and her shoulder

was pressed against mine.

With a sharp turn the road went over the crest of a familiar hill; then there was the long descent, a clattering rustic bridge over the little sleepy brook, and

-my farm.

I shall tell you at once that my farm is not a real farm, where things are grown for trade. It had been that in its time, I suppose, but when I discovered it, had already fallen into disuse. The fields and meadows were overgrown with all the scattering wild things I care for, and the little old garden of flowers had spread itself from the road to the door, with the long grass growing between. And the

door was closed and the windows blank, and the bare rooms were haunted, as are all the pathetic deserted farmhouses one sees in the countryside.

I happened on it one day after that surprising turn of road over the hill; and while I was sitting on the little bridge cooling my feet in the shallow clear water, I said to myself, "This is home." And, after the briefest interval that the law allows, so it became.

Since this present writing is not for the ladies' journals, I shall not describe how the little house was remade for my use. I changed it as little as possible. All the land is still left just as it was; unprofitable, to be sure: but then, how lovely! I own to the horizon on each side, since the land rises gently to north and south, and the slow little brook comes out of the woods at the east and goes into the woods at the west. So far as I can see, it is mine. And if I prefer weeds to other produce, who shall say me nay? Mere cabbages and celery would not buy the adorable joepye of my little marsh; nor would I change my hillside of mullein for any wealth of beans.

We came over the crest of the hill. The late sunshine was on us there, but my whole little valley was in shadow, and we went down into it. Just at that time and in that season everything was at its most serene and lovely. The marsh was all softened and browned, keeping a hint of clear color just at the edge of the water. Soft shadows deepened down the hillside. Above this faded stillness the sun passed, and struck a fire of gold and crimson from the crest of the eastern wood.

She seemed to know at once that this spot was the one we were not to pass. I caught a half glance at my face, a glance partly inquisitive and partly doubtful. But when we stopped under my own roof tree and I held out a hand for her, she climbed down smiling. She had understood. We walked across the deep grass and the crisp fallen leaves to the funny little door set flush with the ground.

We must have talked a great deal

all the time we were lighting our fire and cooking our supper. But I cannot remember what we said. Probably it was just the rambling and inconsequent talk of children. We must have been very like children during those hours, for I remember that I was quite happy and at peace; and that she was in the glow of a rare freedom. So we joyously cooked our chops and toasted our bread and chattered meanwhile.

Afterward we walked up a darkening lane to the sunset. Through the trees we watched the last rosy rays sink down and down. When we reached the gate and could look out over the pastures, all the color was gone. fields sank away from us into darkness. But the sky was alight with a cold, pale radiance; the heavens seemed all white and very near. And then the first yellow star came.

She put her back and her hands against a great tree beside the gate, while I lay in the long dried grass by the fence. Every moment there was some delicate change in the atmosphere. I knew that she was aware of the faintest deepening of shadow over the brow of the hill, and of the slow receding of the heavens out of that white, strange light into the far profundity of starry blue. After a while she said, "It's the first time I've ever been in the country at night." She spoke slowly, as people will out of doors at twilight, and her voice was hushed and a little awed.

"I don't see why you couldn't have had more of the country if you really wanted it. The city is prison for a woman like you."

"Yes. It's prison, all right." Her answer was calm and steady, as if prison were all that one could expect.

"Then I don't see why-" And I stopped, for the last thing I wanted in the world was her confidence.

"No. You wouldn't see why. No You one would if they didn't know. see, it ain't as if I was . . . alone." Her voice was hesitant in the pause, but she clung to reticence, and I was glad for that. "And I'm not complaining, either. I've had lots of good times

too. Just as many, I guess, as I've had bad ones. . . . They don't either of them last."

"I'm afraid," I said, getting up and leaning also against the tree, "that life

hasn't been very kind to you."

She waited a moment before answering. She was not used to rebelling, or to saying what she thought about life. "Yes, it's been hard, sometimes. But then what can you do? You've just got to take it and stand it. And wait for something better. You can't do nothing. . . . And anyway—I guess it all gets made up, somehow."

There was still a faint lingering light over the uplands when we turned to go hand in hand down the lane. But here the darkness was utter, only that the road showed white under the starry sky, and one little stagnant bywater of the brook caught a gleam from the heavens and shone gently out of the shadowy grass. We were very far from all the noise of the world; there was only the thin dry singing of the grass under our feet. Then she put both her hands about my arm, and walked close to me, so that I could feel the swing and balance of her body at every step. And a host of welcome and alien spirits rushed to us out of the night over the edge of hills, and filled our solitude with song.

I woke suddenly, sometime in the silent and gray early hours, in the little garret room under the roof. Through the low windows at the side came the chill light of before-dawn; the room was dimly emerging from the night. When I turned, I saw that she was crouching on the floor at the eastern window, leaning forward with her hands clasped. Across the dusk of the little room she looked very far away. The white curtains falling beside her made a soft haze-like mist against the colorless light from the sky. She too seemed as still and impalpable as mist, motionless there on the floor.

At first I could not at all understand. Then, while I looked at her there, still and filmy in her white gown, I knew somehow that she was palpitatingly happy. For a moment the thought thrilled me, selfishly. But then I knew also that I was out of it all, that I was no more than any piece of furniture in the dim, low little garret room, and that here was a bliss that passed all under-

standing.

She must have wakened at the first beginning change from night to day, and now, on her knees before the dawn, she was knowing all the intolerable rapture of the devotee. Her body, chilled and quiet there, was forgotten, and her spirit was flying out over the dark wet hills to meet the sun. Down the slope toward the east, grey light was creeping beneath the trees, and they were standing breathless over the sleeping grass, with veils of thinnest light about them. She was watching and listening. She was drinking in the night as one drinks in music, rapturous and oblivious. The grass sang to her, and lifted melodies came to her out of the breaking east. The sky passed through all the wondrous change, and still she crouched

there, rapt and forgetful. Only when the sun was turning the upper air to gold did she come to me, shivering.

When I left her later that morning, a block from the cigar store, she did not say anything. She stood for an instant on the curb, just as she had got down, with her hand on the seat, and looked at me. There was not a sign of a smile. She looked at me as one turns to look at a street one has passed through. I had passed for her, with the night and the freedom. Then she turned and

walked to the cigar store.

Four days later I went again to buy cigarettes. There was no sign that she recognized me even, except that after the first glance she did not look up again. Her face was subtly changed, with touches of suffering in the cheeks and over the eyes. She was suffering, but she was going through it blindly and bravely, knowing that her compensating joy would come in its time, unsought: that it "would all get made up . . . somehow."



A LEAF FROM A BOOK OF DREAMS

By John Hanlon

WHERE grey lichen hung from each half-dead branch of the birches, where the violets slept 'neath the heaped-up leaves of the autumn, and the moss was shining and moist, forming a carpet of verdure:—there, in an open space in the midst of the unbroken thicket, lit by a fugitive sunbeam that had found its way through the tree arch, there, in this spot of dreams, I met a maiden who

gathered dry wood and brush to take to the tent of her father. Fair was she to the eye as the curious sunbeam fell on the bronzed and uncovered curve of her bosom, losing itself in the dusky pools of her tresses; so fair was she that I, the greatest of warriors, whose wrath was feared through the whole world, thrilled with a sudden fear and passed by and feigned not to see her.

LOCKED

By Jacob Wolfe

MEN envied Barrington when they looked upon her, especially those men who were fortunate enough to have an acquaintance that gave them knowledge of her character.

She was beautiful in face and form, too beautiful to be described in a sentence or to be forgotten in a day.

Her mind was as feminine as Na-

ture's original intention.

She had mastered the art of reading moods.

She could discuss with intelligence literature, music, painting, politics, physiology, or the stock market, but she never did so save when she saw that Barrington wished to talk or to listen.

She appreciated the sociability of silence and practised it when she saw it would please him; and she never reproved him for taciturnity or muteness.

When they disagreed over trifles, as happened seldom, she disagreed like a man, without bitterness or an afterpout.

She never resorted to a weapon that was feminine. She never wept in his presence, nor did she ever let him see the sign of tears if she had been weeping.

Her taste in clothes was excellent, but she never talked of them. She had learned, without asking, what pleased him and her wardrobe was designed, without his knowledge, to delight his

She may not have been orderly by instinct, but she had learned the error and danger of disorder, and there never was a trace of it around her.

She never boasted of conquests she had made before meeting him, nor told of the number of proposals that had been made to her.

She never gave utterance to a word that showed suspicion or jealousy.

She never asked him why he was late, nor bothered him with questions about the business perplexities of the day.

She never wearied him with a recital

of household troubles.

She never complained of a head-

ache or of other trifling ills.

She never tried to drag him from a comfortable chair and a cigar to a card party, a ball, the opera or the theater—not even to the movies.

She never exceeded her allowance, and the week she did not deposit part of it in bank was the exception.

She never threatened to go home to mother.

And yet, in spite of all this, and in spite of the admiration of all of Barrington's friends, and in spite of the fact that she practised her profession in only a limited, monogamous way, not one of their doors was open to her.



COCIETY is always corrupting, particularly to those who try to get in and can't.



THE charm of a liar lies in the constant novelty of his conversation. The truth is always stale.

THE SCENE OF SCENES

By Ernest Howard Culbertson

M ISS BELLAMY and I had discussed the scene, off and on, for days. We both were of the opinion that it needed to be changed, but as to where and how we could not agree—that is, at first. By all the laws and traditions of histrionics, a star of her luminosity must not accept advice from a playwright. If said playwright is bent upon having his advice even considered he must carefully swathe it in flattery or make it the nublin of some scheme which will redound

to her personal advantage.

It was the love scene between Wendell Farguhr and Barbara Gordon, the heroine, and the scene of the play. I had labored diligently to invest it with the atmosphere and tender appeal of ardent, youthful love. Perhaps if I had only had myself to consider I should have been quite well satisfied with it. In fact, I know now that I should have But the critics had been hurling unmerciful ridicule at my love scenes. They declared that they were too highly colored, that they lacked all semblance of reality, and that my characters "babbled like moonstruck idiots." fearful lest this might come in for their usual rain of splenetic sarcasm.

I am willing to admit that I am not as familiar with the more perfervid forms and expressions of love as perhaps a playwright of my pretensions should be. Still, those intuitive perceptions which I have built up around, or derived from, a few basic facts and impressions have, for the most part, been fairly accurate. It is hard for me to believe that my imagination goes so far astray as the dear critics charge.

Unfortunately romance of the pyrotechnic variety passed me by as a young

man. It seems the irony of fate that I should be practising an art of which romance of this kind is the meat and bread.

I have known Elsie, my wife, ever since she was a little girl seven or eight years old. We practically grew up together. One of my earliest recollections is of hauling her behind a large rose bush which stood in our front yard and forcibly implanting a kiss upon her cherry-red lips. That, so far as I can recall, was the first, the last and only, thrillingly rapturous moment in the entire course of our comparatively static and monochromatic romance. Shortly thereafter we seemed to arrive at a conscious realization of our true relations in the general scheme of a heavenconceived destiny. We became constant companions, and kisses were to be

had for the asking.

I remember that while we were in the lower grades the boys and girls used to tease us unmercifully; but as we grew older our reputed inseparability became as much a part of the subconscious background of their thought as the landscape, and ceased to arouse comment or notice. When we started to High School it was generally understood by both of our families and the people in the town that we were to be married as soon as I graduated and had secured a paying job. Indeed, it would have been in contravention of the established order of things to have speculated upon or questioned the possibility of our not marrying. Older people regarded us with prosy diffidence-and real old people with a benign satisfaction, as though our complacency had divested romance of its obnoxious flamboyancy and they were offered, for once in their lives, the novel and pleasing view of two persons who recognized the ascendency of natural law over per-

sonal preference.

Elsie and I grew into love. But neither of us has the slightest complaint to offer. Our love has come to be very wonderful, very beautiful and very real We feel that if we had arrived at the altar on the crest of a wave of emotion the resultant descent to earth (as it so often is) might have been accompanied by many disagreeable features. As it was, we were securely on terra-firma from the outset and our relations underwent no violent upheavals such as are so often attendant upon those periods of readjustment when husband and bride struggle for a mean basis of mutual esteem and respect between their Before and After conceptions of each other. We knew and understood each other, and I regard that as the chief reason for the undisturbed happiness which has been ours from the first. But enough of Elsie and me!

Miss Bellamy liked the scene as it stood—so far as the tone was concerned—but labored under the misapprehension that it did not provide enough opportunities for the display of her special talents. That was sheer nonsense! Everyone who had read the play said so. She wanted to be dominant every moment, no matter what inartistic barbarities were perpetrated in achieving

that dominance.

By no stretch of the imagination could she be accused of having an over-developed critical sense. Try as I would I couldn't seem to make her realize that there was danger of the thread of the story becoming hopelessly confused, if not entirely lost, the poetic and dramatic values of the scenes impaired, and the whole play reduced to a mere conglomeration of haphazardly devised "opportunities." Only by the dint of superhuman efforts had I been able to avert such a catastrophe.

I had determined to try and write a simple, quiet, lifelike love scene. I realized it would be a very difficult thing to get it in the right key and at

the same time make it dramatically interesting. And, as I have explained, I was handicapped by a limited grasp of material.

I took Miss Bellamy aside at rehearsal one day and succeeded in convincing her that a quiet, simple scene offered her a splendid opportunity for the exhibition of her genius. She was not disposed to think so at first. I explained, as I had before, that previously in striving to make my love scenes interesting and effective I had perhaps wandered too far from life. It was a case of getting back to life and its real artistic interpretation; that is, so far as this scene was concerned. It would be so different from what the critics ordinarily expected of me, I told her, that I was certain it would evoke considerable interest and attention. "Here." I said, "is an opportunity to throw aside verve and pace, for the moment, and show them that you are the past mistress of other methods. Make it a sort of study of the transmutative power of love on a vivacious, practical girl like Barbara." In New York she is known only as a comedienne; but at benefits and in stock I have seen her invest scenes in serious plays with a charm, and poetry, and delicate beauty that would set the most captious critic by the ears.

admire Geraldine Bellamy in a great many ways. She has a host of good qualities (and a host of bad ones), and on occasion she can be the most charming of women. She is, I should say, about thirty-six or seven, though she only admits twenty-six. She is rather small and inclined to plumpness. She has a small, oval face, large, restless blue eyes, a small nose, which comes measurably near being pug, a delicately pointed chin and a mass of coppery hair, more or less her own. She is all temperament and then some! The air fairly sizzles with it when she is around. Generally she either likes a thing or she doesn't, and when she doesn't, one should remove it as quickly as possible into the next county. She has a rather grotesque, groping, hothouse iconoclasm, which she mistakes for breadth of view, a rather keen sense of humor, but no comprehensive grasp of the laws and principles of drama-

turgy.

She is full of strange and amusing whims. She has a penchant for chop suey which, in this instance, was not shared by the other members of the company, and yet, night after night, to their mortal disgust, she insisted upon taking them out to a Chinese restaurant and filling them up on it. I detest the stuff and I managed to sidestep these affairs by pleading indiges-tion. (It was a legitimate excuse, for at times I am greatly troubled with nervous indigestion.) She lives in constant dread of growing fat and in a desperate effort to ward off such a dire eventuality goes on daily peripatetic debauches. She will walk anywhere, with anybody, at any time of the day or night when she isn't actually engaged in rehearsing or acting—or eating chop suey. Her powers of endurance are remarkable and hardly a day went by but what she walked some member of the company to complete exhaustion. I escaped these jaunts by pleading corns! (Another very legitimate excuse.)

She was staging my play, "The Pest," in Washington (she is her own manager) with the intention of trying it out there. Washington is a theatrical "dog town" and at that time I happened to be making my home there. Rehearsals had proceeded fairly well considering the eruptive propensity of the Thespian temperament and Miss Bellamy's high-handed methods. To the eternal wonder of Harry Clayton, her business manager, and myself, the personnel of the company remained the same as when first engaged in New York, save for Philip Barbour, the original leading man, who left abruptly after a violent altercation with Miss Bellamy over the reading of a line. She sent over and got Chris Keating to take his place. Chris was very good, but he wasn't Philip Barbour.

I spent as much time at home as I

possibly could in a valiant endeavor to write the love scene. I was having all kinds of trouble with it. It seemed to me that with each draft the characters became more wooden and their chatter more stupidly inane. Miss Bellamy kept calling for it and I was forced to the limit of my ingenuity in conjuring up satisfactory explanations for the delay. And I had been so confident in the beginning! At length, in extenuation, she urged me to use the original draft. I refused to listen to any such proposals. I had made up my mind to satisfy the critics this time or die in the

attempt.

The tension and worry under which I labored brought on a spell of nervous indigestion and I was in bed for several days. When I got up Miss Bellamy came around and beseeched me frantically to give her the scene. I made a solemn promise I would have it for her in the course of the next two days. The following day I wrote another draft. When I read it to my wife that evening, it seemed much worse than any of the others. When I rose the next morning, after a sleepless night, my condition was indescribable. I behaved in a most unconscionable manner toward Elsie and my little daughter Marguerite. After several more desperate and unfruitful attempts to write a satisfactory draft I gave up in despair. By evening I had about reached the conclusion that I would be compelled to use the original draft. I went to bed that night in a pitiable condition of mind.

Some time near midnight (I think it must have been about that time) I woke up in the throes of an attack of nervous indigestion. Of the manifold Nemeses which conspire to harass an author that is the worst. By far the worst!

I grabbed up a pillow, hugged it tightly over my stomach and lay still as I could under the circumstances. The pain was intense. My heart thumped as though it would force its way through my ribs, and the perspiration stood out in beads on my forehead. Now and then I had a moment of re-

spite and I lay on my side and stared about the room with aching, smarting eyes. Moonlight streaming through the lacy foliage of the small trees, which stand in front of our apartment-house, cast a myriad of phantom shadows which danced about the walls in fitful abandon. Often I lie awake for hours watching them. It was one night while I lay engrossed in this eerie spectacle that I conceived my beautiful Carol Benoit, whom everyone remembers. The critics declared her fantastic, unreal-and that no mortal had ever made love as she did. Ha! You misguided critics, she was not mortal-she was immortal! So there! But I wanted no Carol Benoit to-night. I know that the public would have none of such characters just now.

My misery increased and finally, in desperation, I got up and went vigorously through a set of deep breathing exercises. They brought no relief. The hot-water bag seemed inevitable. have, on countless occasions, had definite proof of its remedial efficacy, but on a warm night in September, with the temperature hovering near the 70 mark, I am not moved to ecstatic joy at the thought of using it. Several sharp twinges of pain, however, had the effect of instantly removing all prejudice, and I hastily sought the bathroom, after considerable search found the bottle and filled it with hot water. I returned to my room and dropped into a large Morris chair which stands near the window. While I sat there debating whether I should return to bed or spend the rest of the night in the chair I heard the murmur of voices. I sat for some time with strained ears, trying to determine from whence they came. At first I thought it might be the two congressmen who are in the habit of sitting on the veranda of a nearby hotel and discussing matters of state in loud and querulous tones far into the night. The low, subdued pitch of the voices soon convinced me that I was mistaken. Marguerite is sometimes wakeful at night and it occurred to me

it might be Elsie trying to get her to sleep again. I jumped up and hurried to my wife's room, which is just across the hall from mine. In the dim light which filtered in from the back window I was able to descry the sleeping forms of Elsie, in the large bed near the window, and Marguerite, in her crib at the side, and hear their slow, rhythmical breathing. I tiptoed over to the crib and stood gazing down at Marguerite. She slept quietly with one finger in her mouth and the sheet wound ropelike about her little plump torso. At the imminent risk of waking her I removed the succulent finger, unwound the sheet and drew it carefully over her. Then I bent over and kissed her. She's a veritable cherub when she's asleep.

I passed on into the library and stood near the center-table, listening. The murmur grew more distinct. I hurried to the window and peered out through the screen. Sure enough! Right below me, and just a little to the left, on the seat which stands in front of the apartment-house next to ours, sat a young couple conversing in low tones. At that moment the old colored watchman, to whose faithful care several apartment-houses in the neighborhood are entrusted at night, came shuffling along. He paused near them and he and the boy exchanged a few words of banter.

It was a wonderful night! moon rode high over the Capitol, in a cloudless sky. The sputter of a grass spray in the grounds opposite stole musically across the silent street. The foliage of the trees rustled gently under the sway of a light southern breeze. The street lamps loomed like huge Chinese lanterns, and lent their soft rays to enhance the witchery of the night. Presently the old watchman passed on and I found myself possessed with a wild desire to listen to what the two had to say. I stepped forward and pressed my ear to the screen. Then suddenly I drew back. My conscience had given me a severe twinge. For the moment it seemed like a very low and despicable thing to do. Conscience, however, considerately gave way to reason, and I

found myself saying, "It isn't a low curiosity which prompts me to do this. My motives are the best and entirely justify the action. Why shouldn't I listen to them? It isn't any worse than listening to two people on the streetcar. You've done that a thousand times. It is the artist's inalienable right to observe and try to comprehend any and all phases of life wherever he happens to find them. And joy of joys, these look like two lovers!" I turned to the window and pressed my ear-harder

than ever-against the screen.

The boy, it seemed to me, was the very embodiment of vigorous, manly strength. The powerful shoulders, the broad, active chest, the clean, open countenance, the easy, careless grace of his attitude all suggested clean living and athletic prowess. He sat half-facing the girl, leaning slightly forward and supporting himself by an arm thrown akimbo over the back of the seat. She sat at the end nearest me, facing squarely to the front, with her heels on the sidewalk and toes pointing upward. She clicked them together and toyed with her fan as she talked. She was small and slender and wore a ravishing summer frock of white. When she turned to speak to him I caught a glimpse of her profile. I saw in it no indications of striking or unusual character, though the features were delicate and clear cut.

They had been to the movies, it seemed. This rather annoyed me. Why will people persist in attending them when the drama is dying of slow attrition? They discussed what they had seen for several moments in low voices, then lapsed into silence—a silence in which I felt they were both thinking volumes.

"Well, Kidlets, how about it?" said the boy at length. His tones were low and well modulated. "Kidlets!" There was a term of endearment I had never used. I tried to imagine Wendell Farquhr saying it. It seemed to me quite likely that he might say it. Why hadn't I thought of it before?

"What did dad say?" queried the

girl. Her tones weren't exactly musical, but there was a certain sweetness about them. I felt quite sure I should like her.

"He said it was up to you—just what I told you," replied the boy. He spoke with a shade of earnestness.

"He said more than that, I know. Tell me all he said—please," she pleaded.

"He said you were an expensive ornament to have around the house," replied the boy with a mischievous laugh.

"I know better! I've earned every cent that's been spent on me in the last three years," she exclaimed with fervor. Ah! She was like my Barbara—a very sensible and practical girl.

"No—he didn't say that. I was only kiddin'," said the boy soothingly. "He said you were the best little somebody that ever came down the pike-an' that I was one of the best pickers in the business—an' that we ought to hit it off pretty well. Oh-but first he asked me whether I played pinochle."

The girl laughed merrily.

"He said he wouldn't have anybody for a son-in-law who couldn't play pinochle," chuckled the boy. "Oh, hush!"

"So help me, Jehosaphat!"

"Honestly-dad never knows when to be serious."

"Some jokesmith, believe me! I'm strong for him!"

"What did you tell him?" asked the

"That our family were Methodistsan' that that ought to let me out.' "You idiot! What did he say?"

"'Who would have thought it!" Whereupon they both laughed uproariously. When their merriment had subsided they lapsed into another eloquent silence, which lasted several minutes.

"What d'you say, girlie?" plied the

boy at length.

"I think we'd better wait—awhile."

"Why?"

"There are so many things to think of," she replied hesitatingly.

"An' I've been thinkin' of them all!" exclaimed he, with feeling. "There isn't one of 'em that has made me feel like holdin' off!"

"I'm afraid you'll find me more than you bargained for," observed the girl.
"I'll take a chance on that," said the

boy drily.

"I'm a particular somebody," said

"So am I," said he, "or I wouldn't be pickin' you."

"Hush!" she cried.

At this point two cats, crouching in belligerent attitudes on the opposite side of the street, gave vent to the most unearthly yowls. The girl groaned. The boy bent over, reached under the seat, picked up a bit of gravel and sent it skipping across the pavement in the direction of the cats. It hit the curb with a resounding click and bounded back; the animals scuttled up over the small stone coping which bounds the park, and fled into the darkness. The girl tittered. The boy laughed softly.

"Some warblers!" he observed.
"Um! An awful nuisance. Keep us

awake nights," said the girl.

The boy A brief pause followed. whistled a few bars of "Tipperary." The girl toyed with her fan and clicked her toes. Steady pressure against the screen had caused my ear to go numb and I welcomed the opportunity to step back and rub it. A park policeman emerged from the gloom on the opposite side of the street, moved along the stone coping for a short distance, and disappeared again. Presently the swish of the grass spray ceased, and save for an occasional far-off whistle on the river or the cry of a baby, a death-like stillness reigned. I could almost hear the two breathe.

"Living's so high now," she observed

at length.

"See here, Kid, what do we care how high it is? Anyway, that's my lookout."

"Yes, I know-but then-"

"Oh, we'll have enough!" he interposed abruptly. "Don't you worry. An' I'm sure of a raise the first of the year." Evidently he was an industrious chap. She seemed rather calculating.

I was sorry. In the beginning she didn't impress me as being that sort of

a girl.

"Of course, it might be a year or two before we could have a girl. But I can stand most any sort of grub," he went on.

"Well, I like that!" exclaimed the girl, straightening up indignantly.

The boy laughed gleefully.

"No, no—," he said in a moment, "you're some hash artist, believe me." "Thank you kindly," she exclaimed

with a toss of her head.

"Oh, there are forty-'leven reasons why we shouldn't marry. There are always forty-'leven reasons why a man shouldn't do anything he starts to do. What do we care?" He had grown quite earnest. He emphasized his remarks by slapping the back of the seat with his hand. "We're young, an' we've got pretty good health," he continued, "an' I've got a good job an' a little money in the bank. My dad didn't have what I've got when he married Mother, an' he managed to come out pretty well."

"Joe—it isn't you—or anything like that—I'd live in a garret with you—honest—but I know you have your mother to look out for," said the girl tremulously. Bless her heart! My attitude toward her underwent an instan-

taneous change.

"Oh!" exclaimed the boy, "Father left her pretty well fixed. Of course, I have to help out some—but I've been figuring that in all the time." A silence of several moments followed. "Don't you worry about that," said he at length.

"I—I didn't want you to stint your mother," said the girl in a very low

voice.

"Mighty—mighty good of you to think of that," observed the boy huskily, fumbling with the lapel of his coat. "Mother's going on just as she is. She —she thinks a heap of you—let me tell you. She'll sure give you one grand welcome into the family."

Another long pause.

"It—it couldn't be before October—hardly," breathed the girl at length.

"Any time before the first of December suits me. You know, our rush begins about then."

"There'll be such a lot to do."

He reached over, took her hand, and spoke in low, affectionate tones. "Now, don't make a lot of fuss an' bother over it. We want it as simple as possible—er—don't we?"

"Well"—she began, and there was a note of disappointment in her voice, "well, we have so many friends—there's

the Capitol Hill bunch—"

"Oh," he broke in quickly, "it's up to you, Kiddo. It doesn't really make any difference to me." His tones were gentle and propitiatory.

"No, no—if you'd rather not, why, of course we won't," she said, bent upon manifesting an equally generous spirit.

"Honest—it doesn't make any difference to me. Whatever you say goes,"

he protested.

"It's awfully good of you—and and all that—but—" said the girl, hesitatingly and with a catch in her voice, "but I'd just as soon have a simple one."

"When you get right down to it—we have got a lot of friends," he said.

"But they would understand, I think.
I'm sure they would!" she exclaimed.

"All right," he said gently, "suit your-self."

"Won't it seem funny to be mar-

ried?" she laughed.

"It'll seem great," said he. "But I've got a hunch you'll wish you'd done a little more lookin'."

"I've done considerable, Joe," she re-

plied coyly.

He smiled and patted her hand. A pause ensued. Eventually the boy began to twist uneasily in his seat. It was the first time he had shown any embarrassment. I watched him with interest.

"There's something—" he began at length, and then stopped abruptly.

"What were you going to say?" she

asked.

"Why—er—," he went on hesitatingly, "we want our home to be a home." "Of course," breathed the girl. "A real home—with—" He paused

abruptly and coughed.

The girl turned and gazed curiously at him. "With what?" she queried eventually.

"Kids!" he finally managed to say in

an almost inaudible voice.

The girl sat motionless, with her face squarely to the front, and I couldn't help but feel, in view of the sort of girl she seemed to be, that she was staring into space with an expression of transcendent illumination. The boy sat with his head bowed, gripping her hand tightly. A sudden elfin breeze fanned the loose strands of her hair and they became silver in the limpid moonlight. After what seemed an interminable period to me, the girl swayed—ever so gently—toward the boy and gave a little convulsive sigh that expressed worlds. The boy reached forward and took her in his arms. I instinctively turned away. It was a situation far too sacred to be desecrated by vulgar gaze. However, I left the vicinity of the window with great reluctance and made my way back to my room. I felt very much as one does after hearing a wonderful song. The very atmosphere of the hall or auditorium seems to be surcharged with the essence of its beauty.

When I reached my room I dropped into the Morris chair and gave myself up to the thoughts that danced through my mind. I felt that it was the scene I had been looking for. I knew it was the scene I had been looking for! Here were two simple, sane young people, evidently very much in love with each other, but who did not feel called upon to give utterance to violent protestations or perfervid pronouncements of affection. Their manner and speech, in fact everything about them, bespoke thorough genuineness and sincerity and simple, whole-hearted trust. No voluble spoutings or explosions could have done their emotions justice. They would have been inept, maudlin, futile. The full power of what they felt was expressed by what they did not say.

Jove nodded to Jove.

They were, I fancied, representative

of the type that forms the nucleus of those thousands and thousands of happy families, the names of whose members never get into the papers or the divorce courts, and the wholesomeness of whose lives becomes the web and woof of our national moral stamina.

I sat for hours working out the new scene in my mind, based upon this splendid excerpt from life, which good fortune had furnished me. My indigestion seemed to have magically disappeared. It was dawn before I returned

to bed.

* * *

Two days later I completed the scene. When I returned to the theatre to submit it to Miss Bellamy I discovered that during my absence she had undertaken to revamp the second act. It presented a veritable hodge-podge. People were running on and off like chickens and one scene had no dramatic value at all. When I protested she justified herself by the usual plea of "insufficient opportunities" and took occasion to make some cutting remarks about my ability as a playwright. One word led to another and before we knew it we were saying things that neither of us meant. I finally rushed out of the theatre, declaring I should never return. That evening, however, Harry Clayton came around to the apartment and succeeded in inducing me to relent. He reminded me of a statement I had often made to the effect that "She wasn't to be taken seriously."

The next morning I wrote her a letter of apology and invited her to have some chop suey with me that evening. I suggested that we take a long walk afterward, though my corns were giving me no end of pain. It was the greatest concession I ever made in my life—

barring none.

Late that evening, over the chop suey and the pungent tea, I read her the scene. To my unbounded joy, she thought it immense. Indeed, she didn't even have a suggestion to offer. I have often wondered to just what extent the chop suey was responsible for her unstinted approval. The anguish

and misery I underwent during the long walk that followed was to some degree mitigated by her announcement that she had decided to use the original draft of the second act. I have also often wondered to what extent the thought of diminishing adipose was responsible for this decision.

We worked the scene into the play during the next three days. Miss Bellamy, as I had anticipated, played it exquisitely. Chris Keating was all that could be desired. We sent up to New York and got an old Belasco electrician to come down and work up some special

light effects for it.

We were all ready to open, when the grand mogul, who was to control our peregrinations about the country if the play "got across" in New York, ordered us to Providence. I have no love for first nights, either in New York or elsewhere, so Elsie and I and Marguerite went to New Rochelle to visit an aunt and await the metropolitan verdict. What the Providence papers said about it, I didn't care to know. New York judgment is the only thing that counts. New York is the dramatic fashion center, and if the public of the metropolis gives your play the stamp of approval, it is dollars to doughnuts that the rest of the country will accept it.
"The Pest" opened in New York at

"The Pest" opened in New York at The Showhouse on the night of the second day following our arrival in New Rochelle. I hardly slept a wink that night. I rose early the next morning, dressed in record time, and hur-

ried out of the house.

I rushed down the street, intending to buy the New York morning papers at the first newsstand I came to. But I must have passed at least three before I could muster sufficient courage to approach one. When I did, it was tremblingly, with cold chills running up and down my spine. (I am always this way after a first night.) I purchased five papers and started home on the double-quick. I had not traversed more than two blocks when curiosity and anxiety got the better of me. They usually do. I sat down on the curb and proceeded to

go through each paper in feverish haste. I went through the first one twice without finding the criticism. The third time I found it on the page opposite the editorials. There, emblazoned in large letters at the head of the column, were the words, "Miss Geraldine Bellamy in a new play." Yes—but what about the play? Ah—"The play, on the whole, is one of the most interesting seen in New York this season. But—" I skipped the next few paragraphs. I wanted to see what he had to say about the love scene. Ah! "The love scene in the third act is the most amazing bit of dramatic flubdub ever perpetrated on an unsuspecting audience. It is wholly unconvincing and without color-inane, stupid, grotesque. But what could we expect from Mr. Whitmore? doesn't seem to have the slightest conception of how a love scene should be written. The two young people meander on, as if they were making arrangements for an automobile party, etc., and etc."

I threw the paper down in disgust and picked up the next one. After some search I found the criticism and raced through it. It went, "Miss Bellamy wonderful—Mr. Whitmore has succeeded in devising an interesting story—some very amusing scenes—Mr. Keating's work even and distinguished—love scene in the third act is without parallel—entirely unnatural—vapid—tedious—offensive in spots." I groaned—I swore!

I hurried through the next one and the next one. They praised Miss Bellamy and the story, but the love scene they characterized as "impossible," "unconvincing," "colorless."

"The Pest" lasted just one week.

The love scene killed it.

Hereafter, come what may, my love scenes are to be of *strictly* home manufacture.



FORGOTTEN

By Claudia Cranston

I HAVE forgotten—forgotten you quite; I never think of you except at dawn, Or in the dusk of some warm summer night, Or when the first snow falls in winter.

I only think of you when spring is near,
Or when my heart throbs sudden to a song,
Or at the lilting turn of some once dear,
Familiar waltz— I have forgotten you.



IN thinking of his first love a man is always a romanticist, but in thinking of his last he is usually a merciless realist.



FASHIONS may come and fashions may go, but the best bait, after all, is still a bit of lace about the neck.

THE ESCAPE

By Alan Scrivener

S all women had and as all women will, the Woman paid. And now her suffering seemed more than she could bear. The Man had told her she must go on suffering to the end unless . . . But she could not bring herself to that. She could not face that horror. She had fled to the Other Man. Here

was her one remaining hope.

The Other Man stood before her. "Put your arms around my neck," he

commanded quietly.

Obediently she clasped the beautiful, gleaming arms about him. The flowing sleeves of her negligée fell away from them, revealing their ivory luster. She buried her face close to his heart. Gently as he held her, she was afraid. She was helpless under the pressure of his great, firm hands.

"Isn't this better?" he murmured. "Yes," she whispered.

A well of gratitude surged up in her heart. He was her salvation. The Man could never mean anything to her now. His hideous spell was broken forever. The pain and terror fled away. A great peace settled on her soul.

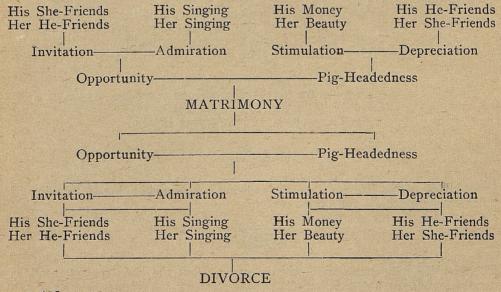
Closer and closer the Other Man held her to him until it seemed to her that his body was going upward to the clouds, carrying her with it. Then, gently, gently he let her down again,

and then:

"Don't you find the tension in those muscles wonderfully relaxed to-day?" said the osteopath. "I tell you I gave that spine a good stretching. In my estimation there is absolutely no need for surgery." And he shook her hand and said "Good morning."



GENEALOGY OF A POLYGENETIC PHENOMENON



THE YELLOW SHAWL

By Charles Caldwell Dobie

TT was during one of her noon-hour rambles about San Francisco that Chiquita Garcia had seen the yellow shawl, in the window of Sanoff's Antique Shop on Sutter Street. She remembered it afterwards when she got home to her dull, faded room with the vividness with which one remembers an

intense summer day.

Standing before her mirror, she let her hair fall about her face and she thought: "If I could only have that yellow shawl to wrap about my shoulders, so-ah, yes! One needs something bright if one has black hair." And she pushed her hair back from her face with a gesture of abandon, letting her

scarlet lips part hungrily. . . .

The next day at noon she went from the factory where she worked, and she stood opposite the yellow shawl. It lay, draped gracefully, across the back of an antique chair, and near its fringe a spangled fan had been dropped with studied carelessness. Again she thought: "If I only had that yellow shawl against my dark, colorless skin, and the fan to hide my lips! . . . If I only had the shawl, the fan would not matter so much, still-yes, it would be very pleasant to have both."

That night, before her mirror, she thought once more of the yellow shawl and the spangled fan. "Yes," -she said to herself, "yellow is my color." Then she put a thin yellow ribbon about her neck and her eyes began to flame faintly, like street lamps at

All next day while she worked at her trade the vision of the vellow shawl pursued her. She thought also of the fan, but it was the shawl that held her

captive. She looked down at her dull blue dress, and at the dull blue dresses of the women about her,-cold, cheerless blue dresses that matched their cold, cheerless blue eyes-remembering that they had not even seen this wonderful shawl. And even if they had seen it, how could they hope to wear it, since yellow was not their

And she went again at evening to look at the shawl. Even in the twilight it lit up the window. it was still there, and near its fringe was the spangled fan, and, at one side, lay a huge, flaring tortoise-shell

Chiquita began to think: "On the first day I saw only a shawl. Yesterday I saw a shawl and a fan. To-day there is a comb. Who-"

Looking up quickly, she saw Sanoff peering over the shawl at her, and, at once, she knew that he had been waiting for her to come again. How? Well, Chiquita Garcia knew by the greedy smile on his lips. . . .

Her mirror told her the same tale once she got back to it. "Yes, yes," she said, "a yellow shawl for my shoulders, and a spangled fan to hide my red lips, and a flaring comb for my hair." And she caught up her dark hair and spread it fanshape back upon her head. . .

The next night Chiquita shivered through a fog to take another look at the dazzling things in the window. But when she came to the shop they were all gone. Instead, the window displayed a hideous piece of horsehair furniture, a bit of cold, blue tapestry, and a dreary jet bag that even the street

lights could not call into life. She stood still and wondered. Then she went inside.

Sanoff saw her and came forward. Yesterday, in the distance, his eyes had sparkled so that she had been tricked into thinking him young—well, he was young still, after a fashion, but age is not always a matter of years. She looked at his crafty face, his evil smile, and his snake-like fingers. But she did not walk out. Instead, she said very boldly:

"Last night I saw a comb in your window." And she stopped short, wondering what next to say, since she had

no money.

Sanoff looked her over carefully. "Oh, yes, a tortoise-shell comb shaped like—" he lifted his hands and made a fan-shaped gesture. "Yes, yes, here it is." And he picked it up as if by magic.

Chiquita had been hoping to get a glimpse of the shawl, but it was nowhere to be seen. Had it been sold, she wondered. She fingered the comb

rather coldly.

Sanoff smiled and pushed a chair toward her. He said nothing, only smiled. But she understood and sat down.

"If you will take off your hat," he

suggested.

She felt for the hatpins and drew them out, setting her battered headgear

in her lap.

He bent over her, and she felt his fingers pressing down upon her head as he slipped the comb firmly into her thick black hair.

She took the gilt hand-mirror from him and looked—it was just as she had imagined. What she needed was a

flaring comb for her hair.

Impatiently she thrust the mirror from her. "Yes—this is it. But I have no money. Why should I trouble you? Really, I am a fool!"

His hand, sliding away from the comb, swept her neck. She shuddered

slightly and rose.

Sanoff was still smiling disagreeably as he bowed to her.

"The comb is yours," he said, showing his teeth.

She drew back a little. "But I can-

not pay for it," she insisted.

"I have touched your hair, it is enough," he answered. . . .

H

CHIQUITA GARCIA did not go again to the shop-window for a week. She said to herself:

"Don't be silly! You have the comb. Because this man was a fool once is no sign he will be another time. Besides, a comb is a small matter, and perhaps he has already sold the yellow shawl."

But at the end of the week, one Sat-

urday night, she thought:

"I shall walk past the window just once, perhaps he has put the shawl back

again.'

But the window was as she last had seen it—cluttered up with horsehair furniture and cold blue brocade, and a hideous black beaded bag. So she went into the shop again, and Sanoff came forward smiling as before, showing his white teeth.

"Well," she began with bravado, "I am back again. And do you know

what I have come for?"

Sanoff's smile widened, but he said

nothing.

"Shall I speak about the shawl?" she asked herself. But her heart began to beat fast, and she felt a sudden fear that he would tell her it was gone. So she put off the question and said:

"I have come for the fan—the fan that was in the window last week—

with spangles on it."

Sanoff did not even look for the fan, because, curiously enough, it was in his hand; he threw it open with a quick downward gesture and it glistened in the light.

Chiquita took the fan from him and held it at arm's length; then, with a sweep, she brought it close up against her face, hiding the brightness of her

lips.

Sanoff smiled again, greedily. She shut the fan in sudden petulance.

"I have no money," she said bitterly,

throwing the fan down.

He bent over and picked up the bauble, spread it out carefully, held it against her face as she had done. Then suddenly he thrust the fan quickly to one side and kissed her lips.

She stood very still and watched him

smiling opposite her.

"The fan is yours," he said.

She snatched it from him savagely and walked out.

III

A WEEK passed, ten days in fact, and every evening Chiquita Garcia, standing before her mirror, took down her thick black hair, put it up again and crowned it with the tortoise-shell comb. Then she opened the fan with a flourish and let her red lips hide behind its fascinating glitter. But she did not forget the shawl, and, every night, she tantalized herself by encircling her throat with a scrap of thin, yellow ribbon.

"Yes," she would declare again and again, "yellow is my color. I have a flaring comb for my hair and a spangled fan to hide my red lips. All I need now is a yellow shawl for my

shoulders.'

She would begin to think about the shawl—whether it had been sold, or whether she could buy it, or whether—

"Don't be silly!" she would say to herself. "Because a man has been a fool twice proves nothing. Let me see—the first time he touched my hair; the second time he kissed me on the lips; I wonder what—"

And suddenly her eyes and cheeks would flame—Chiquita Garcia was

young, but she was no fool.

Well, at the end of the tenth day, she went to the shop. It was a bright evening, not a trace of fog in the sky, but clear and sharp and metallic. She walked briskly and the blood flew at once to her cheeks.

She waited some time for Sanoff. He was busy selling a silly trifle to a customer, but he watched her from the corner of his eye. She looked up and down the shop; the shawl was nowhere to be seen.

Presently the customer left. Sanoff came toward her smiling his evil smile. She did not have to speak this time.

"You have come for the shawl," he began. "The yellow shawl I had in the window two weeks ago. Well, sup-

pose I have sold it?"

Chiquita grew very bold, because she knew now that he had *not* sold it. "You have done no such thing," she answered. "Don't keep me waiting—let me see it."

Sanoff drew a chest toward the center of the shop—a black chest with heavy brass trimmings. Bending over, he threw back the lid and drew out the shawl. A heavy odor of musk floated

toward Chiquita Garcia.

She gave a little cry of delight and put out her hand. He drew back, holding the shawl aloft—it was yellower than noonday, and on its border blossomed a brilliant embroidery of crimson and green roses. Her lips parted, her breath came quickly, her eyes gleamed.

Sanoff flashed a smile, baring his cruel teeth as he threw the shawl at her. She caught it joyfully and wrapped it about her shoulders and

across her hips.

"There!" she cried, throwing her head back, "is it not so? Yellow is my color. Come, what is the price?"

He moved close to her. "You could not buy that shawl—with money," he said. And he looked at her sidewise.

She watched him through her halfclosed eyelids, noticing his crafty face, his evil smile and his snakelike fingers.

Slowly she unwrapped the shawl

from her body.

"Who said I wished to buy it?" she asked insolently, as she let it slip from her hands back into the black chest.

IV

CHIQUITA GARCIA waited another week, fretting away the hours at the factory, passing and repassing Sanoff's

shop at evening in the hope of glimpsing the yellow shawl, nightly tricking out her hair with the huge, flaring comb, and hiding her red lips behind the glittering fan as she stood before her mirror. She could not forget the shawl; somehow it seemed to her that once she owned the yellow shawl everything else in life would come more easily.

In the mornings when she put on her faded blue dress she would say to her-

self:

"How can I get anywhere in such a bundle of rags? Men like something gay. No wonder they look another way—blue is not my color. It may do well enough for *some* women." And she remembered her companions at the factory and she laughed, thinking how terrible they would look in yellow, granting that they had courage to wear such a shade. . . .

Finally, in the end, she did just what she had known all along she would do —she went back to Sanoff's shop and

stood in the doorway.

Sanoff was standing with his back to her, intent on serving a customer. Chiquita narrowed her eyes and looked. Yes, the customer was looking at the yellow shawl—her yellow shawl. She put out a hand to steady herself.

"Now," she said to herself, "you have made a mess of it! Why didn't you listen to him a week ago? Chiquita Garcia, you will never get another man foolish enough to give you such a thing at any price. And you will go on working forever in a cold, cheerless, horrid blue rag of a dress."

She was so frightened at the thought that she forgot everything else and she went up to Sanoff and said quite ab-

ruptly:

"I forgot last week to give you my address. I live at Broadway and Stockton—the second house from the Pyrennes Café. The number of my room is five—up two flights"...

She remembered afterwards that the woman had stared at her and that San-off had only smiled his crafty smile,

showing his teeth unpleasantly. He had said nothing.

_So there was only one thing for her to do—to walk out of the shop and go home.

V

CHIQUITA waited up that night until after twelve o'clock but Sanoff did not come. She waited the next night and the next. At the end of the third day she gave up hope.

"He has sold it," she said bitterly to herself. "Well, and no wonder! Why should any man be fool enough

to dance to my tune?"

But, nevertheless, she passed Sanoff's shop one day at noon, and what did she see but the yellow shawl in the window! She walked by quickly and her heart beat until she heard a thundering in her ears.

When she got back to the factory she wept—great, angry tears. It would not have been quite so bad if Sanoff had sold the shawl, but to discover that he still owned the thing and would not bring it to her moved her to sudden fury.

"Perhaps someone prettier than I has looked at it," she muttered to herself. "Well, we shall see. Because I wear a blue rag of a dress now is no reason I shall do so all my life. . . ."

When she got home that night she made straightway for the mirror. Why had Sanoff tricked her so? Her hair was as blue-black as a raven's wing, and it shone like polished ebony in the light, and her eyes had plenty of fire. Yes, and she had red lips, and her teeth glistened when she smiled.

She tried to remember the customer who had been looking at the shawl when she had last spoken to Sanoff. But she could remember nothing about the woman except that she wore a curious brooch that sparkled when the light struck it.

Chiquita took out the comb, and the fan, and the thin yellow scrap of ribbon for her neck, and she wept again. And all night she thought. About the

flaring comb? Or the glittering fan? Or the yellow shawl? No, she thought

all night long about Sanoff.

In the morning she got up, bathed her red eyes and dashed a bit of powder on her nose. This made her feel better. Then she tied the scrap of ribbon about her neck, wrapped the comb and the fan in a rumpled newspaper, and made straight for Sanoff's shop.

As a matter of course she arrived long before the shop was open, and she stood in the damp morning fog, kicking her heels together and trying to

keep back her tears.

Sanoff came along finally, and when he saw her he did not even lift his eyebrows. Instead he smiled and threw

open the door for her.

She went in and Sanoff followed. The morning sun began to filter through the fog and it lit up bits of brass and copper about the shelves, and as Chiquita faced Sanoff a sunbeam played about the bedraggled ribbon at her throat.

"I suppose," she said with a sneer, "that you think I have come for the yellow shawl. Well, I have come for

nothing of the sort."

Sanoff did not speak. She threw her bundle down upon a table and began to rip off the covering of newspaper. Sanoff smiled until his teeth glistened.

She drew out the comb first, threw it on the floor and trampled it into a thousand pieces. Then she picked up the glittering fan, tore it into shreds and flung it in Sanoff's face.

He began to laugh. Chiquita fell

back, panting with rage.

Sanoff reached forward and lightly ran his finger under the yellow ribbon at her throat. His touch burned her like a coal. She shook him off.

"Well, well," he mocked, "yellow is your color, after all. And where did

you say you lived?"

Chiquita caught her breath. "At

Broadway and Stockton-"

"Oh, yes, yes. The second house from the Pyrenees Café—up two flights. Now I remember."

VI

CHIQUITA did not go back to the factory that day. Because it was too late, for one thing.

And she did not go to the factory the day after, either. Instead, she rose languorously at ten o'clock and threw the yellow shawl about her shoulders.

"What shall I say if they send from the factory for me?" she mused. "Shall I tell them I am not coming to the factory again? . . . Shall I say I am sick, or tired of work, or just nothing at all?"

And she caught up her hair and stood in the bright sunlight, drawing the yellow shawl more tightly about her curv-

ing figure.

"Yes, yes," she laughed, "Sanoff is right—after all—yellow is my color!"



BAD SECONDS

FALSE teeth . . . celluloid collars . . . mock turtle soup . . . toupees . . . rump steaks . . . Key West cigars . . . \$499 automobiles \$3.89 shoes . . . near-silk . . . the second cabin to Europe . . . tourist sleepers . . . dairy lunch dinners . . . commercial hotels . . . kissing through fly-screens . . . yesterday's newspapers . . . the débutantes of 1909 . . . tin swords . . . canned music . . . synthetic furs . . . glucose honey . . . stock company performances . . . flat wheels . . . slow trains . . . Alexander Hamilton's.

POST-IMPRESSIONS OF POETS

By Owen Hatteras

William Butler Yeats—A dense (stage) mist surrounding a rose; the rose perfumed by Houbigant . . . Glamour in words of one syllable . . . A Child's Garden of Erse . . . Par-

lor mysticism.

Vachel Lindsay-Buddha chanting ragtime through a megaphone . . . The Twentieth Century Express in a flower garden . . . The doxology performed on a steam calliope . . . Billy Sunday and Bert Williams reciting the Beatitudes.

John Masefield-Keats doing settlement work . . . an epithet exhibiting

its muscle.

James Oppenheim-Sex, psychosis and stars . . . Freud, Jung, Lincoln and Whitman congratulating Creation . . . a double concerto for 'cellos and cymbals . . . the Deity in overalls.

Ezra Pound-An advertisement in Greek sandals embracing a Japanese epigram; futurism looking back over its shoulder and embracing a disciple. . . . a furious blast of hyacinths and lilacs . . . virility in front of a mirror, proclaiming itself in a passionate falsetto . . . burst bladders.

William Watson-The robe of the prophet worn threadbare and bagging at the knees . . . a second-hand phonograph with one battered record . . . the Old Guard forgetting to surrender . . . Mosses from An Old Man's Meditations.

Henry Van Dyke-Philadelphia on a Sunday afternoon . . . a Mendelssohn overture played on a mouth-harp . . . embroidered mottoes, antimacassars and Rogers' groups . . . artificial flowers.

Stephen Phillips—The ghost of Tennyson offering smelling-salts to the Classic Drama . . . the mantle of Elijah cut over into an English walking suit . . . a platitude looking in a glass and discovering a truism; a truism looking out of the glass and recognizing the Truth.

MacKaye—A swimming-Percy teacher drowning in the midnight oil . . . a propaganda lost in a pageant . . . a half-hearted iconoclast persuading himself to wrestle with tradition . . . radicalism sotto

Alfred Noyes—A guitar with broken strings . . . a piccolo-player masquerading as a pundit . . . rhymes, rumblings and rubber-stamps . . . the

laureateship biting its nails.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox—The nuptials of Thais and William Randolph Hearst in a theosophist temple . . . The Uplift taking a Saturday night off . . . dusty immortelles . . . Sappho in a flannel night-gown.



WHEN women kiss it always reminds me of prize-fighters shaking hands.



MAN always remembers his first love with special tenderness. that he begins to bunch them.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE

By Frank Pease

HAD never expected to hear the real inside of the story which drifted up to us in faint whiffs and hints, in chips and fragments and all the scattered débris of Departmental gossip. All I knew at the time, and all I ever expected to know, was that something very strange had happened down there where the Philippines taper off into a thousand tiny islands before plunging into the Sibuti Channel to come up in the broad bulk of Borneo. No one but a few officers around Headquarters whose rank entitled them to the story did know the inside at the time, and they kept it very close. It was not hushed up exactly. It had never come The thing was just a vague yet persistent rumor that something unprecedented to the Service had occurred; something that involved a whole company of men, their officers -and a woman.

No, it wasn't poison, that is, common everyday poison, the kind you kill rats and mice and microbes with. Maybe it wasn't poison at all. But it was something which made everybody who caught it sick, and dangerously sick. I guess it was one of the worst things that ever got on the medical records, indeed, if it did get recorded at all. It was worse than the plague or nostalgia or beri-beri, yes, or even the "dobie itch," and that's the limit!

Bongao was the name of the place where it happened. I was there once—aide to an Inspector General. We stopped only a few hours, but that was enough for me. I remember the place very well. It was just a measly, no-'count island like all the rest, except that no one lived on it; that is, there

was no native barrio of shacks, no bamboo wharf loaded with stinking sharkfins and dried fish, no litter of dogs and goats and chickens and brats running around in the sun and swarms of flies. There was only the post, a one-company place without a single good reason for being there, and the men without a single thing to do but get through the time between the fortnightly calls of the little meat and mail steamer as best

they could.

When you reached the wharf a stony road straggled up through the palms past the little galvanized-roofed hospital, on to the long barracks, also galvanized-roofed and built with grass sides. The guard house was on the left, beyond the barracks. Over to the right, on a small elevation of bare black rocks, were the officers' quarters. Down the road a little was a rickety shack where a scabby old Chino kept a store tumbled with bolts of calico. little brass betel-nut boxes and brass rings, strings of glass beads, baskets of pearl shells, ropes of copra and clumsy bales of hemp, the whole thing steeped in a fog of smells enough to make a man seasick. A bit further on was a dirt-packed open place called the "market." It was ringed round with a lot of thatched pieces stuck up on wobbly poles. On Sundays the Moros used to paddle over and kept the spot lively with their cock-fighting, penny gambling and their incessant haggling over sales of fish, grass mats, fake shields and spears and bolos.

I suppose this "market" must have afforded the only red-letter day of all the place. Certainly there was nothing else to stimulate the somnolent nerves

of the men, or there was nothing until she came. After that things got lively

enough, too lively if anything.

But ordinarily there was nothing, nothing. One walked fifty yards north of the guard house and the jungle began, thick and full of thorny weeds and millions of bugs and ants. A hundred yards south and there was the wharf—the "jumping off place" the men used to call it. All around was the Sulu Sea, smooth and oily as a Cap'n Chino's face and just about as expressive. Oh, it was a peach, that Bongao, the very last place God made—and then forgot He'd made it.

But there it was, and there were the men, a whole company of as fine, husky Dough Boys as ever hit the Islands. And there was a Captain, a First and Second Lieutenant, and then the Contract Surgeon. It was his wife who came, and perhaps her being the first and only white woman ever to set foot on the place accounts for part of the trouble. Certainly the moment she got there there was trouble to burn.

The men got the first reaction from her arrival in the form of a lot of orders issued to the Top. No more déshabille would go. No more lazy sauntering back and forth and up and down from the old Chino's store to the guard house, from guard house to barracks, from barracks to the hospital and wharf; going in twos and threes, armlocked, shirt fronts open, hatless and often coatless. There was a woman in That meant things must and camp. would change. Orders came from the C. O. that the post had to be got into shape mui pronto. Squads were set to work policing that measly little road, clipping the ragged edges of the scorched miserable grass, burning refuse and even sweeping the dirt-packed The place was as busy as if market. an Inspector General was due. All the routine duties of a big post back in the States or around Headquarters were dragged out from their sleep and made to do a regular spick and span hitch.

But this sudden awakening into routine army life wasn't the thing that started the fracas. Strange to say, the men didn't seem to mind that part of it a bit. Perhaps it was a relief from the monotony of ease they had been through ever since landing there. No one grumbled or "soldiered" or side-stepped anything. It was something quite different to that. It was just what gave rise to the "mystery" drifting furtively around the Department for a whole year before I heard of it. And it all had to do with the doctor's wife.

I don't suppose I could give you a picture of her if I tried. In the first place you wouldn't believe how beautiful she was-and married to such an old poke of a man as that Contract Surgeon. And he was a poke of a man if ever I saw one. Had white hair; fancy, white hair; not gray nor grizzly, but pure white mops of hair which ran down the sides of his face into a deep brown beard, stuck out in little wiry-looking tufts from his big red ears, and his eyebrows were so long that they pushed right out in white fuzzes against his thick glasses. He was a bug-chaser too. Used to go off into that thick jungle back of the post with a bug-net and a big tin box and chase 'em all day, leaving her to get along best she could. Beats the Dutch how some of these human camels can grab out a handsome woman for themselves, don't it? Yes, and hold 'em too! While our kind-

Well as I was saying, this doctor's wife was too good looking to be true; that is if she hadn't really existed you wouldn't have believed it possible. You've seen those cartoons or lithographs the German beer companies get out for advertising? They've always got some impossible beauty looking out at you in a most lifelike, soft, fleshy sort of way. Lots of splendid hairmore than any woman ever really has -curving shoulders and necks and cheeks they must draw with a compass to get so perfect. Mouths like little red cups all turned up ready to pour kisses into. Eyes like luscious moist stars-"deep," "innocent," as they say

—wide open and inviting. Plump, dainty cheeks with color put on under a microscope. Then they have high "intellectual" foreheads, with a billow of blonde hair so fine in each grain that you want to run your hands through it right away quick. Generally too, coming in at one corner of the picture, they have a little hand so creamy-white and delicate and faultless that it doesn't even need jewels to finish it, and which makes you feel that it has never handled anything but webby laces, fragile teacups or a lover's locks.

Well, honest, that was just the kind she was; a regular impossible beer car-

toon come to life!

But that's the kind of a looking woman or girl—for she was more of a girl than a woman, though there was something about her, according to accounts, which was as mature as nature herself—that's the kind of a looking creature who dropped in all unexpected on that measly little prison of a Bongao. She hadn't been there long before the trouble began.

When things did break out it was a regular typhoon. It had been one of the best outfits in the regiment. The men were just like a big family. When the storm came they were still more like a family—that is, like one that has

quarreled.

At first no one among the officers seemed to have the least idea what it The Top reported to was all about. the C. O. that the men were getting "mean." Fights grew more frequent than friendships, and these fights were between just those men who had all along been bunkies and friends of the first water. It got so bad that there was nothing else for the C. O. to do but to discipline them. He didn't want to. He was a good sort and, believing that fighting men shouldn't be mollycoddles anyhow when it came to settling their own differences, he would have let them off with a call down or maybe confinement to quarters for a couple of days apiece. This wouldn't have been much of a punishment, seeing there was no place to go anyway.

I say he would or might have let them off easy but for the exasperating fact that, try as he did, he couldn't find out from one of those men why they had They either didn't know or wouldn't say. He couldn't worm a thing out of them. When he questioned each man by himself, it was only to find each as surly and non-committal as the previous one. They didn't talk back to him or anything like that. They didn't talk at all. This sort of riled the C. O., and he hinted to some of them that it might be a good thing if they thought of transferring to some other outfit just as soon as the time came. That shows what a really fine C. O. he was.

In less than twenty-four hours after he started his inquiry, the post was in an uproar. Corporal Schmidt had run amuck in the middle of the night; stuck two men with his bayonet; and run out into the dark stark naked. The guard heard the noise and thought one of those crazy juramentado had broken into the quarters and was cutting up the men. Number one fired and brought the whole outfit pell mell out of quarters. That is, all except Schmidt. The last everybody saw of him that night was his white ghostlike figure slipping through the palms before he disappeared in that black jungle behind the post.

When the Hospital Corps had fixed up the two wounded men, and the C. O. had taken a look around, he sent a squad out after Schmidt. They didn't find him that night nor for a couple of days after. When they did find him, just rags of flesh and bones was all that was left, like what they found up in the Rio Grande Valley the time "F" Com-

pany of the 17th was cut up.

Well, that sort of turned the post inside out. The C. O. was in a perfect fever of apprehension. For the life of him he couldn't make out what the trouble was. It had been such a good outfit, and he had always had such a personal feeling for his men that the whole thing upset him. The Contract evolved the idea that it was "nostalgia,"

and made out a recommendation that the entire outfit be transferred to some other post right away. Funny! no one seemed to make any connection between the coming of the doctor's wife and all the trouble there was in the post. At least they didn't get the connection for a long time. They had most every other kind of an explanation. Far from connecting her coming with all that had happened and kept right on happening, the three officers were hard put to it in their own minds how best to make her feel that she hadn't landed among a band of cutthroats. She was so dainty and tender and, because of the seeming indifference of her husband, so unprotected as it were, from all that torrent of malignancy surging deep in the heart of the post, that she was quite the center of their genuine consideration.

But she never did anything to give them special worry. She didn't go wandering around by herself either in the day or night, nor carry on any of those obvious little flirtations with her eyes or smiles or a fan or a swish of her filmy skirts like so many women can and might have under such isolated circumstances. It wasn't that. She wasn't a coquette, not in any sense of the word. Indeed, she seemed completely devoted to that old fussy bugchaser of a doctor, her husband; that is, when he was around, which wasn't

much of the time.

She never "butted in" to anything, not even their evening conversations around the mess table when all five of them would get together for perhaps the first time in the whole day. She wasn't sour either. Indeed, she was all amiability-just in her looks. And she didn't have to talk to make this felt. That's just the point: she was more a "presence" than a fact. She didn't strike them as complex. Usually she spent the day, quiet as a mouse, lying in a hammock out on the veranda, lazily dreaming into that deep glassy wall of the Sulus, for all the world like a sleepy white kitten couched in the sunshine. Whenever she did walk

about the post it was with her husband. Apparently she paid little attention to anything that went on, having an attractive little way of showing that she didn't understand much about things in the Service, and really didn't care a whole lot to understand.

But this "presence" of hers was felt everywhere. With her coming the whole atmosphere of the place had changed. A sort of suspense was in the air. She, her husband, the three officers, seemed least of any to understand that her coming had made any difference. But where a lot of rough horse-play had once in a while animated the men before her coming, it was now significantly absent. Not one of them seemed to dare indulge in jovial gestures or words, so fearful were all of instant misunderstanding. It was as though a sort of armed truce prevailed where once had been the finest camaraderie. There grew to be a peculiar subdued tension in their every movement. Most of them seemed stricken with this, particularly the younger men. The younger the man, the more quarrelsome and restless and mean he be-There was one youngster, a handsome, curly-haired, blue-eyed boy, the pet of the company, who grew as sour and mean as only a soldier can be when he tries. He soldiered at everything, until the Top had to report him, and he was put in the guard house for insubordination.

The guard house was nearly filled with men at the end of three weeks. There were four men in the hospital; two with bayonet stabs, the others with broken bones, where the company baker had run amuck and clubbed them with the butt of his Krag. He could give not a word of explanation of his assault—that baker. He was just as sullen and mean as a government mule, and had been quite as dangerous. There was a string of charges against him to have turned his hair gray just with thinking about them. But he didn't seem to be thinking at all. He just lay there in the guard house with his head between his hands staring at the floor for hours and hours. The Contract said "nostalgia." The Captain said—in the charges—"fighting in quarters," "malingering," "assault with intent to maim," "disrespect to an officer," and "violation of the 62d Article of War."

Things were getting worse every day. There were new fights and newer combinations of fighters right along. From a happy or at least sleepy family the company had turned into a regular gipsy outfit of bickering, quarreling, snarling creatures that made the post a regular bedlam. Still no one, at least among the officers, came to connect it with the doctor's wife. couldn't very well, you know, for while they were an awfully decent lot, they weren't men over-given to figuring out the devious tangles of psychology and motives and other such intangible matters. A woman was either "square" with them, or she wasn't. The doctor's wife struck them as being as square as could be. And she, far from appearing to know that there might even be danger in it all for her, went along as calmly and tenderly as she had all the time.

It was perhaps her real or affected indifference that caused the first faint hint of the secret to dawn upon the C. O. The real proof of it was when he came to call Jimmy Castles into his office one morning. The C. O. had just spent a sleepless night trying to figure things out, wondering what to do about it. He had considered fitting out a sailboat and running up to Jolo on the first wind to confer with regimental headquarters. The thing was getting into such a bad way that the company reports would look pretty black to the critical eye of the Adjutant General. That a whole company of men should metamorphose from a good outfit—one of the best in the regiment—to a pack of malingerers, assaulters, and men generally insubordinate—surely, the company's officers would be thought to have something to do with it and no very praiseworthy thing, either.

Now you'd have to know Jimmy

Castles—he was the First Lieutenant—to realize how unheard-of was the thing that happened. Jimmy was one of those free and easy chaps, a good polo man, a crack shot, a young officer with lots of promise and a thorough gentleman. He was a favorite with officers and men and—back in the States—with the ladies. He was no "ladies' man," but just a merry-go-round sort of fellow, and clean way through—clean as a whistle.

The C. O. had got half way through telling Jimmy what was as yet but an ill-defined idea about the doctor's wife, and which, even if it had been correct, the C. O. would not have known what to do about exactly, when, looking over at Jimmy, he was startled out of his speech by the peculiar look on Jimmy's face. It seems that he had half risen from his seat and with both hands clenched on the edge of the table was glaring at the C. O. as if about to leap at his throat.

"Damn you," he snarled, "what right have you got to talk about her! Damn

you—" he kept on repeating.

Well, it must have pretty near taken the C. O.'s breath away to have his First come back at him like that. But before he could collect himself, Jimmy had jumped up and run out of the room like the crazy man he had suddenly be-The C. O. made his bedroom in two jumps, grabbed up his Colt's, and ran out to call the guard. By the time he got outside the sounds of a rumpus came up from the guard house. He ran down there and found that the guard and Jimmy and the curly-haired boy were all mixed up in a tangle of cursing, kicking, biting men who seemed all to have gone suddenly daft with savagery.

Just as the C. O. reached the porch of the guard house the prisoner inside made a rush for the guard and for Jimmy and for everybody in general. But before the C. O. could make head or tail out of it all he got a swipe alongside the head which laid him out for a couple of hours. The crazy baker had hit him with a folding cot. After the

C. O., the baker sailed into the tangle of men on the floor. Like the rest of them, he seemed bound to have the life of somebody, not at all particular whose it was.

Number One finally broke away, ran outside and fired. Half of the barracks were already on the run for the guard house, when, all of a sudden, they developed a big fight down the road in their own midst. The Second Lieutenant was the center of this. Three or four men had jumped him, more were piling on, and those who hadn't gone mad were mixed up in it through trying to separate the others. Everybody was afraid to shoot; that is, the sane ones were, and nobody knew what it was all about anyway. The best of them who had kept their heads couldn't figure it out quick enough, and although they knew that the Second was mixed up under that tangle of struggling men, they could hardly be expected to think it was anyone but the Second himself who had gone crazy, or there wouldn't be so many piled onto him.

Well, there were two fights right there. And, do you know, just as soon as those men in bed with their bayonet stabs and broken bones heard all the mixup outside they, too, began to fight! The Contract and the Hospital Corps men were having their hands full trying to keep them from killing each other. It was bedlam, worse than any riot or bayonet charge you ever heard of. It must have lasted at least ten minutes before the crazy ones were overcome. When it was over everyone of the officers was all in, knocked Except that Contract! were covered with bites and scratches and bruises and had ribs and collarbones broken or fractured. All the men who had gone off their head were in a bad way, too, some of them even worse off than the officers.

Jimmy Castles had made an awful mess of the curly-haired boy before he himself was knocked out by a swipe from that same folded cot in the hands of the crazy baker. It was the baker

who was the worst hurt of the whole lot. For Number One, after he had fired the alarm, had run back inside and fired point-blank at the baker just as he was aiming another swipe at the C. O. After the baker, the worst off was one who had a shot through one arm just as he was running up towards the officer's quarters where the doctor's wife stood out on the veranda looking down at it all with the curious, wide

eves of a child.

It was the Top, old Sergeant O'Reily, who brought him down. A funny thing happened. Even then the man didn't stop, but kept on, crawling along on his knees, sobbing and crying and cursing and holding out his bleeding arms towards her like a man praying. O'Reily ran up and gave him a sharp rap across the head with the butt of his gun; and then was for telling her for God's sake to go inside and bolt the door, when, as he came close to her, he saw that she didn't seem to be frightened or uneasy in the least. She just stood there looking down at all the mess of shooting and fighting and curses and yells like it might have been on a stage, acted especially for her, and she cool and safe up in a box.

You know that picture, La Gia something-or-other with that famous smile? Well, according to all accounts. that's just the way the doctor's wife looked standing there peering down; a regular Mona Lisa.

That look of hers and the actions of the man he had just knocked out made everything plain as day to O'Reily. He ran up the steps of the veranda, grabbed her arm, rushed her into the Contract's office, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket.

He didn't say a word to her, not a single word, but he gave her a look

enough to kill.

Just as soon as the Top got things straightened out, the rest of the men putting on first aid and taking the wounded to the hospital, he set off on a run for the hospital himself. He met the Contract hustling up with his arms full of bandages and instrument cases. What O'Reily said to the Contract nobody knows, but that night, two of the best men in the outfit took the Contract's wife into a sam-pan and with a little skit of a sail they rigged up they set out for Jolo. The Contract didn't want to stand for it, but what O'Reily said went with the C. O. Anyway the Contract had his hands full for the next forty-eight hours until relief came hustling down from Jolo.

That was the last Bongao ever saw

of the doctor's wife.

Every blooming man was sworn to absolute silence about the whole affair. But things will get out one way or another in the Service, though I will say that this one was kept about as quiet as any I ever knew of. It took a long time to straighten it all out, and that word "nostalgia" came about as pat as any word ever coined. Strange to say, not a single man was tried! There was somebody at headquarters who knew something had happened down there in

that God-forsaken hole that neither the 62nd Article of War nor any other Article would cover. The men got their punishment in the cuts and bruises and jabs and bites they received in the mixup. One of them died, that baker who got it through the stomach. Most of them got well eventually, though a lot of them carried scars out of the hospital up at Jolo, where they were all taken in a few days, confined to bed or "under observation." Afterward, the whole company was scattered here and there throughout the Service, allowing only a man to each other outfit.

How do I account for it?

I don't account for it. It just happened, that's all.

What would I do to such kind of

women?

Why, I don't know as I'd do anything. Sometimes I think they're a sort of spice to life—'cept that there aren't enough of them to go round.



THE PURITAN

By Theodosia Garrison

THE west wind piped a measure low
Of daring and romance,
The moon was like a white Pierrot
Who lured her out to dance.
She heard the distant fiddles call
Like a voice at her window sill,
What was it then made the young heart fall,
And held the wild feet still?

Two hundred years and more ago, Men bore a man to rest— A man who crushed with steel and snow The heart joy in his breast. Two hundred years and a world apart, Yet tonight from grave-yard hill, His cold hand falls on her leaping heart, And holds the wild feet still.

THE AWAKENING

By Marjorie Cook

THE mood of inanimation, strangely defying activity, is upon me as I lie in bed, unwilling, hostile to possible intrusion. Dread, the terror of imperative co-ordination, is threat-

ening, advancing.

Effort, and I have locked the door. A simple action, you say, but life demands such simplicity, urges, and, complex and teeming, exults. My soul in the strange glimpses of it, between the flinging hurry of the shadows, seems to relent, to peer. Have I exceeded or magnificently achieved tranquillity?

My room reveals itself in a new aspect, yields a fresh secret to my attentive yearning. How to be alert always, how not to seem to intrude upon the personality of the inanimate,—intimately sacred surely!—yet how to evolve, to fluctuate, to compare? When to demand boldly the revelation, to insist? When to withdraw, baffled, aching?

Of a sudden the vision assures itself. My room, appealing, plaintive, no longer resisting, eager rather to impose synthetic inactivity, unfolds itself in parallels, horizontals. This, then, is the faint security of the uncaught

hours: levels, the wall-paper slightly cracked, a flutter of falling poppy petals harsh in the absorbed holding of our unrevealable moment; the walnut chair grotesque in wide-armed, tentative suggestion; on the wall "The Soul's Awakening," outgrown as the Ego becomes definite but, to the mentality still immature, oddly dear, envisaging dreams, struggles, the absolutely vague.

Music through my window, strange, dark-colored, making voluptuous patterns on the soul. Restless the menaced personality stirs. Parallels vanish. Something hurts, absorbs, angers. My room has withdrawn completely. Had I ever the vast fuliginous conception of parallels? Now, planes emerge, the old familiarity of the washstand, the rug to be darned, the intrusion of

mending

Sharp, sickened hearing listens. The soul itself withdraws, moon-haunted, Valkyrie-ridden.

Shocked into muteness, the poppy petals are immobile. The jarred spirit rebels.

My neighbor's child is practising.

I shall get up.



THE objection to a scandal-monger is not that she tells of racy doings, but that she pretends to be indignant about them.



WHEN a pretty woman says "Don't you think so?" it is a sign that the man is about to be converted.



NO matter how much a woman loved a man, it would still give her a good deal of satisfaction to see him commit suicide for her.

THE HAPPY ENDING

By Frank R. Adams

BAILEY DUTTENHOFER is the editor of *The Ladies' Fireside Piffle* and Karl Spicklemire is responsible for the policy of a periodical of the ultra smart type known as *The*

Equilateral Magazine.

The difference between the two magazines may be summed up in the statement that an author in writing a story for *The Ladies' Fireside Piffle* always stops describing the heroine's complexion at her "gleaming white shoulders," but in writing for *The Equilateral* he

doesn't stop at anything.

Duttenhofer's magazine, aside from its disinfected fiction, runs articles on such subjects as "Dainty Desserts Made from Discarded Doughnuts" and maintains a monthly prize contest in which five dollars is awarded to the author of the best suggestion for new uses for a hairpin. It is essentially a useful magazine. It teaches women to do things. Any woman with the help of *The Ladies' Fireside Piffle* and a can of gold paint can make a home look almost exactly like a levee dive.

The Equilateral Magazine, on the other hand, is intended solely for the entertainment of the most extreme wing of mockers and scoffers. It boasts that it has never printed a story with a happy ending. It treats young love as a purely psychopathic phenomenon. Its aim is to stir up all the bile in the human heart. It doesn't give a hoot for either the International Sunday School Lessons or Anthony Comstock.

Its editorial policy is founded frankly on the theory that a woman isn't interesting until she has discovered that she no longer loves the man she is married

to and that a line of stars covers a

multitude of sins. The justly celebrated French triangle yells for help every time an issue comes out. The magazine isn't useful in the least. It doesn't teach one how to do any of the things it describes. If it did everybody would There are no recipés, no subscribe. dope on the twilight sleep, no eulogies of Jane Addams and Judge Ben B. Lindsey, and it never saves money by running a moving picture scenario for fiction. Its attitude is one of sardonic cynicism and it is read avidly by all the girls for whom The Ladies' Fireside Piffle is so carefully edited and

published.

In the matter of fiction Duttenhofer's magazine always conducts a girl from untrammeled freedom to the altar and leaves her there. Spicklemire's periodical takes up her history from that point on and conducts her back to freedom again. So in a way the two magazines complement each other. They reveal the anabasis and katabasis of marriage. Bailey Duttenhofer insists that every story which appears in his periodical shall have a happy ending. The fellow has to get the girl or the author doesn't get the check. He has a morbid passion for wedding bells. Next to the marriage service he is fondest of a first clinging kiss. A file of The Ladies' Fireside Piffle runs about fifty clingers to the pound. And to Karl Spicklemire, judging by The Equilateral Magazine, a kiss, clinging or otherwise, is a mere nothing, a negligible quantity, and wedding chimes find an echo in sarcastic laughter. As for the happy ending, he knows it not. The curtain usually drops on an Equilateral story with somebody staggering around and murmuring "It

cannot be!" or something like that. It may seem strange that Bailey Duttenhofer and Karl Spicklemire were friends. They were. Though, editorially, Bailey held up his hands in horror at The Equilateral Magazine, and Karl poked ribald fun at The Ladies' Fireside Piffle, in real life they frequently took lunch together and swapped opinions on the pennant race. This was partly because their offices were only a block from each other in Fourth Avenue and partly because, under assumed names, each contributed to the other's magazine and wanted to get first-hand opinions on his stuff. Karl had twice won the hairpin prize in The Ladies' Fireside Piffle and Bailey was the author of The Equilateral Magazine's most talked of story, "Picking Primroses.'

Besides, they refreshed each other. After lunch with Karl, Bailey would go back to his office, stepping a trifle high as the result of three cocktails and a pony of brandy, and write a marvelously sweet "Chat With Our Fireside Girls," and Karl, who never drank anything but water, would be equally stimulated to tear off a triolet which he would later print in French so that it

could go through the mails.

One day they sat at luncheon and Bailey mentioned casually that his wife had gone away for a few days and that he was living at the club. It was the first time that he had spoken of her, but it seemed quite the natural thing that the editor of *The Ladies' Fireside Piffle* should have a wife. Doubtless that was how he gained much of his knowledge of feminine psychology and learned the secret of removing ink stains from lace doilies.

"Come out to my home for dinner

to-night," invited Karl cordially.

"To your home?" his friend repeated. "Do you mean to say you've got a home?"

"Why surely."

"A regular home with a wife in it?"
"Certainly. What did you think I'd have?"

"Well," said Bailey cautiously, "I

thought you might be running two or three flats in different parts of the city, but I never suspected you of a wife. Does she read *The Equilateral Maga*sine?"

"Of course she does. She even helps me sometimes in going over manu-

scripts."

"And she doesn't get a divorce?" Bailey marveled. "How can she live with a man who is constantly libeling womankind? And how can you trust a member of the sex that you say is deceitful, untrustworthy and faithless?"

Karl flushed indignantly. "Dora is the sweetest little woman in the world. I'd trust her with my life."

Bailey shook his head sadly.

"Come to dinner and you'll see."

"I'll come," accepted Bailey, "but I won't believe she is really your wife until I see the marriage certificate."

But she was. Bailey knew it the minute he sat down in the gilded easy chair made out of an old barrel and some burlap according to a descriptive article in *The Ladies' Fireside Piffle*. No one but a married woman would ever be bored enough to fool with any-

thing like that.

Dora was all that Karl had said, and more—possibly fifty pounds more—just enough, anyway, to keep her interested in bust reducing advertisements. And she was kittenish. Her age was about thirty-four, but in her eyes was the expression, cultivated with some difficulty, of a girl in her teens. She seemed continually marveling at the world, and longing for life to take her by the hand and show her something.

Bailey was profoundly impressed—so much so that he wished that he had

worn his toupée.

He discovered that his interest was returned. The first intimation he had of it was when his host left the dinner table to get some cigars from his room, where he kept them locked up from the maid, whose beau was an iceman.

"This is excellent lemon cream pie," said Bailey to Mrs. Spicklemire when

they were alone.

She sighed. "I knew you would

understand," she breathed. "No one has ever understood me before."

Their eyes met. A swift something passed between them, like an electric spark. It was as if their hands touched across a void. He shivered slightly, but he knew what was expected of him and so he made a date to meet her for lunch the next day.

Then Karl came back and the conversation returned to natural channels just as if in a few moments their little universe had not been completely

overturned.

After dinner, Karl, who was a dilettante musician, played a selection upon the ocarena, or musical sweet potato, as it is sometimes vulgarly called. He was a master of the instrument and he loved it. While he steeped his soul in melody his wife and his friend exchanged caressing glances. The shaded rose-colored lights, the smell of fried potatoes, the soft too-toot of the ocarena, all combined to lull the senses to tranquil voluptuousness.

When Karl ceased playing they begged him to go on. His suspicions should have been aroused then—no one had ever asked him to play more than one piece before—but he was flattered and kept on blowing until the neighbors

notified the police.

That was the beginning.

Bailey and Dora met again and again. At first the intimacy seemed harmless enough and they both trotted off a lot of fat on the dance floors of the popular restaurants. At home Dora was twice as tender to Karl as she had been before, and Bailey downtown kept up an outward show of friendship for the editor of *The Equilateral Magazine*. He seemed unsuspicious. But beneath his mask of suavity he was conscious that something was wrong. Dora had not enameled any of the furniture for a week!

One day Karl announced his intention of going to Boston. He was desperate. He would find out.

"Take your own ducky darling with you," suggested Dora.

"No," he replied firmly. "It isn't a safe place for a woman."

"When will my honey bunch return?"
"Not before to-morrow morning," he

answered gloomily.

"Oh, what will your own baby sweetheart do while you are away?" she asked plaintively.

"That's what I'm wondering," replied Karl with sinister double entendre.

As soon as he was out of the house Dora rushed to the telephone and called up *The Ladies' Fireside Piffle*. When she got through talking to Bailey the telephone company canceled his contract and removed the instrument, which had been burned out during the conversation. Also the ear of the central operator.

He called that evening. She had dismissed the servants and prepared the dinner with her own hands. Fortunately he always carried dyspepsia tablets

with him.

Dora was dressed for conquest. About her that night clung the vague intangible something that the devil puts about a woman as a garment when he spreads her as a net to catch the senses of man. Besides the intangible something, Dora wore a lacy peignoir that fell back from her gleaming white shoulders and revealed—anyway she had gleaming white shoulders. She had made her costume from a pattern in Fireside Piffle out of mosquito netting.

With a pretty show of modesty she avoided his eager greeting, and with a mischievous finger, held up warningly, she admonished him to eat his supper

first, "like a good child."

The table was gleaming with white and gold. She had gilded the silver and dishes in Bailey's honor. All of the food was prepared according to recipés in the back pages of Fireside Piffle. She had been saving leftovers for a week for some such occasion as this. These were all unusual dishes concocted from a dab of this and a dash of that and slightly burned to disguise the flavor. An emperor was never served a meal like that.

During the dinner Bailey seemed un-

easy and suggested that possibly he

ought not to stay.

Dora ridiculed his fears. "Karl won't be back before morning. You will feel better after you have had your dinner."

"I doubt it," said Bailey gloomily. But when a beautiful woman sets herself out to win a man's favor, what

chance has he?

He forgot time, he forgot Karl, he forgot even the dinner. He and Dora floated in a pool of amorous ecstasy, with every outside sound stilled, while their hearts alone measured the fleeting moments. He devoured her with his eyes. Her peignoir was scorched in several places by the warmth of his glances.

They had their after-dinner coffee in the library. She gave him the place of honor in the barrel chair, but she was restless, she moved about the room, touching her familiar belongings to make sure they were real. They seemed so different. It was because she had had some paint left after decorating the

dishes and silver.

She parted the curtains and looked out into the night for a moment.

"How many stars there are!" she

exclaimed.

"We shall need them," he answered cryptically.

She turned back toward him.

"What do you mean?" she asked, half frightened, half pleased at his glance.

He arose and came toward her.

"I love you," he murmured passionately. "Come to my arms!"

A sudden expression of horror came over her face.

Wel her face.

"Bailey, I cannot," she said simply.

"Cannot? Why not?"

"Because of his ocarena." She pointed at the instrument, recently gilded, that lay on the mantelpiece. "We have no children, but the ocarena has been almost like a child to us. And he loved it so. Now it is repaying him for his devotion. See how its eyes follow me no matter where I move. Is it fancy? I think not. No, Bailey, I can never be yours!"

"Because of the ocarena?" he questioned.

"Yes, because of the ocarena," she

repeated reverently.

He bit his nails. Then, with sudden decision, he went over to the mantelpiece, picked up the instrument and dashed it to the brick hearth. It broke into ten thousand pieces.

"There!" he exclaimed, "I have destroyed the only barrier that stood be-

tween us!"

With shining eyes she came toward him, her body swaying like a reed. "My brave Bailey!" she whispered

"My brave Bailey!" she whispered softly, "I love you, I love you, I love you!"

He gazed at her fascinated. She stood between him and the light. Her gleaming white shoulders and her—(quick, boy, the French dictionary!)—et ses poitrines et ses jambes sont tres Cusinier et Cie, chateau St. Julien, dans la lumiere.

—Ditez-moi, demanda-t-elle, vous avez besoin de veuve Cliquot, n'est ce

pas?

—Mon dieu. C'est une vrainment Muscatel.

Mon cher, ma jarretiere est cassee!
 Il'y' a toujours quelque dam chose.
 Chambertin frappé, elle soupira lentement.

-Medoc Margaux!

—Prenez garde. Je ne'est sais pas haute Sauterne mais moi, je connais Chateau Yquem, Louis Roderer, sec et brut.

He sat down unsteadily and passed a

hand across his brow.

"Your words intoxicate me," he whispered hoarsely, a flood of passion vibrating in his voice.

"Then kiss me," she said, throwing

herself at him.

The chair slowly collapsed under

their combined weight.

"What have we done?" Bailey exclaimed, awakened by the shock to the world of reality and looking around at the floor, now littered with barrel staves and burlap. "I can never look Karl in the face again."

"You must!" declared a voice at the

door and the guilty pair turned to behold Karl Spicklemire standing with arms folded in the attitude of an outraged husband on the threshold.

'Karl!" exclaimed Dora.

"Karl no longer to you," he said "Henceforth call me Spicklemire!"

"Don't say that," she exclaimed piteously. "I am still a good woman, Karl!

I am still a good woman!"

"You may be a good woman," said Karl sternly, glancing significantly from the barrel staves to her peignoir, "but you are a bum painter. You are covered with gilt."

It was true. She tried to brush the

paint off, but it stuck.

"Oh," she moaned piteously. "For-give me, forgive me!"

"No!" He put his hand wearily to his head and his shoulders drooped forward with the weight of woe. "It cannot be. It is too late. You-havebroken—my—ocarena!"

Dora beat with her clenched fists on

the rug.

"What is to become of me?" she

moaned.

"That is no concern of mine," declared Karl coldly. "Bailey Duttenhofer will doubtless provide for you in some way. All I ask is that you go-

"Now?" she repeated. "Right away?"

"Now. Right away. But before you go, please put back that mosquito netting you took from our bedroom win-

"Oh, Karl," she cried, "you couldn't be so cruel. You wouldn't turn me out into the snow without my mosquito netting!"

"Into the snow?" repeated Bailey Duttenhofer, startled. "It isn't snow-

ing, is it? In August?"

"It must be," she murmured. "Come, Bailey, he is right; we must go."

Bailey and Dora moved toward the door, a new light in their eyes, a determination to face the future together.

The door opened. In the entryway stood a woman! What struck Dora first about her was an umbrella.

Dora drew back instinctively. are you?" she asked wonderingly.

"I am Bailey Duttenhofer's wife,"

she said quietly.

"Adèle!" exclaimed Bailey, taken aback. "I had completely forgotten you. What brought you here?"

"A jitney 'bus. I've had detectives on your track for a week. I know all. What do you intend doing with me?"

"I don't know," returned Bailey dejectedly, "I don't know." Then a light of inspiration flashed in his eye. have it," he shouted gleefully.

"What?"

"You shall marry Karl Spicklemire!" "Impossible!" Karl and Adèle exclaimed together.

"It must be," insisted Bailey.

"But," Karl pointed out, "I don't know your wife. Why should I marry her?"

"There is no other way," Bailey said, as hand in hand he and Dora moved toward the door once more. "There is no other possible way."

"No possible way to what?"

"To achieve a happy ending. You, Karl, must realize this. You know my inflexible editorial policy."

Karl bowed his head. The door closed softly.

When Karl looked up Adèle was gazing at him with the tender dawning of a new love in her wonderful brown

Their lips met in a clinging kiss.



HE marries best who puts it off as long as possible.

THE VINEGAR MAN

By Ruth Comfort Mitchell

TIE crazy old Vinegar Man is dead! He never had missed a day before! Somebody went to his tumble-down shed, by the Haunted House, and forced the door.

There in the litter of his pungent pans, the murky mess of his mixing place,— Deep, sticky spiders and empty cans—with the same old frown on his sour old face.

"Vinegar-Vinegar Vinegar Man!
Face-us-and-chase-us-and-catch-if-you-can!
Pepper for a tongue! Pickle for a nose!
Stick a pin in him and vinegar flows!
Glare-at-us-swear-at-us-catch-if-you-can!
Ketchup-and-chow-chow-and-Vinegar-Man!"

Nothing but recipes and worthless junk; greasy old records of paid and due; But, down in the depths of a battered trunk, a queer, quaint valentine torn in two—

Red hearts, and arrows, and silver lace, and a prim, dim, ladylike script that said—
(Oh, Vinegar Man, with the sour old face!)—"With dearest love, from Ellen
to Ned!"

"Steal-us-and-peel-us-and-drown-us-in-brine! He pickles his heart in"—a valentine!
"Vinegar for blood! Pepper for his tongue! Stick a pin in him and"—once he was young!
"Glare-at-us-swear-at-us-catch-if-you-can!"—
"With dearest love"—to the Vinegar Man!

Dingy little books of profit and loss (died about Saturday, so they say)
And a queer, quaint valentine, torn across . . . torn, but it never was thrown away!
"With dearest love from Ellen to Ned"—"Old Pepper Tongue! Pickles his heart in brine!"

The Vinegar Man is a long time dead: he died when he tore his valentine.



A REALLY good husband is almost unknown. What women mistake for a good one is usually only a careful one.



ALL women eventually reach the age of discretion, but very few of them stay there.

218

THE PACE

By Phyllis Bottome

IT was all wonderfully smooth, the grass was more velvety than in London, the young trees greener, the open sky above the polo ground showed

an unstained blue.

The fine expensiveness of the place expressed itself with as little insistence as the delicate manners of a well-bred woman. Hurlingham might have been somebody's park under the descent of an annual garden-party.

Everywhere you turned, broadshouldered, straight-backed men spoke in the soft, tuneless music of the English tongue. Nobody raised his voice, nobody was excited, nobody was vio-

lent, or shrill, or in a hurry.

Many of the women were beautiful, all were smart, even the plain ones held themselves well enough to deceive the unwary, their dresses shimmered and left wakes of color in the mind like the foam of a passing ship.

In the distance the band played very Everything was very light,

very smooth, very quiet.

The ponies on the other side of the field shivered a little in the excitement of suspense. Most of their masters were dressing in the pavilion, but one of them stood already dressed beside them. They were aware of him, but he was unaware of them-he was moody, inattentive, and at war with himself. His eyes were fixed on the black line across the field. He had meant not to be ready-not to come into the field till the last moment, and whatever else he did, certainly not to cross it. His mind weakened curiously under the force of his desire; it shook like shelving sand before the onrush of a tide.

He knew he had better wait till the game was played, but he couldn't wait; mercilessly and ruthlessly his passion rode him. He struck the pony nearest him on the flank, a reassuring, friendly slap, and moved quickly across the field.

Mabel Carew saw Jimmy Malvern's approach. She knew, if he came, why he would come. She thought he was silly to get upset before the game began; she knew she would upset him. Her eyes hardened a little; they were beautifully clear gray eyes, but they could look extraordinarily like very cold water; her lips couldn't harden, they were too exquisitely soft in curve and bloom. She was one of the beautiful women of her day. Dressmakers, jewelers, and milliners studied her with delight. She paid her bills punctually, but she never forgave anybody who made mistakes in serving her. didn't like mistakes.

Jimmy, when he reached her, felt his breath leave him; he was afraid of her eyes. Fear was a new sensation to him and he did not like it. "Look here," he said, almost roughly, "I've got to speak to you-let's get away somewhere!"

She moved a short distance from the line of chairs. People were all round them. She bent her graceful little head to listen, her eyes did not meet his.

"It is very nearly time for the game to begin," she said in her fresh, clear voice. He frowned nervously; her voice was aboslutely composed and he knew that composure was a bad sign. He wasn't composed himself; he was coming to pieces; he rushed his fence desperately.

"I've got to speak," he said. "I can't help it! I'm maddeningly fond of you! Can't we get clear of these people?"

Two of them came up and spoke to her; they asked her to dine and go to the Opera on the nineteenth. She was awfully sorry, but she was afraid she was engaged for some kind of a small dance on the nineteenth; but she asked them to lunch on the fifteenth instead. They were a long time arranging it, because they hadn't got their engagement book with them. Jimmy stared straight in front of him. If Mabel had cared for him she wouldn't have arranged that lunch on the fifteenth. He saw nothing that he looked at till Lady Kitty Manners laughed too loudly a few seats off-he dimly remembered her as she glanced across at him. She bowed. Something in her eyes struck at his consciousness-he didn't know what it was, but he noticed her. She was a very noticeable woman. next moment she slipped from his mind like a figure from a moving film. He and Mabel were alone again. "Can't you," he said, "give me any hope? For God's sake listen to me!"

Mabel considered the question with her serious eyebrows raised. She liked Jimmy Malvern, she always had, but she doubted his staying power, and she did not live in a world where emo-

tion had the casting vote.

Other things being equal, certainly she would marry him, but were other things equal? Love or no love, was she doing the sensible thing in accept-

ing him?

There were rumors about Jimmy—he was intensely extravagant, he was reckless. It was no use marrying an unreliable man. Besides she needn't do it; she could, if she liked, marry almost anybody. Jimmy was hardly worth her while. She looked for half a steady moment into the man's desperate, hungry eyes. He oughtn't to look like that at Hurlingham, there were too many people about who knew them both. Then she put up her parasol.

"I'm afraid not," she said quite kind-

ly, but with unmistakable firmness. "I don't think, Jimmy, that it would do. You wouldn't make the right kind of a husband."

He swore softly. "Try me," he urged. "I'd make anything you like! Why, Mabel, you know you could do

anything with me!"

She frowned a little. Men ought to be ready-made. She wasn't fond of bothering about other people's characters. She repeated, "I'm sorry,

Jimmy. It won't do."

The whistle sounded across the field. He stood doggedly before her. "Look here!" he said. "If you won't have me, I shall go to pieces. I shall go the pace. I can't help myself. It sounds damned weak, but you've made me feel damned weak. You see, you let me kiss you the other night. You oughtn't to have done it, Mabel—if you were going to pull me up like this."

She flushed slightly. "Really, Jimmy," she said, "you're quite impossible! And, as for going the pace, as you call it, you may do exactly as you like. A man who hasn't the self-respect to keep straight on his own account, isn't worth any woman's love. Do you want the game to begin without you?" Mabel was very fond of self-respect, but she didn't meet Jimmy's eyes.

He lifted his head and looked at her; it seemed to him as if his eyes must break their way through into her heart. One of the women who had spoken to her before came back. She was awfully sorry to bother dear Mabel, but Mother had just remembered that

the fifteenth wouldn't do.

Jimmy made his way back across the field; his captain swore at him for being late, but Jimmy didn't swear back. He swung himself onto his pony without answering. His eyes were still fixed upon the black line of the chairs—but he was no longer looking for Mabel, he was looking for hope, and hope had gone away.

If you have quite decided that life has no joy for you and existence no horizon, polo is a singularly good game to play. There is struggle, ex-

citement, and danger in it, and no power can force you to think beyond the moment.

The pace began from the first rush up the field; Jimmy played as he had never played before; speed seemed the sharpest of his instincts, and with the sense of speed came a steady coolness of brain. He watched the ball, flung himself on it, swung backwards and brought it along, coaxed, nagged, scurried it up the flying field as if the fate of the universe was behind his aim and the force of it in his tingling, thrusting arm. The Irish Guards, for whom he played, always ignore the chances of war; danger exists for them after the calamity has happened and then only for the short breath that is necessary to take in a fact achieved. But Jimmy Malvern was to the rest of his team what gunpowder is to cotton wool. He rode like a creature possessed; he was struck in the shoulder and knocked half out of his saddle, only to fling himself single-handed against three oncoming ponies and drag the ball away.

At the end of the first chucker his captain cautioned him. "There's no real object in getting smashed up!" he observed. Jimmy grinned; there is every object in getting smashed up if the heart within you is burning like a thing in hell. During the second chucker Jimmy was down and the game was stopped for a moment, but he would go on. Nobody could play as he was playing and keep in the saddle. He rode for the sake of destruction.

Water Rat, his second pony, was slower than Flight, but he made terrible rushes when his blood was up. The earth tore by him, there was a merciful confusion in his brain, the ball, the waving sticks, the flying ground came between him and the pain. He was safe with them, safe and soothed by the fierceness of the struggle—safe just so long as he could keep in touch with danger. Nevertheless one impression came to him—a strange, vivid impression that had nothing to do with Mabel.

The ponies had got among the chairs and there was a moment or two when things looked rather bad. Water Rat lost his head and plunged straight for the people; there wasn't room enough for Jimmy to get him round. A little, firm hand shot out and deliberately caught Water Rat by the bridle, turning his head back towards the field. Jimmy heard a voice saying "Steady, old man, a moment Ladv met for She seemed Kitty's eves. speaking to him as well as to the pony, and she wasn't in the least afraid.

He got Water Rat back into the field and the game rushed on, but there was from that moment a new element in it; something had got through to him, something that seemed stronger than the love of danger, a new kind of courage. It steadied his play; he ceased to desire extinction, he wanted, as he hadn't in the least wanted before, to see the game through. The Irish Guards won by six goals to four.

TT

JIMMY had intended to change and get off by himself, he hadn't planned quite what he was going to do with the evening, but he had a general impression that the best thing would be to get drunk. But when he was crossing the tea-lawns he changed his mind. He saw Mabel again, she was still with the lady whose mother couldn't come to lunch on the fifteenth; she didn't look at Jimmy, but as she passed Lady Kitty and heard her light high laughter, Mabel deliberately cut her.

Her temper was up, she had seen the incident of Water Rat and the chairs, she had never liked Lady Kitty. They had been to school together. Kitty had married abominably, a fine match with a drunkard twice her age. Everybody talked about her; but nothing had happened yet. Half London said it had. Mabel had hitherto belonged to the other half, but she chose this moment to change sides. Lady Kitty laughed again, then she saw Jimmy. She moved

away from her little court of men and

joined him.

"Ah! there you are," she said. "I'll motor you back to town. It's been a jolly game. I liked that little pony of

yours."

Jimmy was prepared with thanks, with apologies and explanations, but Kitty never wanted anything explained. She took what she liked as a matter of course, and refused as succinctly what she didn't like. It appeared that she liked Jimmy. Jimmy didn't know her very well and he quite definitely disapproved of what he did know of her.

The first time they had met, he had thought her a jolly little woman, the second, rather hot stuff, and on the third occasion he remembered leaving her with some abruptness, because probably Mabel wouldn't like it. This was his present reason for remaining

with her. Mabel didn't like it.

As far as he could tell, Lady Kitty had retained no memory at all of these abortive meetings. She suggested his coming home and dining with her. She announced that she was going to be alone, and would simply have to telephone to somebody if he wouldn't come. She could drop him at his club to change, and after she had dropped him she remembered with hilarity that he didn't know her address and sent her chauffeur with it after him.

Lady Kitty lived in a small, expensive bird-cage of a house, tucked away behind Curzon Street. There were good things in it, but she hadn't known what to do with them, her rooms had an air at once inviting and indiscriminating, which was not unlike the man-

ner of Lady Kitty herself.

Her taste was that of a clever boy who has passed through different phases and kept mementos of them all,

mementos that do not match.

Jimmy was a little late, and Kitty was later still. She was dressed in what appeared to be an arrangement of red and purple veils, there were grapes in her hair and at her breast. She might have taken the idea from one of

the Russian dancers, but her points

were entirely her own.

She had admirable points, a slim figure that had escaped the anemic flatchestedness of its type, exquisite feet and ankles, dainty wrists and wellshaped hands. Her buoyant head was set on her shoulders with lines that suggested the Psyche in the Naples Mu-Kitty didn't know anything about the Psyche in the Naples Museum, but she knew how to carry her head. Her eyes, dark and a little narrow at the corners, filled easily with laughter. She was always provocative, even when she most wanted not to be. She was one of nature's stimulants, as light and as irrepressible as the bubbles in champagne.

You could disapprove of her as much as you liked, but she dared you to be bored. Jimmy wasn't bored; his heart was broken and he meant to drug himself beyond the feel of it. He would have liked an opportunity for some profound and thrilling wickedness, but

Kitty only entertained him.

She gave him a perfect little dinner in a cool little room, then she took him up to the usual London drawing-room. There were windows at either end, awnings and the vague smell of dust, the flicker of street lamps, the dry pale look of London evenings in the summer.

It was a quiet room; they heard nothing but the distant Piccadilly and the hissing sound of taxis as they turned at

the end of the tiny street.

He asked her if she really lived there

—like this—all alone.

Kitty said she did generally. Of course, sometimes her husband turned up. Sometimes, of course, one's husband always did; but on the whole he preferred the country, his health was bad and town knocked him up. As for her—she couldn't stay in the country at all. It was so quiet it made you think about your sins—and so dull you simply had to have sins to think about. Jimmy couldn't remember afterwards the line their conversation followed. Probably their talk was much the same as it was upon subsequent evenings,

simply a painted screen between the distincter utterance of their eyes.

He found himself wondering what Kitty was up to. She was always making him laugh, and she let him say —well, she let him say anything he liked. He was constantly asking himself when she would haul him over the coals, but she never did. There were —as far as Kitty was concerned—no coals. She explored life without fear and without resistance—as a child hunts for treasures in a strange room.

Jimmy didn't notice that Kitty was always considerate and unselfish, he was too unhappy to notice the virtues of other people-he only profited by them, to develop in himself-the opposite qualities. He wanted his own way in everything and Kitty gave it to him. She was in when he wanted to find her in, and always available when he wanted to take her out. This he put down to the fact that she probably liked him. His own feelings remained precisely what they were. He had to have something. He had been knocked straight into an empty world, all that he'd lived for, hoped for, planned for, had been swept out of his reach. There really wasn't anything he could do except show Mabel that he didn't care. Kitty was the counter-irritant he used to divert his pain.

He went with her to all kinds of places. They met out at dinner, they danced together half the night, they spent week-ends in the same country houses.

London steadily watched them, but they didn't give London much trouble, they made no attempt to play hide and seek. It was almost as if they flaunted the salient fact of their passion in London's face. It was almost as if they hadn't any passion. There was, in fact, only the situation Jimmy wanted to impress upon Mabel. Mabel watched, too, and she was impressed, she was impressed up to the point of wondering whether she hadn't made rather a mistake in letting Jimmy go.

take in letting Jimmy go.

At the end of six weeks Jimmy heard
a rumor of Mabel's engagement. The

rumor cut at him like a whip. He suddenly felt as if all that he had done so far had been thrown away, there wasn't anything in it.

He went at once to Kitty. "Look here," he said, "this has got to stop—or go—further!" Kitty looked straight at him. There was a strange little frown between her brows and the light in her eyes wavered, but her eyes never wavered; they met his like the eyes of another man. "Well," she said, "let it go on then—anyway you like."

The word love had never been mentioned between them.

He never forgot Mabel for a moment, but there were things about Kitty which didn't in the least remind him of her. Kitty was so strangely, so abysmally tolerant. She seemed quite capable of forgiving anybody anything; it was probably because she wasn't very strict herself.

She had a funny little way, even when people had been (as they were beginning to be now) downright nasty to her—of saying, "Poor soul! She's got such a temper!" or, "It must be so beastly to be over thirty," or, "I don't believe she's ever had a really good time herself, poor thing!" He never heard her say a sharp or even a condemning word of any man or woman. When he blamed anyone himself, and Jimmy had a seriously rigid code, she'd look at him with her head on one side, and her little chin in the air, and say, "But, Jimmy—perhaps they couldn't help it!" And yet she gave him, curiously enough, no sense of weakness. She never seemed to have any fears; she remained unmoved when he was driving a four-in-hand, and the leaders bolted. He didn't have to say "Sit tight" to her as he would have had to do to any other woman. She sat beside him with her hands in her lap, and a little steady smile on her lips. He had a bad ten minutes over the job, and when he had pulled the horses up and had time to glance at her her eyes met his with their usual cheerful candour. "That was a near go, wasn't it?" she announced without a tremor.

thought we should have rolled down the hill into Eternity; wouldn't it have

been funny?"

They made a great mistake once. Jimmy urged her to go with him to a dance where it was probable Kitty would be cold-shouldered. He didn't of course know this, but Kitty did. She agreed because he wanted it and was cut by almost every woman in the room. She stayed till four o'clock and appeared to enjoy it.

She didn't cry on their way back, she only said, "Don't, Jimmy, please," when

he tried to console her.

He had never seen her cry.

III

THE crash came at the end of the season.

Lord John, London, the twentieth century couldn't stand their lawlessness any longer. Jimmy received a letter from Lord John's solicitors; the damages he demanded were going to be very steep. Jimmy took a gloomy satisfaction in the thought of the divorce court; it would show Mabel; still it was unsettling to think of the damages. Paying for your fun was one thing, but Jimmy didn't consider he had had any fun.

He put the letter in his pocket and strolled across the park to Kitty.

It was astonishing that at this moment he should meet Mabel Carew; it was more extraordinary that she should stop. She was exercising three Blenheims and a white West Highlander. Her manner was perceptibly friendly. She didn't stop for long, but she made the most of their few dusty minutes under the trees. She told him it was all nonsense about her engagement. She was still free, as free as air—and she mentioned the names of one or two of the places in Scotland where she was going to stay, and Jimmy said, cursing his luck, for he saw it perversely flickering over them like a belated star, "I wish to God I were free!"

Mabel didn't commit herself either to the heavenly powers or to a more earthly expression of her wishes, but she gave Jimmy a look, very swift and light but very compelling, which drove him violently away from her.

Nothing was any good now, nothing at all. The sullen satisfaction he had felt earlier in the day was wholly darkened. He had been a fool, a damned fool, and Kitty—well Kitty had made him a fool. He didn't stop to ask himself what he had made Kitty.

She was in, of course, and apparently she was expecting something unusual. She was dressed as he had never seen her before, all in white with a string of pearls round her neck. Generally she wore barbaric colors which made her look older, wittier and more like the adventuress in plays. To-night her white dress was as simple as a child's, she looked curiously young, and there was a bloom and light about her that was almost like innocence.

"Hullo!" Jimmy exclaimed, "what's up?" He really wondered what was up. She sprang forward towards him, the radiance in her eyes was almost unbearable. "Oh!" she cried, "Jimmy, don't you know I'm free! I'm free!" They were the same words that Mabel had used, but how differently they sounded! On Mabel's lips Jimmy had adored them, they had fallen like water on thirsty soil; from Kitty they were almost shameful, they were certainly menacing, and he thought she oughtn't to have appeared so glad.

For the first time in their relationship Kitty did not notice what Jimmy felt. She drew him down beside her and went on talking, her voice had a different sound, it was very soft and musical and there was no mockery in

it. She still held his hand.

"I haven't been able," she said, "even to tell you—it didn't seem fair before, somehow, but it doesn't matter now, does it—I mean about poor old John! Oh, Jimmy, my dear, it was so horrible! So horrible! But it wasn't his fault, you know, a bit. It was a dreadful hereditary thing. They told me I could cure him before we were married. My people were awfully hard

up, and I had three younger sisters. And I'd never seen anyone drunk in my life. I didn't cure him—I—I made him worse-but we needn't talk about it, need we-poor old John! Now I shall never have to see him again. But, Jimmy-don't mind so much-I see you are minding—dear old boy because after all, being so disgusted, hating it all so, made me keep awfully straight with other men. I liked men, awfully—I always have, but not in that way! Never anybody at all—till you! Doesn't it seem strange?"

Jimmy said nothing. He felt sickeningly certain that she was telling the truth, and he had always believed that she wasn't a good woman; it had been a part and how large a part of what had drawn him to her! He would never have gone near her if he had thought she was straight. She paused a moment, then she said, "Oh, my dear! I wonder if anyone in the world was ever half so happy."

It didn't seem to Jimmy as if he could answer this question. His brain felt astonishingly empty; what he wanted to say was, "Look here, have I got to marry you?"

He knew this wouldn't do. He moistened his lips and got out something; it was very nearly as bad; he said, "Aren't you pretty sick of marriage—and all that?"

She drew her hand from his and moved on to a little footstool just opposite him; her eyes were still alight, they met his now questioningly a little, but without fear. "What d'you mean, Jim?" she asked, her lips were half prepared to smile, she thought he was going to say something beautiful. At last he was free to say beautiful things. She waited, and as she waited she watched him. Slowly, very slowly the light in her eyes faded and changed, her face hardened, the lines came back into it again, the old lines of mockery and pain.

She did not look young any more. He saw that she was beginning to see. It was a great relief to him; he wouldn't have to say anything very bad now. When she spoke, it was quite steadily, but she used a certain economy both of tone and words; she was anxious to get to the end of what she had

to say safely.

"What," she asked him, "was it for?" He hesitated a little, he hadn't expected her to ask him this particular ques-He had never told her about Mabel, he had often meant to, but he couldn't quite get it out. It was not the atmosphere to mention Mabel's name. He revered Mabel. Now he had to explain. It wasn't a very easy story to tell to another woman, but he did it as well as he could; and Kitty helped him. He could count upon Kitty's helping him.

'Of course," he finished a little lamely, "I liked you awfully, naturally I had a great—" He stopped abruptly; he couldn't lie to Kitty. He couldn't say he had had a great respect for her. He hadn't had any respect for her at

Kitty knew what he was trying to "Fancy," she prompted gently, "you had a great fancy for me. Yes! I see. But Jimmy, you know-you

needn't marry me."

He drew a long breath of relief. She was going to let him off; but he wasn't quite sure how she could manage it, because, of course, he couldn't behave like a cad, especially after what she had told him. If he was the first, he was really responsible, and being responsible was never compatible with be-

ing let off. "I'm perfectly willing to marry you," he said with care. "I want you quite to understand that, Kitty. I came here on purpose to make it perfectly plain to you." She turned her head away a little; he could not see her face. There was a pause before she spoke again. Then she said, "Yes-I know what you mean—and I suppose I shall have to marry somebody. It would look so queer if I didn't, wouldn't it? But it needn't be you, you know, Jimmy. There are—two or three other men who would-really like it-I might try one of them."

Jimmy frowned. Mabel wouldn't have dreamed of such a thing. No woman of the kind he could really care for, delicate, fastidious, proud, would have entertained for a moment such an odious plan. However, it was probably the only one that could let him out. He saw that; but he didn't like it.

"I suppose," he said, a little stiffly, "that if you can do such a thing there

is no real reason against it."

"No," said Kitty thoughtfully. "I think there's no real reason against it—Jimmy." She sat quite still after she had spoken. It was as if she thought there was nothing more to

say.

He rose to his feet; he was free now, but he didn't feel perfectly satisfied. "I hope," he said a little awkwardly, "that you won't do something you'll regret." Kitty rose, too. "Regretting isn't much use, is it?" she said simply. "Besides you know one always does get along somehow, doesn't one?"

He wondered how he was going to take leave of her; but she settled that question. She went out on to the balcony that overlooked the end of Little Grosvenor Street. There was only one way he could do it now, perhaps it was better; still he would have liked to have kissed her. She was a plucky little woman.

He wanted in some way to show her he was sorry. Suddenly she looked up at him. "What was I really to you?" she murmured. "I'd like to know that, Jimmy; was I—only the pace?"

He looked at her miserably; he would have denied it if he could. A little flicker of laughter came into her eyes.

"Well," she said, "if I was—I've brought you out all right, haven't I—in the right direction, I mean; that's something, isn't it?"

He was a little hurt by her laughter, but he left her, while the light of it

still shone in her eyes.

The light left her when he was gone. She sank down lower and lower, till her bowed head rested on the dusty flower boxes. It would not hurt him if she cried a little now. The pace was broken, but she hadn't let him down.



SWANS

By Sara Teasdale

NIGHT is over the park, and a few brave stars

Look on the lights that link it with chains of gold,

The lake bears up their reflection in broken bars

That seem too heavy for tremulous water to hold.

We watch the swans that sleep in a shadowy place, And now and again one wakes and uplifts its head; How still you are—your gaze is on my face— We watch the swans and never a word is said.



OVER THE HILLS

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT

By John Palmer

CHARACTERS
ROBERT WILDE
HELEN (his wife)
MARTIN DURRANT
A MAIDSERVANT

Scene—Dining-room of Mr. Robert Wilde's desirable residence in Finchley.

The curtain descends for a moment of the play to mark the lapse of several hours.

It is a wild night outside, but the dining-room is entirely weatherproof. There is a blazing fire, and Mrs. WILDE stitches comfortably beside it. Her work-basket is within reach on a small oak table. On the other side of this table is the most comfortable chair in the room; but MR. WILDE is not sitting within it. He is obviously restless. At one moment he stands at the back of the stage, looking out into the night round the edge of the Venetian blind. Then, with a fierce light in his eyes, he paces forward down the length of the room and back to the window. When he faces the audience, he passes the fire and his wife and the comfortable chairs on his right.

Except for MR. WILDE, it is a picture of restfulness. The best house coal from the local agent is burning in the grate. The carpets are genuine Persian, and the furniture is old oak. The folding table (real Jacobean) is pushed back to the wall away from the fire, leaving a noble

space in the center of the room. Along this wall is an oak dresser, obviously a genuine antique.

It is a room which, we are sure, would be the pride of Mr. and Mrs. Wilde if they were a really homeloving couple. Of Mrs. Wilde there can be no doubt. She definitely has settled down—a placid, sensible, humorous woman of about thirty-five. Mr. Wilde is forty; but he has about him a wild, romantic air of the man who has not yet put away childish things. But he is getting stout, and we can only with difficulty imagine him outside the house, instead of being in, on a night like this.

MRS. WILDE watches him pacing the carpet with the air of one who is used to this kind of thing. Obviously his restlessness, so far as she is concerned, is of no importance. She is very patient, but at last it begins rather to get on her nerves, and she thinks she ought to say something.

HELEN. You're uncommonly restless to-night, dear.

ROBERT (coming dramatically from the window). Restless! (With emotion) Listen to the wind!

HELEN (matter-of-fact). It does make itself heard.

ROBERT (uplifted). It sings in the branches of the old elm like a pæan.

HELEN. A what?

Robert (annoyed at being pulled up). A pæan.

HELEN. What is a pæan?

ROBERT. A pæan, my dear, is a song of triumph. From the Greek.

(He resumes his march.)

Helen (after a pause). I do wish you'd settle down to something, Robert. You give me the fidgets.

ROBERT (wildly addressing the ceiling). The fidgets! I give her the fid-

gets!

(He stands again at the window and looks out.)

HELEN (after a further pause). Is it still raining, Robert?

ROBERT (with ecstasy). Raining? The wind is driving from over the hills like a great sail. The clouds are scudding across the moon; and, as the light comes and goes, I get glimpses of drenched fields, and trees flinging spray from their branches. The leaves come scattering down. I hear the wind shouting to the old elm, and the old elm, flinging off its weight of years, shouts back to the wind.

(Helen has obviously heard this kind of thing very frequently. She is profoundly unimpressed.)

Helen (matter-of-fact). I suppose you know about the hen-house?

ROBERT (disgusted). The hen-house?

Helen. The old elm, flinging off its weight of years, has made a hole in the hen-house. I always told you that that tree would have to be lopped. It isn't safe. Suppose, when the branch fell, Maggie had been feeding the hens. We are not insured against workmen's compensation. Luckily, no one was killed except the new Orpington, who was sitting at the time.

ROBERT. And because a sitting hen has been killed you would lop that

grand old tree. Have you no sense of beauty?

Helen. As you please, my dear; I don't care so very much about the poultry. But you will insist on having your eggs absolutely new-laid. (Pause.) We've had a dreadful day. Maggie had to chase those wretched birds for nearly half an hour in the pouring rain. They were out all over the place.

ROBERT (significantly). Ah, even the hens!

(Helen surveys him, cheerfully resigned to another outburst.)

They, too, are set free, and may seek the waste places.

Helen. *Now*, my dear, you are talking nonsense. The hens were frightened. Very naturally.

ROBERT. I'm afraid, Helen, you have a literal mind.

HELEN. No one could be poetical about hens. Not even the Poet Laure-

ROBERT (with dignity). We will not argue about it.

(He again marches to and fro for a while, then suddenly stops.)

ROBERT (with exasperation). How you can sit there like that, Helen, beats me altogether!

Helen (placidly). It is very comfortable.

ROBERT (sardonically). Exactly. Very comfortable. And that is a very nice piece of old oak (indicating the dresser). And you are sitting on a stuffed chair. And the carpet is from Persia. (He snorts.)

HELEN. Won't you come and sit by the fire? It would be nice if you would read me something.

ROBERT (in appalling tones). Sit by the fire! With the wind calling! Is it possible?

(Helen puts down her sewing, rises, and adjusts a cushion on the chair by the fire; she pats it invitingly.)

HELEN. For my sake, Robert.

(Robert, who likes to be comfortable, makes a show of resistance, but, yielding, at last permits himself to sink luxuriously down. Helen again stitches by the fire.)

ROBERT (mournfully). The rooted elm may play with the wind and rain; but the man who is a householder shall stop his ears like Ulysses when the Sirens sang.

(He stretches lazily for a book of poems on the table, beside the work-basket. It is Henley's "Hawthorn and Lavender." He peacefully turns the leaves, and begins dreamily to read some verses.)

Since those we love and those we hate, With all things mean and all things great, Pass in a desperate disarray Over the hills and far away,

It must be, dear, that late or soon, Out of the ken of the watching moon, We shall abscond with yesterday Over the hills and far away.

ROBERT (stretching his legs yet more comfortably to the fire). Those verses fill me with a restless longing to take once again the mystic road, the road of all who are born to wander. (Rearranging the cushion comfortably behind his head.) The comfort of this room comes to be a torture of the soul. The wind calls, and the four walls drop away; the light is quenched; the fire dies. (He stretches his hand comfortably to the blaze.) The long road stretches before, and the wind meets me from over the hills. Once again I feel the sting of rain. Then it is, in the breath of the storm, one pities the slow, warm people stretched lazily before the hearth, droning away the time.

Helen (leaning over the table). Let me take your book, dear. That's right. Now you are quite comfortable.

ROBERT (who is now thoroughly happy). How hateful it is to lie easefully and inert, a figure at which gods

may point the finger! Is life to be no more than comfort?

HELEN. You are quite right about this room, Robert. It's the only really comfortable room in the house when the wind is in the north-west.

ROBERT (starting up). I suppose you think that's clever.

HELEN (innocently). Now what have I said?

ROBERT. Just as I am pointing out to you that comfort does not matter, that it is abominable, you suggest that I am sitting in the dining-room because it is the most comfortable room in the house.

Helen (mildly). You suggested we should sit here.

ROBERT (angrily lifting himself out of the chair). Not for myself. I sometimes think of you.

HELEN. Very sweet of you, Robert! (She rises and rearranges the cushion for him.)

ROBERT (irritably seizing the cushion from her). Not there! That's where I like to have it.

(Helen returns to her work.)

ROBERT (dreamily). Those lines of Henley bring back to me the days when I was a wanderer with Martin. It was his favourite poem.

HELEN. Martin Durrant?

ROBERT. Yes, Martin Durrant. There, if you like, was a man.

Helen. A very restless and unsatisfactory creature, from all accounts.

ROBERT. Martin was a born vagabond. Many's the trail we have followed over land and sea.

(He springs up, stirred by his reminiscences, and looks out of the window.)

(Turning into the room.) These were the nights we loved best. A night like this we would take a bee-line over the country. How wet we would get! How gloriously wet!

HELEN. Very enjoyable, no doubt.

So is a mustard bath and Benger's food.

ROBERT (with a shout of scorn). Oh! How can you understand? Have you ever defied the wind in his fury? Have you ever mocked the rain?

HELEN. I have not.

ROBERT. To think that I am standing here upon a carpet from Persia, sheltered by the four walls of a room, when the wind is calling! (Settling himself again by the fire.) If Martin be within the limits of this storm, he is out with the wind to-night, following the old, old trail. Over the hills.

(He closes his eyes luxuriously. There is a knock at the front door.)

Helen. Robert, that was a knock. Who can it be at this time of night?

ROBERT. Are you sure it was a knock?

Helen. Better go and see who it is. Maggie may not have heard.

ROBERT (horrified). Go to the door on a night like this!

(Another knock.)

Helen. Possibly it's the wind calling. I'm not at home.

Maggie announces Mr. Durrant. They wait for a
moment; then the door opens
and Martin Durrant appears, shown in by Maggie.
He stands on the threshold, a
romantic figure which succeeds in being all that Mr.
Wilde is now unable to be.
He has removed his coat; but
his boots are wet, and his hair
hangs limp on his forehead.
He looks at Robert in the
chair, and from him to
Helen. Maggie takes his
coat and hat and goes out.)

ROBERT (springing up). Martin!
MARTIN. Well, Robert?
ROBERT (awkwardly). Helen—er

. . . this is Martin Durrant. Er . . . my wife.

Martin (bowing to Helen, obviously a little stunned). How do you do? (Looking at Robert) I... I did not know. Congratulations!

HELEN (very self-possessed, not leaving her sewing). We were just talking of you, Mr. Durrant. You are the man who used to be so fond of getting wet.

MARTIN. I am still fond of it. I have walked all the way from Charing Cross, simply to enjoy the rain. I arrived this morning from Tripoli.

Helen (pulling in another chair). Er . . . won't you sit down?

(They sit. An awkward pause.)

ROBERT. Would you like some whisky—something hot?

MARTIN. No, thank you.

(Another awkward pause.)

Helen (suddenly rising). It's time for me to go.

MARTIN (rising). Please don't let me drive you away.

HELEN. Nonsense! You two are old friends. You didn't expect to see me here, and you had no time to pretend you were delighted. The situation is extremely awkward.

MARTIN. I hope you will come back, Mrs. Wilde.

Helen (briefly). Yes. Robert will be wanting his Benger's food.

[Exit Helen. She closes the door.]

MARTIN. Benger's food? Robert, this is serious. To find you married is not so bad. It might happen to anybody. But what is Benger's food?

ROBERT (huffily). I take it to please my wife.

MARTIN. Is it as bad as that? When did it happen?

ROBERT. As soon as I got back from that Pacific trip.

Martin. About seven years ago. Quite settled down.

ROBERT (changing the subject). What have you been doing?

MARTIN. What am I always doing? I've been round the world another three times or so.

(He springs up and critically surveys the room.)

ROBERT. How did you find me out?

MARTIN. I called immediately at the club. Peters told me the address. He was quite sad about it. "Finchley, sir," he said; "he has taken a desirable residence." "But Finchley," I objected, "is a suburb." "Yes, sir," said Peters; "T'm afraid Mr. Wilde is not the man he was." You and Peters always agreed about suburbs—places to settle down in.

ROBERT (savagely). Peters might have told you I was married.

MARTIN. Peters never did like to inflict pain.

(MARTIN has been wandering round the room during these remarks, with the eyes of a connoisseur.)

MARTIN. You're pretty snug in here. ROBERT (flattered and delighted). It is a comfortable room, don't you think? MARTIN (before the dresser). That's a nice piece of old oak.

ROBERT (leaping up to show off his possessions). Isn't it? Look at the legs. Stuart, running into Queen Anne. It is a collector's piece. Shows the transition.

MARTIN. A comfortable room, a comfortable wife, comfortable old oak. How did it happen?

ROBERT (testily). It's very well to scoff. But there is something in having a place of your own.

Martin. A place of your own! Really, Robert, you forget the first principles of our system. This room at the present moment is as much mine as yours. I can feel the fire. I can enjoy all you have. And in a few moments I can leave it. Then the wind

and the rain are mine. All I touch belongs as much to me as to the people who have bought it, and insured it against fire and burglary. More. For me it is pure enjoyment. For them it is money spent, anxiety, and imprisonment.

ROBERT (irritably). I know all about that. Anyone, to hear you talk, would think I was a comfortably married man.

MARTIN (looking around). It certainly looks like it.

ROBERT (striding to the window and indicating the elements with a magnificent gesture). Do you imagine I am deaf to all that? Do you imagine I prefer to be as I am?

Martin (grinning). Over the hills—eh?

ROBERT. If only you knew how restless I have been to-night!

Martin (looking fixedly at Robert's armchair). I noticed you quite carefully when I came in. Robert, you have changed! I am sure that at the present moment you are thinking more about my dirty boots on the carpet than anything else.

(Robert looks hastily away from Martin's boots, and walks solemnly towards him.)

ROBERT (putting his hand on Martin's shoulder). If only you knew! I have suffered. (Overcoming his emotion) However, tell me about yourself.

(They prepare to settle down.)

ROBERT (as MARTIN is about to sit on ROBERT'S chair). No, not there. This one is more comfortable.

(He pulls forward Helen's chair.)

MARTIN (settling down luxuriously). Thanks.

ROBERT (drawing cigars from his pocket). Have one?

MARTIN. Thanks, I prefer a pipe.

(They both make themselves comfortable.)

ROBERT. Now, where have you been exactly?

Martin. Well (puff), there's not much to tell (puff). I've been mostly (puff) on the old tracks, chiefly in the East. (He breaks off, to look fondly at his steaming boots.) You know, Robert, the best of being a vagabond is that you may always be conscientiously comfortable whenever you have the chance. The golden rule is, to take everything as it comes. I've another ten miles to-night. Meantime, this is very agreeable. (Sighs contentedly.)

ROBERT. Yes, but—

MARTIN. How do you think I came up to town this morning?

ROBERT. How?

MARTIN. I came in the Golliwog. I have bought her. Couldn't resist it. I have come in her from Tripoli.

ROBERT (with excitement). Then she's in London?

Martin. She is. The times we have had in that smelly old boat! You remember the smell (sniffs delightedly). Lascars, oil, tar, and bilge. That smell always takes me back to the night when we found that island of ours in the Pacific. I was there the other day. The hut is still standing. But the tinned stuff was all bad.

Robert. When did you buy the Gol-

liwog?

Martin. A month ago. Came across her on the coast of Africa. Bought her and kept on the old dirty crew. Came straight up to tell you. Thought perhaps you'd like to start off with me to-morrow. But your wanderings are over, Robert, my boy.

ROBERT (rising excitedly). Where

are you going?

MARTIN. Haven't an idea. I thought of just sailing out, turning round three times with my eyes shut, and going off in a straight line.

Robert. Are you stocked?

MARTIN. The Lascars are seeing to that now. I'm going on to the cottage

at Elstree to-night to pick up one or two books. I'm off to-morrow on the fall of the tide.

ROBERT (hoarsely). Don't, Martin. I can't bear it.

MARTIN. Why not come? ROBERT. How can I come?

Martin. Come for a short spin—a holiday.

ROBERT (more hoarsely). I daren't.

MARTIN. Is your wife so terrible?

ROBERT. It isn't that. I'm afraid of myself. (Dreamily) Once I set my face to the sea, I could never come back. It would be over the hills—never to return.

MARTIN (cheerfully). I'll guarantee to get you back.

ROBERT (dismally). What would be the use of it? Could I have the old sense of freedom? It would be merely traveling. There is nothing in that. It is the feeling of perfect freedom which is so glorious—each day a law to itself. That feeling can never come to me again.

Enter HELEN.

ROBERT. Besides, how can I leave my wife? Even for a day. It would break her heart.

HELEN (coming forward). Robert is a born traveler. He has the gift of exaggeration.

ROBERT (tragically). Helen! You have heard everything.

HELEN. Everything, Robert. . . . ROBERT (smitten with remorse).

How can you forgive me?

Helen (briefly). The point is you would like a holiday. Have one.

(Martin gives up his chair to Helen.)

MARTIN (twinkling with mischief; he takes Helen's view of Robert as a wanderer). I was just suggesting, Mrs. Wilde, that Robert should sail with me to-morrow morning. A short holiday would do him good.

HELEN (stitching again). I agree.

Robert is out of sorts.

Martin (settling by the fire). Worse. He's getting stout.

HELEN. When would you like Robert to be ready?

MARTIN. I am going over to my cottage at Elstree to-night, and sailing on the morning tide. Robert can start with me now, or join me at Tilbury.

HELEN (matter-of-fact). Which is it to be, Robert?

ROBERT (horrorstruck). Helen!

HELEN. Well, dear?

ROBERT (wildly). You do not understand. Do not send me away.

Helen. Robert, I wish you to take a holiday.

ROBERT (hoarsely). Do not send me away. (In a hollow voice) You do not know what you are doing. I may never return.

HELEN (quite unmoved). I should not like you to cut your holiday short, dear.

ROBERT. Helen!

HELEN. If at the end of a week you wish to come back, let me know. I should, of course, like to be at home. If after a few days you feel like a month of it, you must write and tell me.

ROBERT. But what will you do?

Helen. There are many things to do. There is the store cupboard.

ROBERT (to the chandelier). The store cupboard!

HELEN. Pickles, my dear. Maggie tells me we are getting very low. You know you like them home-made. Of course, if you think of staying away for good, I won't make such a large quantity.

ROBERT. Helen, this is not a jest. I am in deadly earnest. I tell you, if I leave this house to-night, I may never return.

MARTIN (with great enjoyment). Then, that's decided, Mrs. Wilde?

HELEN. Yes, Mr. Durrant.

ROBERT (wildly), Helen! Try to realize that you are sending me away forever.

HELEN (mournfully). Robert, you must obey the call of your nature.

ROBERT. Can you live your life alone? Think that these walls may never again be my home and yours—our home. (*He chokes*.)

(Helen remains placed as ever, and Robert loses his temper.)

ROBERT (with heat). Martin, I will meet you to-morrow at Tilbury.

Helen (sharply). You certainly will not, Robert.

ROBERT (derisively). Ah, you come to your senses now! It is too late.

(Helen puts down her stitching, and rises sphinx-like and rings the bell.)

ROBERT (uneasily). What are you going to do?

HELEN. I am sending for your boots, Robert.

ROBERT (more uneasily). My boots?

(Helen crosses to the window, which she opens a little. The wind is heard howling outside.)

Helen. Do you hear that, Robert? The wind calling.

Robert (still more uneasy). You don't mean—

HELEN. Over the hills, Robert. Over the hills to Elstree.

Martin (delightedly). Twelve miles, Robert, through the wind, and the rain, and the falling leaves—eh? How wet we shall get—how gloriously wet!

Enter MAGGIE.

HELEN. Please bring the master's thickest pair of boots, Maggie. The master has to go out.

MAGGIE. Yes, m'm.

[Exit MAGGIE.

ROBERT (thoroughly alarmed). But this is impossible. I've got to pack all my things.

Helen. I will send your things down to the boat by messenger.

ROBERT. It is unnecessary.

Helen (very, very solemn). Robert, I decided that when the call came to you, as it has come to-night, I would not stand in your way. I know what you are feeling to-night—how the comfort and warmth of this room tortures your soul. Another night beneath this roof would stifle you. Your heart is beating for the open road. You shall go now, Robert—in the rain that you love. Over the hills.

MARTIN (unable to restrain himself). Ha! ha! ha!

Helen (severely). What is the matter with you, Mr. Durrant?

MARTIN (solemnly). I am laughing for pure joy of the road, Mrs. Wilde. You have given me back my friend. The trust is sacred.

Enter Maggie with the boots. Amid a dead silence she places them by the fender. They are the center of interest for all four.

HELEN. Bring Mr. Durrant's over-coat, please, Maggie.

MAGGIE. Yes, m'm.

[Exit MAGGIE.

Helen (indicating boots). Now, Robert.

ROBERT (with sombre intensity). I warn you, Helen, once I put on those boots, no power on earth will be able to restore the happiness of this home.

MARTIN (lifting the boots). A fine stout pair of boots, Robert. A credit to the cobbler that made them.

Helen. Chiropodist, Mr. Durrant. Martin. Eh?

Helen. Chiropodist, not cobbler. Robert suffers with his feet.

ROBERT (outraged). Give me those boots, Martin. (Pulling them violently on) My conscience is clear.

(He laces the boots in silence. The wind is heard howling outside. He rises, looks blackly at Helen, and leaves the room for his coat. Helen stitches on with a happy smile. Martin looks ever more delighted.)

Enter Maggie with Martin's coat, which she helps him to put on.

ROBERT (reappearing with his coat on). Now then, Martin.

MARTIN. Ready.

HELEN. Robert, you're not going out like that.

(She rises indignantly.)

ROBERT. Eh?

Helen. You haven't got your comforter!

ROBERT (laughing harshly). Those days are done with, Helen. Dead. No more comforters. This is good-bye. Martin!

Helen (kissing him like a mother). Good-bye, dear.

Martin. Good-bye, Mrs. Wilde.

[Robert leaves the room.

Helen. Good-bye, Mr. Durrant.
ROBERT (calling from the hall).
Martin!

MARTIN (at the door, significantly). Don't wait up too long.

Helen (composedly). I shall wait up long enough, Mr. Durrant.

(He goes out. Maggie follows to see them off. Shortly after the door bangs. Helen goes to the window and listens to the rain. She closes it, smiling a little grimly. She comes forward and rings the bell for Maggie, then settles down to her stitching by the fire. The clock strikes nine.)

MAGGIE enters.

HELEN. Maggie, you needn't wait up for me to-night.

Maggie. Yes, m'm.

Helen. Please make up the kitchen fire before you go to bed. The master has gone out for a walk, and will probably want a hot bath when he gets back.

Maggie, Yes, m'm.

HELEN. You might put a tin of Col-

man's mustard in the bathroom—a large tin.

MAGGIE. Yes, m'm.

Helen. And bring the whisky in here, please, with the small kettle.

MAGGIE. Yes, m'm.

(Maggie goes out. Helen continues to stitch peacefully, with an occasional smile flickering over her face.

The Curtain descends to mark the lapse of several hours.

The CURTAIN on rising discovers HELEN sitting in her chair by the fire. The kettle is on the hob; the whisky is beside the work-basket. Robert's slippers are in the fender. The clock strikes twelve. There is a tapping at the window. HELEN puts away her work, and goes to see if it is really ROBERT. Finding it is, she admits him through the window. He staggers stiffly in, streaming with water and groaning with aches and pains. She removes his coat, sits him in his chair, and begins to undo his boots.)

ROBERT. I can do that, Helen.

(She withdraws to watch Rob-*ERT unlace his boots with stiff fingers. He gets them off, puts on his slippers, stretches his feet to the fire, and leans back, lost to the world with fatigue. Helen mixes some hot whisky.)

HELEN. Here! Drink this. ROBERT. Eh?

HELEN. Drink this.

(He drinks, recovers some of his brains, and looks at her, glass in hand.)

ROBERT. Hot whisky! Slippers! (Tears in his voice) Don't say you expected me.

HELEN (soothingly). I thought it possible you might come back.

(ROBERT drinks some more whisky, and feels it doing him good. He recovers enough to say judiciously:)

ROBERT. I'm not sure whether I like it or whether I don't like it. I'm glad of the whisky. But to be expected! (Plumping down the glass) How dare you expect me?

Helen (evasively). It's such a dreadful night—over the hills.

ROBERT (with a fearful cry). The hills! Ugh! Ugh! Never mention them to me again.

HELEN. Tell me about it. (Gives him some more whisky.)

ROBERT. Horrible! (Drinks.) Soaked to the skin in five minutes. Every mile like ten. With a head wind howling past like a fury. (Drinks.) Now and then I heard noises from Martin. Martin was singing. Singing! (Drinks.) I had pains in my back, in my legs—all over. At last I stuck—told Martin I wouldn't budge on any farther.

HELEN. What did he say?

ROBERT. He stood in the road, dripping wet; and he laughed. I left him. (Drinks.) I left him in the awful rain trying to light his pipe. Helen, take me to bed.

HELEN. You must get between the blankets, dear. There's a hot bath ready, and be sure to put in all the mustard.

ROBERT (hysterical with fatigue, returning warmth, and the whisky). Ha! ha! ha! Martin! Ha! ha! St-still—out—there. Over the h-h-h-ills.

(Helen smiles sweetly at Robert, but the smile is enigmatic. She opens the door into the hall and turns out the light in the room. She and Robert now stand in a glow from the passage.)

ROBERT (pulling himself together). Eh! Funny, isn't it? Martin out there. Even you can see the humor of that. HELEN (leading him off). Yes, dear.

CURTAIN.

EYES

By Marion McCrea

In the purple-black, eyes surround me in rows, . . . staring, fitful, uncertain, ghastly, fervent, . . . memorytinged. Eyes surround me in the purple-black. . . White, I lie watching. . . .

Eyes of a thousand welcomes, that fight to my soul, invite and beckon, . . . eyes that strike fire in contact with

mine. . .

Eyes that delve and hide and grope . . . that bring upwards in me stagnant forms, hateful outcasts. . . .

Gray eyes, naked, primitive and passionate . . . splendid eyes! . . . starshot, earth-shot eyes. . . .

Ennui-fringed, futile . . . eyes I adore! . . . O to instil an unaccustomed gleam. . . .

Blue-green, thin-lipped eyes, steel-sheathed . . . that cut and hurt and strike deft blows. . . .

Eyes of you who loved me . . . naïve, cornflower colour . . . gazing, gazing eyes of stinging sweetness. . . .

Eyes of you loved by me . . . unending . . . eyes with no end . . .

yet supremely shallow eyes.

Bad eyes that suspend themselves in space . . . subtle, stealing . . . eyes that loaf in the memory . . . eyes that linger, caress, stagnate. . . These that now enfold and now exclude me . . . unattached, absorbed eyes of youth . . .

O these that touch! These failureenveloped, patient, unstruggling eyes of the heart-rent. . . .

White, I lie watching. . . .



A SNAPSHOT By Allan Ross Macdougall

On the road three little girls, Ragged girls, Grimy girls, On the road three laughing girls, Dancing to an organ,

Played by an Italian man, Swarthy man, Grinning man, Quite a Pan-like sort of man In a slum blind alley!

What a joy they brought to me, Footsore me, Hungry me, What a joy to friendless me, The day I entered London.

A NUDE DESCENDING A STAIRCASE

By Lula Merrick

ECAUSE Reginald St. John made thirty thousand dollars a year some said even forty thousand!drawing pictures of gorgeous red-haired girls for magazine covers and impossible illustrations for even more impossible best-sellers, and because the pursuit of this lucrative but lowly craft did not require him to employ models who shamed nature and Holy Writ by posing in the altogether—because of these facts he was permitted to lease the top floor of Madame Aline Fogarti's highly respectable robes et manteaux establishment in West Thirty-first Street for use as his studio, office and sleeping place.

Madame Fogarti (who, when she entered upon her business career some twenty years before in Division Street, had been plain Alice Fogarty) thought it would be nice to have an artist in the building. He would be so handy to consult on matters of line and color. "Especially such a famous one and so respectable," she told her forewoman,

Miss Moriarty.

And Reginald St. John on his side was quite as delighted with Madame. He could borrow her latest creations to adorn and mellow his society pictures. Indeed, Madame went so far as to have some of the illustrations in which her costumes figured framed and hung in her fitting rooms, with typewritten notes beneath them explaining when and where they had appeared and what they represented. St. John sometimes gave her the proof sheets and autographed them. It was good advertising for both of them.

The sales girls, who carried the gowns up to his studio and often

obliged him by sitting for just a few minutes to allow him to get "that graceful little turn of the neck," or to draw the character of a "well-shaped hand," all swore that he was a perfect gentleman. Thus the atmosphere of the establishment was harmonious as well as artistic.

But artist that she was in her own line and able business woman that she was known to be. Madame was as innocent as a babe when it came to studio She little suspected that honest illustrators were just as interested in studying the female form divine as were artists of a vastly greater pretension and immorality. Nor could she dream of the number of sketches of the nude that were reposing on the shelves of Reginald St. John's dark closet.

Could she have seen the tall, dignified gentleman who bowed with such respectful gracefulness and hesitated almost bashfully when speaking to her -could she have seen this gentleman interviewing a model she would have thought less of her ability to read the ways of artists. She would have seen his serious face light up with an eager and lamentable expectancy when some pretty and well-formed girl entered his studio. Not, of course, that Reginald was a bad man, but Madame simply would not have understood. Therefore, it was just as well that she did not hear the dialogue between him and Miss Kitty Hughes at one o'clock post meridien on December 18, 1912.

Kitty timidly lifted the bronze knocker on his door, let it drop back as if it

were red hot, and waited.

"Hello, glad to see you! Come in!" he called as she stood irresolute at the

door. Then she opened it and stood

on the threshold, waiting.

"Want to pose?" He held a small brush between his teeth and his practised eye swept her, from the blue velvet hat which perched above her goldennatural hair to her silk stockinged,

patent-leather-pumped feet.

"I'd be very glad if you could use me," she answered, for she was eager to please this great illustrator who could afford to pay a model every day in the year—cash!—and had a reputation for being generous. There was hope in her eyes, though she knew that he had a "steady' who posed for all of his principal work.

"Stand over there in the light and let me get a better view of you. Take off

your coat."

He led her gently by the arm and placed her where the broad skylight threw its clear north rays full on her. But even then she passed muster. Her fair, delicate skin, the bronze in her hair and the graceful line of her throat were only the more emphasized by the glare.

"Do you wear that blue velvet hat to make your eyes bluer, when they're blue enough already?" asked St. John pleasantly, making a circle of his fingers

to peer at her.

"I—I—hadn't thought of that," Kitty confessed with embarrassment. "I don't know much about color balance."

"It was just natural artistic genius, then, that made you think of wearing that green plaid waist to bring out the delicate greens of your flesh?"

"Green?" exclaimed Kitty and

laughed.

"Sure, it's full of green; the most elusive little green shadows I ever saw." He placed the brush again between his teeth and squinted at her. Then he went on enthusiastically, just like a boy, she thought. "Well, now that the Angel Gabriel was so kind as to send you to me when my model got the pip and disappointed me, I'm going to show him that I appreciate it by making a figure study of you. So just go into my room and undress."

Kitty gasped. "How did you know that I posed for the figure? Why, you

never even asked me.'

St. John outlined her figure from head to foot with a sweep of his hand. "Velvet hat, silk stockings, aigrette. Don't have to ask foolish questions. Nails manicured?" He gently raised her hand to the light. "Why, even your hair has a manicured look. Those luxuries cost."

"I live with my married sister; she brushes my hair every night," Kitty

tried to explain.

"Never mind, don't apologize; I didn't accuse you of anything, did I? Now get ready. I'll give you two dollars instead of the one-fifty, just because you're so amiable."

"But I'm awfully thin," said Kitty,

not wishing to give in at once.

"That's all right; I like them thin."
Kitty laughed. It was only that
morning that Anna Dixon had told her
that he liked them plump, when she
had apologized for being heavy.

In a few moments she emerged ready for work and without a word mounted

the model stand.

St. John threw his cigarette into the hammered brass bowl on the table and went toward her, his head on one side, and studied her for some minutes without speaking.

"Let's see your back," he commanded,

and Kitty quickly turned.

"Now the side, and raise your right arm. Take a step forward, as if you were running."

Kitty's lithe body assumed its most

graceful curves.

"Fine! Great! Just keep that! I'm going to do you in pastel. Your color is too fine to miss. Beside, I'm crazy to work in color anyway." He gave her a confidential little nod. "I have to do so much in black and white. Oh, those delicate greens in your flesh!" He went on and tore around the studio getting his pastels and drawing paper.

"I'm going to make something stunning of you; yes, something stunning." His enthusiasm made him pant. "You're just wonderful; the best model in New York. Why, I can see every bone! You're almost a skeleton, the most wonderful anatomical study I ever saw—and such color! I'll do you in oil some

day."

Kitty the girl was now forgotten. It was his model who occupied him. She was part of his work, an instrument of his ambition, an aid to his future. With her perfectly proportioned frame, the bones of which were so sparsely covered as to reveal every subtle movement, and the delicate muscles under her white skin with its elusive green accents, she was indeed an artistic temptation. St. John selected his colors and began to scratch on the drawing paper. He worked quickly, nervously, always holding the brush between his teeth and biting hard on it as his enthusiasm increased.

Sometimes he talked to Kitty. Once he asked her how old she was and how long she had been posing. With head slightly averted she told him that she was nineteen. She was really twenty-one. She said that she had been posing

for three years.

"You know the fellows pretty well

then, don't you?"

Kitty smiled. "Oh, a model can't help knowing artists well."

St. John raised his eyebrows.

"You know artists are more natural with their models than with any one else in the world," she said. "I don't think that even their wives know them as well."

"Yes, a good model gets pretty close to an artist," St. John admitted. "So you carry around a chest full of secrets, then? In three years I should think you'd learn enough of their affairs to sink a ship. Doesn't it worry you sometimes?"

"Oh, no; I generally leave their secrets and their troubles in the studios,"

she replied sagely.

"Do they ever make love to you?"

"Never when I'm posing for the figure." At this they both laughed. "My bones are better for painting than for lovemaking." "But when you're dressed," he per-

sisted, "you're mighty pretty."

"Well, that's different," she averred. "If I wanted to make a hit with an artist—that is, if he really appealed to me—I'd pose in costume, believe me!"

"Thank you," said St. John.

"I didn't mean anything personal," Kitty reddened. "But the truth of the matter is that I never think of any artist as a man."

St. John laughed loudly.

"I mean," apologized Kitty, "that they just seem like artists and that's all."

"Never mind," he returned, "don't try to explain further. I understand, and I believe you're all the better as a model for your views."

For long periods at a time St. John was silent, working over some difficult line or shadow, and Kitty knew her business as a model too well to speak

unless he spoke to her.

When she became tired she got down from the model stand and walked about the studio "to get her blood in circulation," while he smoked a cigarette.

"So you haven't got a beau, then?" he said after she had resumed the pose

for the fourth time.

"Oh, yes, I have a beau all right."
"What is he? Not an artist, surely."

"No, he's a poet."

"Does he wear long hair?" He chuckled as he struggled with the modeling of her knee.

II

But Kitty never answered. Instead she began to sniff.

"Is that smoke?" she asked suddenly.

St. John sniffed twice, then got up and peered into the hall cautiously.

"Just burning some rubbish," he assured her, and resumed his drawing.

Five minutes passed, but the smell of smoke did not abate; Kitty shifted from one foot to another and kept on sniffing.

"Are you quite sure it's rubbish?" she

asked, falling out of pose.

St. John placed his finger on his lips as a quick step was heard in the hall

and presently some one began pounding on the door. From somewhere far be-

low came a faint cry of "Fire!"

"Get into your clothes!" exclaimed St. John, suddenly all excitement. He seized a Spanish cloak that draped a chair beside the model's throne, and threw it about Kitty clumsily, almost roughly. It fell from her shoulders; she had made no effort to hold it in place. "Quick! Quick!" exclaimed St. John. "There's a fire below. Get on your clothes!" But Kitty, instead of obeying, turned as white as chalk, and began to sway. And then, for all the world like a Victorian heroine, she fainted in his arms.

The knocking continued. St. John trembled and swore under his breath. Still holding her in his arms as if she were a baby, he ran into his sleeping room, grabbed her clothes and began excitedly to dress her. He might as well have tried to put clothes on a pan of rising dough. Her limp body wabbled from side to side. As soon as he succeeded in getting her skirt over her legs, the coat into which he had managed to crowd her arms slipped off to the floor.

There were a few more loud knocks on the door, and then receding footsteps, as if the knocker had decided that

the studio was vacant.

The smoke became thicker, St. John's lips were white and his eyes began to bulge

"I'll never get this damned girl dressed!" he panted. "We'll be fried

alive!"

He was sure he heard the fire engines; at any rate, bells rang in his ears. Firemen would burst in upon him at any moment. His reputation as a moral artist was gone; no use to think of that now. Glancing helplessly for a brief second at Kitty's scattered clothes, he gave one prolonged wail and seizing his overcoat threw it about her and ran out of the studio.

He did not notice that the smoke had subsided, but dashed down the stairs with Kitty's wabbling body, nor did he remark that the overcoat had slipped from her in the flight until he reached the showroom floor. There he collided with Madame Fogarti and her forewoman, Miss Moriarty. They were discussing the smoke.

"That janitor should not burn excelsior in the furnace," he heard Madame saying. "I'll complain of it."

Then she turned and saw Kitty dan-

gling from St. John's arms.

"Mother of Heaven, what's that?"

she screamed.

"And all the saints!" piously added Miss Moriarty, the tall svelte forewoman, whose carefully tinted face was framed in bushels of expensive hair. She tossed her head in horror and ran into the showroom.

"Take her!" implored St. John, hold-

ing his burden toward Madame.

Madame drew herself up to her full height and glared at him. She covered her face with both her hands, then made a motion with her elbows to push him away.

Speech returned to her. "Take that thing out of my sight!" she shrieked, so loud that several salesgirls came running to her rescue, only to increase their speed in the other direction when they beheld St. John's burden.

"Is the fire out?" he gasped, wiping his forehead with the back of his cuff.

"Fire? There hasn't been any fire," muttered Madame, scornfully rejecting his excuse.

"Won't you please put her some place until I can get something to cover her with?" he implored. "I can't carry her upstairs now." He was sinking against the balustrade.

Madame turned her back on him. "Take her down cellar!" She went into the showroom and was about to close the door in his face when a large touring car stopped in front of the place, and in a second Miss Moriarty appeared waving her hands excitedly "It's Mrs. Van Twiller!" she cried. "Get that thing out of sight!"

Madame reached into the showroom and grabbed the first garment she could lay hands on. It happened to be a two hundred and fifty dollar opera cloak. She threw it about Kitty, who was by this time showing signs of life. "Throw her in there," she commanded St. John, pointing to one of the mirror-lined fit-

ting rooms.

The dignified and successful artist obediently deposited Kitty on the floor as Miss Moriarty held the door open for him. He was too exhausted to notice her look of loathing.

III

WHEN Mrs. Van Twiller arrived at the door of the showroom, Madame had regained her poise and except for the purple tint of her face nobody would have suspected the melodrama she had been through.

She was Madame Aline Fogarti in all her studied grace as she blandly welcomed the befeathered and besabled Mrs. Van Twiller and led her gently to

her private consulting room.

Kitty opened her eyes some moments later to find herself lying on a pink velvet carpeted floor in one of the most fashionable dressmaking establishments in New York, wrapped in the costliest garment she had ever touched.

She sat up, looked about the mirrored, compartment, wound up her streaming tresses and tried to think. Presently it all came back to her, the smell of smoke, the banging on St. John's door and his tragic command to her to dress herself. She sniffed involuntarily, then examined her body in search of blisters. She found several black and blue marks and tapped her forehead with her finger, then shook her head disappointedly.

She arose and looked at herself in the longest mirror and was pleased to note that her face looked perfectly natural except for its pallor. She wriggled herself against the soft silk lining of the opera cloak, then ran her fingers over the rich fur that edged the shim-

mering velvet.

Cautiously she opened the little white enameled door and peered into the

salesroom, sniffing softly.

Instead of disorder and water-soaked furnishings, she was surprised to see the same quiet elegance that she had noticed when passing the door on her way to St. John's studio earlier in the day. The pink velvet carpet was spotless; a few beautiful gowns hung over gold chairs, left there by some recent customer. As she glanced at the white and gold wardrobe they seemed to say, "Even a fire does not interfere with the calm dignity of this establishment."

Something cold struck at her heart and a longing to get out possessed her. At the farthest end of the salon several girls were talking in hushed tones. As one of them looked toward her she beckoned, but to her surprise they all dispersed instanter in different directions. One of the fitters passed. Kitty tried to ask her how she could get upstairs, but the woman ran toward the elevator, mad fear depicted on her face.

Kitty softly closed the little whiteenameled door and sat down. What had she done to these princesses of the showroom to have thus frightened

them?

Outside the door she heard footsteps on the soft pink velvet carpet, but they always seemed to quicken as they approached her. Once she called to a tall, slender, black-robed figure, and began, "Will you please tell me how—" But the queenly head was tossed high as the girl fled from her. Kitty pulled the two hundred and fifty dollar opera cloak tightly about her and began to cry.

Finally, after what seemed hours to her, she heard Madame's voice softly bidding Mrs. Van Twiller good-bye, promising to superintend, herself, the draping of the silver over the mauve.

When the door closed and Mrs. Van Twiller was safely ensconced in her car, Madame, with a heavy Alice Fogarty step, approached Kitty's shelter. Without a word she snatched the cloak from her shoulders and shook it savagely. "One of my most expensive models!" she hissed as she carefully placed it over her arm. And Kitty, who had posed undraped for years without ever thinking of her nudity, suddenly felt a sense of shame.

She backed into a corner and placed a chair in front of her, while Madame examined the cloak.

"Now, you shameless creature," hissed the Fogarti, "get out of this building at once and if I ever see you here again I'll have you arrested!"

Kitty, trembling and weeping timidly,

asked her what she had done.

"Don't talk back to me! You've disgraced my house, that's what you've done—coming down here naked as the day you were born! My girls are horrified; some of them are going to leave. How dare you come among decent people? If you want to be what you are, why don't you stay among your own class?"

"But I am decent," faltered Kitty.
"I'm just as decent as you are. I didn't
want to come here. I don't know how
it happened at all. There was a fire.
We got frightened and I fainted. I
want my clothes," she wailed brokenly.
"Won't you even lend me something so
that I can get upstairs?"

Madame opened the little door.

"Miss Higgins," she thundered. "Bring me model 759. As decent as I am!" she sniffed.

Miss Higgins brought No. 759—a flannel peignoir. She handed it to Madame at arm's length and kept her face averted.

Kitty meekly placed it about her and then for the first time looked full at Madame. "I haven't done anything

wrong; it's a bus-"

"A business?" Madame finished for her. She peeped out of the door to see if by chance any of her clients happened to be in the showroom. "A pretty business, indeed! You nearly lost me one of my best customers. I had to cover your shame with one of my most expensive garments—a masterpiece." She made a motion as if to throw the opera cloak on the floor. "Two hundred and fifty dollars," she added, and placed it again gently over her arm. "Î'll show that hypocrite upstairs whether he can bring women of your class under my roof. I'll give him just one hour to get out."

Kitty sobbed afresh. "He didn't do anything. Oh, I hope I haven't brought trouble on him. He was only working like any other artist," she wailed.

IV

At this juncture St. John himself appeared, carrying a glass of water. He bowed respectfully to Madame as he passed her, but she turned a scornful back on him and walked to the farther end of the room.

Kitty turned her streaming eyes to him and whimpered, "I—I thought you'd never come back. Where are my

clothes?"

"Why," he asked angrily, "do you blamed women have to faint at every little thing? A beautiful scrape you've got me into!"

Kitty threw herself into the little gold

chair, sobbing loudly.

"Why do I have to be blamed for everything?" she wailed. "She called me a fallen creature and now you go for me. It wasn't a little thing at all; it was a fire, a matter of life and death. You didn't care if I was killed. You'd be glad, I suppose, to see me burned to death rather than be inconvenienced."

St. John looked at her helplessly. He opened his mouth to speak, but she kept on talking and he noticed with fresh alarm that her voice became louder.

She stood up and faced him. "What happened? What did I do anyway? She said I came downstairs naked.

Who put the fire out?"

"There wasn't any fire," answered St. John. "It was only the janitor burning some rubbish, just as I told you in the first place, but you wouldn't believe me."

"But the pounding on the door, when your face was frozen with terror. What about that?" She gave the peignoir a savage jerk to cover her calf and glanced at him more self-consciously than was usual to her.

St. John ran his fingers through his hair. "Ah, that's the tragedy of it," he groaned. "It was only my tailor leaving a new suit of clothes. But I'll get

even with him for this. He'll wait just two years for his money." He ground his teeth.

"But why did you carry me down nude?" Kitty demanded, taking advantage of her position as accuser.

'What did you expect me to do?

up there and get broiled alive?"

"Why didn't you find out for sure if there was a fire before you dragged me nude through the halls?" she sobbed.

St. John threw up his hands hopeless-"There's no use in trying to explain anything to any of you. God simply left logic out of your make-up. Why didn't I sit down and write a sonnet to your wabbling form when the smoke was getting thicker every minute? Now I'll have to find another studio—and at this time of the year—"

"What a Jonah I am," said Kitty penitently. "Don't you think you can patch it up with her?" she whispered.

"If only you hadn't fainted!" he complained, seeing that she had become calmer.

"If only you hadn't carried me through the halls like that!" she retorted, her voice beginning to quiver again.

All this time he had been holding the glass of water toward her, occasionally spilling some of it on the pink velvet carpet in his agitation, until now it was half empty. She took it from him at

last and drained the glass.

"At any rate, your life has been spared," he said soothingly; and seeing that she had made an effort to smile he resumed his injured tone. "If there had really been a fire and I had saved your life, I'd have been a devil of a fellow, and you would no longer have looked upon artists as belonging to the neuter gender. I would have been a hero whether you were in the altogether or not. Oh, yes, there would have been one artist who was a real man. But because it was a false alarm, even when I made every effort to keep you from being burned to death, I'm a criminal!"

Kitty's eyes had now become wells of sympathy.

"It was all my fault after all," she ad-

mitted generously. "I'll try to find you another studio. I'll run all over New

York to get it."

"It wasn't any more your fault than mine; it was just fate." St. John had now assumed a magnanimous air. "How could you help having soft bronze hair, blue eyes and little green shadows in your white skin? couldn't help that, could you?"

"No-o," she replied uncertainly.

"And you couldn't help wearing a blue hat to make your eyes bluer and a green plaid blouse to make the little green shadows more green, could you?"

"I didn't do it on purpose," she protested. A tear which had been balancing on her left eyelash rolled down

her cheek.

Madame, who had meanwhile kept her eyes glued on St. John's back to see that he did not venture inside of the little white enameled door, concluded that he had had ample time to explain the situation to Kitty. She now walked toward him. The opera cloak was still on her arm.

"When are you going to take that thing out of my house?" she thun-

dered.

"I'll take Miss Hughes upstairs immediately so that she can dress," he replied with an effort at dignity, but his

voice was meek.

"You'll take her upstairs?" repeated Madame with a sneer. "I'd like to see you take her upstairs! You'd like to be there, no doubt, while she's dressing. It isn't bad enough for my respectable girls to know that she has been posing naked for you, but they must be further insulted by knowing that you are helping her to dress? You'd like to button her shoes, I suppose!"

Madame flung Kitty a withering look. "Go up there and dress alone," she commanded, "and get out of this building without any further waste of time.'

St. John handed Kitty his keys. "I'll wait here for you, Miss Hughes," he said, respectfully, opening

the door for her.

Madame gave the opera cloak an-

other vicious shake. "Have this fumigated," she commanded, handing it to a saleswoman.

"What did you say the price of it was?" queried St. John in his mildest

tone.

"I could have got three hundred dollars for it," she snapped. The extra fifty was meant to further impress the enormity of his crime upon him

enormity of his crime upon him.

"Wait a moment," he called to the girl, who had walked away a step with it, and taking it from her he threw it across his arm while he drew his check book from his pocket and with his fountain pen wrote a check for three hundred dollars.

Madame and Miss Moriarty, who had joined her, exchanged looks of incredulity. Once Madame opened her mouth to speak, but Miss Moriarty tugged at her sleeve. The purple of Madame's face had faded to a pale lavender. She again attempted to speak, but the words would not come. Suddenly she turned on her heel and

marched out, Miss Moriarty hehind her. But she kept the check.

V

KITTY meanwhile had dressed herself in record time and had sneaked silently down the stairs. She was tiptoeing toward the front door when St. John called her to him.

When she half timidly reached his side he made her a profound bow and gallantly placed the opera cloak over

her arm.

"Come," he said, offering his arm, "I've called a taxi, I'll take you to your sister."

"It's an ill wind that blows no good at all," she heard Miss Moriarty saying to Madame as the front door closed upon them.

"Isn't it funny how lay people will never understand models?" said Kitty in the taxi, as she tenderly stroked the soft fur of her new possession.

But she was smiling again.



EGO

By John McClure

MY members wither like weeds.
Yea, as all matter must,
My blood and my hair and my tender eyes
And my heart are coming to dust.

And the trees and the hills and the flowers, And the planets that sail the skies, The worlds, with the years and the hours, Wither to wind likewise.

These make my visible garment,
And go fast fleeting away.

But I am not startled or daunted
Who know I am greater than they.



THE MAN

By Viola Burhans

ANCE shrinkingly approached his house. In the torrid glare of noonday, it seemed to him that his body stood out like a scarab crawl-

ing over a woman's white dress.

If Bettina should see him— He would have to contrive another excuse to explain his presence, and at the notion his brain balked. He had made so many excuses, and lately he noticed that she looked at him queerly, and received them in silence. The thought of again glibly tossing off a lie nauseated his soul!

He sprang up the porch steps and, opening the screen-door, stepped upon the crex rug in the hall. Smashing a starchy-smelling handkerchief over his sweating face, he stood motionless, lis-

tening intently.

The house was very still. A mudbaked breeze stirred the hammock on the porch. Some gay-colored paperlanterns bobbed elastically about, and on a stand in one corner there were a pitcher and two glasses.

Vance looked at these and scowled. A demon of disturbance streaked through him as he reached down and snapped off a piece of mud from the

hem of his turned-up trousers.

That man had been there again! Vance had failed to time his appearance right. He listened strainingly, hoping to hear voices. A humming-bird made an inimitable sound as it beaked its bill against a hanging-basket, their cat loped sneakily across the porch, down the baked road a dog, yelped. The rest was hot silence—and the man stood as Adam might have done when the first sun blistered his naked body.

But as if some one had trumpeted the words into his ears, Howard Vance knew that this man—he had no name for him—had been again to his home.

Upstairs he heard the soft tread of his wife. He started to call Bettina down, then stopped abruptly. What would be the use? She would merely fuss over him, get him a cool drink, and bring an extra pillow for the hammock. They would "laze" through the rest of the forenoon until lunch time.

But she would not mention the man. She would not tell him that he had helped her endure the lonesomeness, the mosquitoes, the sweat in the atmosphere, the smells that came up from the cut, the vacuity of the fat, hot sun, the stillness of their house with its one greasy maid, and sly, unattached cat.

And Howard Vance's lips were sealed. Until he had proof, a question on this subject put to his wife he believed would be an insult. He loved Bettina in the way of aloof, wiry people, keyed to the snapping point. He was willing to wait until he surprised this man in his home. Then he had vowed to himself to punish him with a bullet.

With this in mind, he came home at all hours of the day—his chunky little gun tapping his hips like a lover. Some time, he was convinced, he would come upon the two unawares. Then—

The explicit thing that he lacked was

proof.

But Vance felt things that another man, in order to be sure of, would have to see. He was ultra-psychic. Impressions registered themselves upon his brain as facts. The "beings of the

mind," to him, were "not of clay." There was something within him—not having read Bergson or Björnson, he did not attempt to name it—which he tapped for mysteries that the five senses frankly shrugged at. This "something" never failed him. It said yes and no and why.

It responded now to his doubt and said yes. Consequently it made no difference to Vance that he had never surprised any man calling at his home—nor noted anything confused in his wife's demeanor, no extra silkiness or fine-feathered subtlety in her dress.

That the man came—and that his wife received him—these were facts to Vance. And none knew better than he that no man could sit across from Bettina for a solid month and talk only of the work on the canal—of the cut through the divide at Culebra, of the trapped cars and heaped-up steam shovels buried overnight under the slimy deviltry of the live, leering Cucaracha!

As he stood now motionless on the rug, his mind fiddled vacantly with the question: why had he brought Bettina to the Zone? If he had waited another six months, he could have got leave of absence from Colon and gone up to New York. They could have settled down there after their marriage. What he had then regarded as his big chance at the Zone would have been worth giving up for her. And after he had left the ditch, with its heat and blaze, its endless day that never failed to take it out of a man, gradually the memory of the God-forsaken hole would have faded.

Besides, if he had stubbornly fondled his desire for outdoor work, he might have trekked after his brother in Minnesota, a blue-eyed engineer who had gone with his splendid muscles to splinter the granite of a murderous cañon and build a dam of glistening concrete. That was work! Vance recalled that Allen had referred to it as his chance. His sons to come after him, he had said, would point with pride to what their father's horny fin-

gers and harnessed brain had accomplished!

As he stood disheartened, Vance realized afresh that the Zone was no place for a woman. It was different with a man. He could sit on the veranda of the Tivoli talking about the job to other men, or listening to the clashing concert of the commission band. Or he could play pool with some of the other engineers, or go to a ball game, if there were one in progress. But there was little of interest to hold a woman—little finery, little gossip, little lording it over the few married friends they knew down the line.

Vance remembered when first he had flashed silent with surprise at the thought of another man's calling at his home in his absence. Bettina and he had been sitting upon the porch one hot evening, their canvas chairs close. They had been talking about the job, until gradually they trailed to an abstracted silence. Vance's eyes were on the glowing end of his cigar, then on the far limits of their garden, with its faint, buzzing sounds and sweet smells. Bettina, apparently, was watching the clotted lowness of the stars.

Suddenly the *thing* had obtruded. Howard recognized it at once, but he had not spoken of it to Bettina. Shortly afterward they went within. That

night Vance did not sleep.

He stood now another moment in the heat-blistering silence. Then he started back on tip-toe, closing the screen-door carefully behind him. He had gone nearly across the porch when some fatalistic impulse drew his feet in the direction of the stand. He looked into the pitcher. It contained lemonade, and on the edge of the raffia spread there was a small heap of cigarette ashes.

Vance stared at them as if fascinated. Bettina did not smoke. They had been left there by that man!

At the thought, Howard's fingers automatically reached into his hip pocket. The steel of the gun, life-warm from contact with his body, returned his touch—a comforting thing.

Mechanically he surrounded the ashes with some cakes so that they would not blow away. His face was ugly with rebellion. This was the first iota of proof that had come his wayand again he was too late. He started inside to call-Bettina, then stopped. Perhaps she did smoke, he reflected abruptly, and did not wish him to know. Bettina, at times, was very funny in her niceness.

Vance smiled a little at this.

He was not averse to the habit in itself-if it helped her to pass away the time. But why need she be such a little These low-starred, tropical ascetic? nights-they might have been so com-

panionable!

He glanced again at the ashes. Some of them had been shot to the floor. In all he judged that there were more than one cigarette would yield-or even two His eyes narrowed. or even three. Bettina was never an extremist. That she should smoke three or more cigarettes-and early in the day at that-He was puzzled.

He began to pace the porch, his sandals making no sound. It was disturbing. He decided to find out the truth at once. No neophyte like his wife could smoke even one cigarette, he knew, and leave no trace of it on her lips. Going into the house, he called

her abruptly:

"Bettina. I am home. Come down." He heard the short-cut stop of the sewing-machine.

"You, Howard?" She appeared at

the head of the stairs.

Bettina Vance was a small woman, finished from her rippling brown hair to her house "mules" as shinily as a horse-chestnut. Her eyes were of a queer, thick blue. They suggested a secretive denseness-except in certain lights when they flashed charmingly. There was something adorably possessive about her, as if she gripped life, and the things it gave her, with a grudging hold.

"I don't believe you 'boss' any more," she reproached lightly when

reached the landing. "The hours you get home! What is it now?"

He met her at the foot of the stairs

in an unmistakable way.

"Kiss me, Bettina."

She drew back, just perceptibly. "Silly! Must we always kiss?"

"I shouldn't be surprised-if we're

to kiss always."

She sank into his arms, and he crushed her lips to his. The next instant, with a queer choke, he thrust her

back, his eyes blazing.

"Howard!" Her voice could not have been more surprised if he had thrown an adder at her feet and shruggingly advised her to look out for it.

Don't 'Howard' me!" he sneered. "I kissed you-to find out-come here!" He seized her arm, attempting

to jerk her toward him.

She remained rigidly standing.

"Stop that," she said quietly. "Take your hand away. You are hurting me."

He paid no attention, pulling her to-

ward the stand.

"That's why I kissed you!" he jerked out, pointing accusingly at the heap of cigarette ashes, "to find out if you had been smoking!"

Her face whitened. She held to the raffia cover, and he could see that she

was trying for control.

"If I had," she inquired finally, "would it give you the right to-to in-

sult me like this?"

"No!" he shouted. "I shouldn't mind if you smoked all day—with me! But you have not been smoking. have—" even he hesitated.

"I have-what?"

"Oh, stop it!" he cried unstrung. "If there is any excuse for you, don't lie to me. You haven't deceived me. I have known for the past month that some man was coming here."

"How have you known it?" she asked, and he was angered still more by the curiosity in her voice, which seemed to him to be merely cheap in-

quisitiveness.

"I always know—such things," he snarled. "Do you think I have actually to stumble across the man-here in my

own house-before I become aware of

vour-

"I wouldn't finish that, Howard," she advised quietly. "You might regret—" Suddenly she stopped. Appeal, denial, reproach seemed to die on her lips. She reached for a biscuit, and crumbled it absently, dirtily over the door-mat.

"That is why you have come home so often lately, and always unexpectedly?"

she queried finally.

"I've come to kill that man," he announced. "And I'll do it yet. Who is he?"

She was silent. She seemed to be

thinking intently.

"Don't mean to tell me, eh? Shield him, that's right! But it will do you little good. From now on, I shall have this house watched, and you. The moment you meet this paragon, this daylight robber—"

"Will you keep still?" she stamped

impatiently. "I wish to think."

"Answer me yes or no!" he demanded, not heeding her. "Is some one call-

ing upon you?"

Hope that she might deny the accusation shot through his tortured brain. In the sweat of his desire to right things between them, he knew that he would believe her. He leaned toward her, his hot heart suddenly tender.

But she shook her head.

"Somebody is coming here," she admitted. "For the past month—"

He interrupted her, livid with rage: "You can stand there, and own up to a thing like that!"

She smiled sadly.

"I do not lie to you, Howard. I—I can't explain at present. But—" Suddenly she shot a step toward him, her cheeks too bright with color, her eyes like stabbing blue jewels, "before you condemn me, I want to ask you something: has your past been all that—you could desire?"

"What?"

He stared at her, as if he thought his ears might have crashed with his hopes. "You heard me," she responded

quietly.

"I—" Vance stopped with an impatient gesture. Her question called to life a sickening blur of his first coming to the Zone, a home-sick boy, five years before. And of a laughing, witch-like girl, not of his ilk, who had made love to him—love that Vance, always a shy boy with his dreams, had responded to in his own reserved way. A way that was not Veda Ronalli's, and which she had frankly scorned.

As he stared now at his wife he was passionately glad that his greatest indiscretion—in so far as Veda was concerned—had been a poet-boy's love-letter which he had indited to love one night (although at the time he believed

it written to Veda).

The next day, to make good the letter, he had kissed the girl. But her response, her eagerness—its lack of subtlety—had then made her appear common. In the end—and in the absence of the moon-lure of the night before—Vance had left her. Under the blistering sun, the poet was dead. The male alone survived—and the male picks with uncaring insolence.

But how could he explain this to his wife—confess that he had written a love-letter to a cheap little native when first he had come to the Zone? That his love-making had gone no farther than that? What woman, entangled in a liaison of her own, would credit such discretion on the part of a man?

Besides, Bettina knew Veda. She had had her at the cottage to help out with sewing. If he made a clean breast of things, Vance fancied he could see the slow smile that would just curve his wife's lips. He, the fastidious Howard Vance, guilty, even five years before, of pouring libations, as she would think, into the ears of the now dowdy, work-married Veda Harley! He shivered. The reflection upon his taste would hurt him more than the impeachment of his character.

Then there had been—he was racking his brain for fresher deviltry on his part—the mildest of peccadillos

with Bettina's high-school friend, Cynthia Carr, a good sport and all-round But this had ended with Cynthia's first look into the blue eyes of Vance's engineer brother. And Allen, judging from the letters that Howard received from him at intervals, was still "dippy" over the girl-in so far as he could be "dippy" over anything, outside of his work!

That was all Vance could think of at the moment. Yet Bettina's question stood out like a flame. What did she mean? What had she heard? flushed and smashed his handkerchief afresh over his face-habits of nervousness he had, which just then did

not escape Bettina.

'Then what I have surmised is true?"

she questioned affirmatively.

His spine pricked coldly. She had heard something. And of course down in this hole! But what, and from whom? Who could have the ghost of a motive for hashing up those tame, rust-rotten, innocent affairs?

"If you will tell me what you have

surmised—" he began calmly.

"I don't choose to tell you-yet." Vance sopped his handkerchief again over his face. He believed that he saw She was merely sparring for time. And with that thought there came a re-surge of his first anger:

"I don't care a ----," he choked violently, "what you have heard! I have done nothing that I am ashamed of since I married you. But even if I had Johnnied around with every skirt in Panama, would that excuse your having a man call upon you in your husband's absence?"

"Perhaps not," she admitted, tipping hanging basket straight. "But it a hanging basket straight. might be-a pretty good reason," she

advanced levelly.

"If that is what you believe, why don't you say frankly: 'you have done so-and-so, and I claim the same right'? But instead, you creep up after this fellow is gone, to sweep up his vile cigarette tracks-"

"I didn't sweep them up this time,"

she interrupted significantly.

"Forgot them for once, eh?"

"Yes," she admitted candidly. "T

meant to brush them up."

"Good God, but you're frank!" he stared at her. "I don't suppose you could credit a man with equal frankness and confide in him? I know this cut isn't a fit place for a woman-that, with my work and all, I've been a poor shift when you were lonely. swear, Bettina, if you have found somebody even half worth you, and if he's straight, I'll give you—a divorce. That will at least make you-decent in the eyes of the world!"

"I am decent," she asserted, her eyes abbing him. "And—I don't want a stabbing him.

"You mean to go on with—this?" Vance spit the word as if it were poison.

"I haven't-decided yet."

"You-you-" The young husband's face testified to his last remnant of control. "You—devil!" he lurched out.

She trembled violently, grasping the knob of the door for support.

"Why don't you want a divorce?"

he demanded.

"Because I could not get one without appearing against you. And what-I think I know about you-wild horses could not drag from me!"

He looked at her stupefied, fists in his pockets, swaying back and forth on his

parted legs.

"By the living God!" he burst out finally. "Somebody has lied to youprobably that blackguard that visits you. Why, child,"—in his excitement he reverted to one of his tender names for her, "I'd have to cook up something from whole cloth to let you loose from me. I swear that I've been faithful to you every second since our marriage-

"But before?" she interrupted, looking at him intently.

He started.

"I don't know what you mean," he said bluntly, staring out toward the garden, now a wilted tangle in the sun. "But it makes no difference," he added harshly. "If you don't trust me—" He flung himself off the porch.

"Howard—you won't do anything about this—at least until tonight?"

"Naturally not!" he returned irritably. "I've got to get back to work."

"Because—I may wish to tell you—"
She did not finish. She was pale as
the white cosmos that climbed about
her, hip high, as she stood on the edge
of the step. Vance gazed at her a moment, like a man looking at the dead.

That afternoon he could not get his mind back on his work. The interests of the Commission, in so far as they concerned him, might have been the readings of a Hood River barometer. He managed to rip out a few curt words to the subsistence department. And he hectored successfully with the management of the supply train which wanted to leave Cristobal an hour later in the morning than usual.

"The American," he overheard one of the men say, "he is troubled. He

must not be crossed.'

So he was not "crossed." His men worked under him like patient animals, their dull eyes sparkling with affection.

Late in the afternoon Vance again sneaked up to his home. Perhaps this time—! Past the waist-high cosmos he crept, and up the steps of the porch into the house.

Skulkingly he approached the living-room. Ah! Voices at last! He stopped jerkily, listening, but at the first words, his hand, warming on his gun, dropped nervelessly to his side and he slipped behind some hangings.

A woman was speaking. He recognized her voice at once. It was Cynthia Carr—Cynthia, whom he believed

to be in New York!

"I am planning to leave by the end of the week," he heard her say. "I thought you understood, Betty. But lately there has been a difference even in you. And—it is like the 'last straw.'"

There was no reply.

"If I am hunted even at the Zone—I can go farther. There must be places," she muttered.

Vance was electrified. Before leaving New York with Bettina, he remembered hearing that some "skunk-skinned" chap, in his estimation, had handed the little Carr girl a dripping raw deal. She had survived only by first going under. A bristling shame, Howard had thought at the time, but just then there had been the wedding preparations to think of, Bettina to make love to, his position at the Zone— It was not until they were finally aboard the steamer that his wife told him she had left Cynthia shrinking in a little kitchenette apartment—trying to begin over again.

So the matter was dropped.

Now, it came back to him with sharp distinctness.

"It has been such a relief," Cynthia continued, "to talk to some one who did not—at least at first—condemn. It was unbearable in town where everybody knew me—" There was a pause, and Vance heard the spit of a match. "Here I feel that I am alone. No one but you knows where I am."

So poor little Cynthia was in hiding! Pity swelled in Howard's heart. And what in the name of sense ailed Bettina, he wondered, to put the screws

down on the unhappy girl?

"Cynthia," his wife said finally, "I don't wish to appear harsh, but—I must be frank. Do be careful with the ashes," she added parenthetically. "When Howard finds them, he thinks—" She paused, while Vance started, as if a piece of ice had sloshed down his spine.

"Oh, for pity's sake, say your say!" Cynthia urged lifelessly. "I don't care what Howard thinks. It is what you

think."

"You know"—Vance noted that his wife spoke reluctantly—"I have always thought just the same—until this past week. I've been immensely sorry for you! And, of course, furious with—the man."

"You must not blame him. If you

understood-"

"That would not matter. There is

only one thing to understand in-in such cases."

"From your sheltered viewpoint, yes. But if you were—out in a storm, drenched to your moral skin-you

might, perhaps, see differently."
"At the time," Bettina continued, not heeding her, "my heart was almost broken for you. And when-it diedoh, if it had been myself I think I could not have stood that! A little, dead baby—"

"Women stand-such things," the

other said dully.

"Then, when you came here to hide from the people who would not understand, where nobody but Howard and myself knew you, I wanted to help you. I wanted you to let Howard—"
"No!" Cynthia broke in sharply. "I

cannot see Howard!"
"Why?" Bettina's voice was low. "He would not condemn you. would understand-"

"No," she repeated. "I—I cannot explain. But Howard must not know

that I am here."

"He — must — not — know," Vance heard his wife echo, and her voice now was very hard. "For a month you have been coming here, and I have been trying, as Howard says, to 'cover up your tracks.' I never suspected—" She broke off suddenly. "I have been sympathetic," she resumed in her usual

"You have been an angel!" the other

broke in fervently.
"So much so"—Vance knew from the intonation of his wife's voice just the slow, hard smile that was curling her lips, "that you naturally conclude I haven't it in me to—to be a devil. Well, I have, Cynthia! I—"

"What in the name of goodness do

you mean, Bettina?"

"I am not so dull as you evidently surmise. There is one thing that even

between friends-"

"Now you are going to lecture," Cynthia broke in wearily, "just like the rest of them. I don't know what I have done, Betty, but whatever it is, I am just too tired to hear you talk about

it. So if you don't mind I think-I shall go now."

"As you please. But before you stir you shall tell me this: why do you re-

fuse to see my husband?"

Vance was standing tensely still, rivulets pouring down his body. Could it be possible—but he checked his surmise to listen to Bettina. He had never before heard such implacable hardness in her voice. And yet, in a lightning wave of pride, he reflected that she had been true blue that afternoon. had taken the last word in an insult, rather than give away her friend.

"Why will you not see Howard?" he

heard her repeat.

"I—cannot. It would not be best," the reply came in a low tone. "You-

don't-understand."

"I am beginning to," Bettina laughed mirthlessly. "Cynthia, I have never before asked you the name of this man-

this coward?"

"He is no coward," the other intercepted, a queer note in her voice. "Not in the way you mean. He did notknow. I could not hamper him just at that time with all—such a thing would mean. He had just got his assignment from the Government. It was his chance, his big chance, he called it. I knew that it would take him thousands of miles away, that it might be years before he made good. Don't you see that if I had spoken then-"

"If you had spoken then," Bettina interrupted frostily, "you would have

made a bigger man of him."

"Then you think it a big thing to to constitute one's self a millstone about a man's neck?"

Vance noted that his wife was silent. "That conventional view is worn out," Cynthia continued. "Men have their lives to make, before they have them to lead. And women know that, or they should. If they interfere in the making, they know that they risk a certain penalty. And if it is incurred—" She shrugged.

"You still-love this man?"

It was Cynthia's turn to laugh mirthlessly.

"Oh, you speak of love as if it were something that began with, and depended upon, what one did or didn't do."

"Isn't it? You certainly would not

love a bank forger?"

"I might. You married women all club together on your views and try to make us outsiders feel that we are going straight to-Hades. With you it all amounts to this: you love him, because he first loved you—and doesn't do anything after marriage to destroy that love. You measure it with a moral foot-rule: does he do this, and refrain from doing that?"

"But-but-" Bettina evidently was

foundering.

"If he makes love to you according to Hoyle, the skies are blue. But if he doesn't, you fly to Nevada, or do something else silly. You love because of established, mothy-old reasons. If the man backs water on any of these, you have a judge and jury to give you alimony-and you can try it all over again. Three cheers for the respectable 'squirrel-cage'! But—with a woman—like me—"

She paused, and Vance found him-

self listening intently.
"We love," she finally added, "chief-"We love," she finally added, "chiefly because of 'trifles light as air.' We demand nothing. How can we? So we give everything. Why-" suddenly Howard heard a queer catch in her breath—"this man I love—this man, I say—sometimes I sit in my room nights, and think and think of the quick way he has of twisting his tie, of going through his pockets for change; of the lift of his lip if a dish is distasteful to him; the way he snaps ink off his pen, and brushes and brushes that stickup lock of his hair—what is the matter?"

"T_"

But Vance did not hear Bettina's re-He was repeating Cynthia's words: "the quick way he has of twisting his tie . . . going through his pockets for change . . . the lift of his lip . . . the way he brushes and brushes that lock of hair!"

They both had it—that stubborn lock,

and those identical ways; he and his brother, the blue-eyed engineer; his brother, Allen! And Bettina thought-

Vance stood in a kind of suspended Then, automatically, he savagery. touched a letter in his upper coat pocket. Allen had asked again for Cynthia's address. But Bettina always insisted that Cynthia wished no one to know of her whereabouts; so in his replies Howard had tactfully omitted to touch upon that subject. Now, he wondered grimly, what had possessed the girl to hide away like this? . . . To close her mouth and allow the great sacrifice of woman to go on?

Then he recalled her words: Allen must "make his way." He "must not be hampered." . . . And the little son that had come would now never know what his father's horny fingers and harnessed brain had accomplished! . . . Vance all but snorted his disap-

proval.

Then he heard Bettina's voice. How small it sounded:

'Do you-know where this man is?" "Yes. Often I think I know exactly

what he is doing."

"And does he know where you are?" "Oh, no!" she just breathed, and Vance had an impression that she shrank suddenly. "That is why I am hiding. He may have heard. Such things travel so far-so fast. He still has his life to make, you know. And then—I am not sure—he may no longer care. If he does, he will find me again."

"But then it may be too late. He may

be married."

"I have thought of that. But there would be no 'too late' in that case. It would mean merely that I had come into his life too early.'

There was a pause. Vance walked nervously about. Finally Bettina spoke

again:

"I was wrong, Cynthia, in getting angry. I see now that you are a bigger woman than I. You have a bigger way of loving. The world, no doubt, would say you made a mistake in coming down here. But-I suppose the Zone lured you. Because he is here-

"He!" Howard heard Cynthia start. "Here, did you say? Oh, then, I must not see him! I-"

"You are in no danger of seeing him," Bettina interrupted calmly. "You know that quite well. You always time your visits to a hair."

"I don't-understand you," the other faltered. "You say he is here. And -I know he is in Minnesota building

a dam."

"His brother is," Bettina said freezingly. And in spite of his impulse to put things right, Vance found himself

standing stockstill, listening.

"Apparently you thought I would not recognize those 'little things' you spoke of," his wife continued. "Or did you wish me to recognize them? Howard's little habits to a T! The way he jerks his tie! The way he-"

"Bettina, you-little idiot!" Cynthia

interrupted.

"You are in love with my husband," she continued icily. "He owes you a

reparation that-that-"

"Stop, you little fool! Do you hear me?" Vance could tell (and he sincerely hoped) that Cynthia was shaking Bettina. "If you must know the truth, it is Howard's brother I am talking about. Howard's working, wonderful brother! Working this very moment thousands of miles away in a desert and making good, country,

Vance appeared suddenly in the door-

"I'd be inclined to say not," he announced drily, "judging from his letters." And as they stared at him in dumb silence, he added: "I've heard every word you said. I listened deliberately. Cynthia, if you have a cigarette left-thanks! Now, let me say a thing or two." He paused, and slowly reached for a match. "If you are still in love with that pup brother of mine-"

"Howard!" He laughed.

"If I didn't have a letter right here,"

he jerked it out of his pocket, "in which the-in deference to you, Cynthia, I'll call him by his Christian name-in which Allen uses two pages trying to trace you, I'd leave for the States yet to-night and find that-find my brother, and beat the mechanism out of him-

"No," she protested faintly. "You don't understand. Allen has his life to

make-"

"Piffle!" Vance snorted. me, Cynthia, but a lovely mess he's making of his 'life' without you! In my opinion, the quicker you can get out there the better! Here," tossing her the letter, "read that, and see for yourself."

She snatched the envelope hungrily. "If I had thought-" Vance continued, "but I never paid any attention to his whining. I always knew he wasn't fit to tie your shoe. And then"—he glanced at his wife—"the plain truth is, Cynthia, I was so wrapped up insomeone else that I suppose I didn't give a whoop for Allen's troubles!"

Bettina flushed a vivid red.

"Go send the cub a message," Vance added, "and make it pretty thick. Frankly I wouldn't give a cheer for all the worth he'll be to the Government or to himself or to anybody else until you come out-

"But-"

Howard raised his hand.

"All nonsense about his having his life to 'make' before he had it to 'lead'! Let me tell you, Allen will never make it until you lead him to it. Is that plain? Now, go answer that letter, and tomorrow we'll talk the whole thing over."

Cynthia was still staring at the en-

velope, as if hypnotized.

"It is his-handwriting!" she whis-

"Rather!" Vance laughed again. "He writes like a crab doing the grapevine twist."

"Where is it post-marked from?

What is he doing? What-"

"Oh, the dickens with you! morrow, I tell you, we'll talk about Allen until the air is as blue as his eyes. But I positively refuse—" He looked appealingly at Bettina. "Drive her out,

Bets," he pleaded.

"Get!" she commanded in Saxon. "Go into—any room until we come. Don't you see—"

Cynthia smiled.

"I see—everything," she said as she departed.

"Mighty fine little woman!" Vance remarked absently, after the door had closed upon her.

Some moments later he held Bettina a few inches from him and looked

searchingly into her eyes.

"You wonder!" he said gently. "My sweet, stabbed little woman! Do you

suppose you can ever love me as much as Cynthia loves that pup brother of mine?"

"I love you a million times more!" she declaimed indignantly. "Haven't you heard, Howard, that people who claim to love so madly very rarely—well, you know psychologists say that

they seldom love at all?"

Vance smiled. As he held her closer he tried to recollect something technical he had once read about cats. If his memory served him, they were of the genus *Felis*, from which the word, "femi—" But that was really quite unfair with Bettina's velvet arms sheathed about his neck!



ROSEMARY-FOR REMEMBRANCE

By Willard Wattles

WHEN I would go a-walking In springtime on the green As other hearty lads may do With loves to look and lean, There is a hand, a wasted hand That slips our hands between.

And when I bend above you
And lean to touch your lips,
Another face is lifted
As the white heron dips,
When all the sailor lads come home
Who man the lonely ships.

And were we two together Too close to breathe or stir, With stars our wakeful candles Upon strewn boughs of fir, I could not lie beside you And not remember her.



A WOMAN'S idea of martyrdom is to make her husband promise not to drink his head off after she is dead.

SCRAMBLED EGGS

By Lawton Mackall

E USTACE was a thorough gentleman. There was candor in his quack, and affability in his waddle; and underneath his snowy down beat a pure and sympathetic heart. In short, he was a most exemplary duck.

Or rather, to be more correct, a drake: for he was a husband, and the

proud father of several eggs.

He admired his wife tremendously. "Gertrude," he said to her one day, as he squatted beside the nest in his burdock home, "you are certainly a wonderful female to have laid those eggs. I can't tell you how I respect you for what you have done."

"That's all very well," she replied, preening herself coolly, "but I notice you never offer to sit on them."

Eustace was taken aback. "Surely you wouldn't expect me to do that!" he said.

"I don't see why not. I've been sitting here for over two weeks, and now it seems only fair that you should take your turn."

"But, my dear girl," he protested, "it would never do! It would look unmanly. Think how Clarence would

crow over me!"

"That's it!" she said scornfully.
"That's the way it is with you drakes!
You haven't the spunk to do what you ought to, for fear some old libertine of a rooster will make fun of you!"

"But, darling, . . . "

"Oh you males! You expect a female to give up everything for mother-hood, and yet you aren't willing, or are afraid, to do anything to make her life endurable!"

"But I should think you would be happy, with such beautiful eggs as

these," he ventured in a conciliatory tone. "Look at Martha: *she* seems quite blissful over hers, and yet they aren't nearly as large or as white."

This allusion had just the wrong effect. "Now don't try to set up that stupid hen as an example for me!" she snapped indignantly. "All her life she's done nothing but lay eggs and sit on them. And what is the result?—she hasn't an idea in her head,—no, not even sense enough to know that Clarence is carrying on disgracefully with other chickens."

Eustace, feeling uncomfortable, tried to interpose a pacifying remark, but

she did not give him a chance.

"It's females like that who have kept our sex in subjection. But I'm not one of them, let me tell you. I believe in a communal incubator."

"Yes, dear,—such a thing might be very convenient, if it were once established,—though I fear it would lack the personal touch. But for the time being, since there isn't any communal incubator, your duty is to sit on your eggs"

eggs."
"My duty! How about my duty to myself? Don't you suppose that my nature demands any higher fulfillment than this?" Rustling her feathers pet-

ulantly, she got up.

"Stop!" he cried. "You shall not desert our eggs! I have acceded to your other modernisms—your coop-reform theories, your sex-education for ducklings; I have even come out openly for the single standard of morality;—but this thing I will not tolerate!"

"You'd like me to be an insipid nestwarmer like Martha, wouldn't you? Well, I won't, now. I intend to know life!" And, with a defiant waggle of her tail, she departed, to undertake re-

search in distant puddles.

Eustace felt stunned. He was so dazed that he allowed a luscious black beetle, that crawled past within easy range, to proceed on its way ungobbled. Poor, forlorn eggs, he thought, children of an unnatural mother, they were too young to realize that they had been forsaken!

Pity overcame his pride: he sidled over and sat on them. They felt rather cosy and comforting, pressing thus snugly against his paternal breast. He spread out his feathers lovingly.

He would sit here for a while, he thought, as he craned his neck this way and that to be sure that no one was looking,—yes, he would sit here till Gertrude returned, and then he would do what he could to make things up again. After all, there was a good deal in what she had said. She had had a hard time, sitting still for so many days, and he ought to be willing to . . .

"Er-ur-er-ur-errr!" crowed an inso-

lent voice, startlingly near by.

Clarence! Eustace hopped off the eggs as though they were live coals. Hastily snapping up something from the ground, he began gulping it assiduously, with much show of hunger. But his success was not great, for it was a rubber washer and proved to be more pliable than swallowable.

Clarence came swaggering up with, "Hello, Eustace, old boy! Say, did you see a good-looking blonde pullet go

past here?"

Eustace laid down the washer and

answered stiffly, "No."

"Well, you needn't act so sanctimoniously about it," said the rooster with a leer. "You may fool your wife with your righteous air, but you can't fool me!" He gave Eustace a sly dig in the wishbone.

"Clarence," said the other with dignity, "there are some things which, I fear, we shall never regard in the same

light."

The rooster burst into a jeering gurgle, flapping his wings with merriment.

"Oh, I forgot,—you're one of those single standard cranks. Well, no wonder you're henpecked!" Just then he caught sight of the nest. "Been sitting on the eggs, like a well-trained husband?"

"No. Certainly not!" stammered Eustace, overcome with mortification.

Clarence, not to be hoodwinked with such a feeble denial, only chortled the more scoffingly. He would have continued his gibes, but for the sudden appearance of the blonde pullet. "Ah, there she is!" he exclaimed abruptly,

and strutted off after her.

The frame of mind in which Eustace now found himself was not a pleasant one. "I suppose the old scoundrel will tell everybody he caught me sitting on the eggs!" he reflected. "And how those gossipy Guinea fowls will carry on when they hear it!" He picked up the washer again and chewed it malevolently—nyap, nyap, nyap, nyap—ulp!—out it flipped. Oh, what was the use of anything anyhow? Casting one look at the eggs that had been the innocent authors of his undoing, he waddled sadly away and buried his dejected head in the depths of the frog pond.

When, several hours later, he returned home, he found Gertrude already there. She was in the best of spirits. "What do you think," she said breathlessly, "my theories are

working out!"

But he hardly heard her. He was staring blankly at the nest. It was empty. The beautiful white eggs were gone.

"What have you done with our poor

unhatched children?" he gasped.

"Nothing," she replied calmly. "I was just going to tell you: they have been taken to the communal incubator."

'What!-Who took them?"

"I don't know."

"Then how do you know where they

are gone?"

"By intuition, you stupid. How else should you expect me to know?—It just *had* to come. I've been predicting it all along."

"I only hope nothing serious has

happened to them," he said earnestly.
"Nonsense!" she replied. Then she
went on triumphantly, "Think what it
will mean for them. They will be
hatched scientifically, eugenically. And
when our little girls grow up—for some
of them may be girls—they will be
free women; they will enjoy the happiness of motherhood without its
drudgery."

Eustace did not share her enthusiasm. He felt anxious and lonesome.

A week later, the whole barnyard was agog with the news that Martha had hatched out a brood of ducklings.

Gertrude veiled her disappointment over there being really no communal incubator, by remarking sarcastically to her husband, "Well, a hot-nurse is the next best thing, and Martha makes an excellent one. It's all she's capable of."

"But do you think people will understand?" asked Eustace uneasily.

"All who keep abreast of the times will."

But gossip was rife. The Guinea hens started it, jabbering most scurrilously; the geese prated of it to the turkeys, who held up their feathers in genteel horror at the thought of such a scandal; and a pair of puritanical doves, looking down disapprovingly from a high gable, puffed themselves out with self-righteousness and murmured thanks be to heaven that they had always kept aloof from everybody else.

When the news reached Clarence, he left off flirting with his newest affinity and stalked home in a towering rage. He found Martha sitting on a batch of eggs, while round about her pattered the furnity little deal-line.

the furry little ducklings.

"Faithless wife!" he cried. "Go! Never let me see your beak again! And take your web-footed brats with you!"

The hen was in a pitiable flutter of distress. "I am innocent," she clucked. "I have been true to you. I really don't know how it happened. Revile me and peck me, if you have stopped loving me,—but, oh, don't drive me away from my eggs before they are hatched!"

"Go!" he reiterated, shaking his comb at her. "You're not fit to have the custody of them!"

The poor flustered thing got up, all atremble. She called despondently to her foster children, who toddled after her as she departed.

"Now for that villain of a drake!" thought Clarence, and he set out in

search of Eustace.

The father of the ducklings was at that moment in the middle of the pond, regaling himself upon a lucky find of frog's-egg tapioca. As he swallowed the succulent globules his neck writhed in contortions of joy.

"Hah! you guzzling hypocrite!"

cried a voice.

Eustace looked up. There on the bank was Clarence, pacing to and fro in a fury.

"Come out on shore, you whited

sepulcher!"

The full horror of his situation dawned on him. Here was he, despite his conscientious integrity, accused of a most heinous sin,—and, worst of all, accused by *Clarence!*

Interested spectators began to assemble on the bank. Eustace became a center of attention. And the rooster

continued to rail and threaten.

"Oh, if I could only get at you!—
you with your single standard!"

That was a bombshell. "Shut your bill, you liar!" shouted Eustace, as, with a vigorous kick of his foot, he wheeled away from the tapioca and started for the shore.

Gertrude, arriving on the scene with a flying scuttle, beheld her hero paddling resolutely to land. How proud she was to see him face that big prize fighter! But, determined that they should not come to blows, she rushed up behind Clarence and honked in his ear, "I laid those eggs, you blustering fool. Martha merely sat on them. She would sit on anything."

"What-what's that?" asked the

startled rooster.

"Martha would sit on anything," repeated the amazon. "I can prove it.
—Stand back, Eustace!—Here she

comes now. I'll make her sit on that stone." She indicated a smooth white pebble that was somewhat oval in shape.

As she spoke, the forlorn hen drew near, followed by the ducklings. They trailed along after her like a train of

"Shameless female!" muttered Clar-

But she, keeping her eyes dejectedly on the ground, did not notice him, nor

anyone else.

Gertrude stationed herself by the pebble. As Martha passed by, she said, in a tone of politeness, "Excuse me,

but you dropped an egg."
Martha stopped. "Oh, did I?" she "Thank you, thank said gratefully. you for telling me. I'm so bewildered I hardly know what I'm doing.—Ah, the poor little thing is all cold!" she

added, sitting compassionately upon the pebble; while, unobserved by her, the ducklings tobogganed down the bank into the water.

Gertrude eyed the rooster witheringly. "Whom are you going to fight with about this egg?" she demanded.

"Well, I'll be fricasseed!" said Clar-Then he turned to the drake. "Eustace, I apologize. And I don't mind saying that you have a remarkably clever wife."

'She's the most wonderful female in the world!" assented Eustace fer-

"However," added the rooster, "there are compensations about having a dull one." For among the crowd of onlookers his eye had just fallen upon a little bantam lady whom he had never seen before.



RESURGAM

By Seumas O'Sullivan

WILL not have your scorn, immortal voices, Not yet the sunset sees my sails unfurled, The torturing fire wherein my heart rejoices Makes dim the radiance of your tearless world.

For I have fought the old Formorian battle, And when the shafts of light on darkness hurled, I too have driven the herds of phantom cattle Over the darkened ridges of the world.

I too have come with laughter and with singing Out of the winter of the darkened earth, To greet the earth divine, sweet mother bringing The infant herald of the world's rebirth.

These eyes will find again the light denied them, And at the ancient fount undimmed and pure Will find some young eternal joy to guide them To where the ribald feasters shout secure.



COME INTO MY PARLOR

By Robert Garland

CHE was plain. Plain as a pipestem; so said Opinion. A very nice girl; homely, my dear, but affluent.

Minority spoke of her plainness as Lincolnesque, which savored of strength and worth and character. It is unfortunate that the voice of Minority is faint. Majority, on the other hand, spoke forcibly. It counted her freckles aloud, every one of them, while the universe paused to listen. It pointed out the ugly redness of her hair. But even Majority couldn't deny the beauty of her eyes, nor overlook the tender firmness of her mouth.

That her surname should have been Smith was a misadventure amounting almost to disaster; but here Opinion saved the day, saying that her father's millions ran into three figures. These three figures helped matters a great

To her, Medford Springs was dull and profitless. The hotel was filled to overflowing with old men, old women, and frumps. The old men patted her This enraged her. The old women patronized her. This annoyed her. And the frumps displayed their fancy-work, and this drove her

The hotel lies in the bottom of a shallow bowl scooped out of the Pennsylvania hills. This morning the mountain air was still. A band was playing "La Bohême" in the colonnaded passageway that cuts the lawn in two. The sound of the music drifted as far as the bench around the sulphur spring where Mary sat. She liked "Bohême," so sat with hands clasped, listening to the music. It mingled pleasantly with the odor from the sulphur spring. But,

despite all this, Opulence was bored. The old women sat on the piazza. They sat in rows, like cabbages in a garden. They knit, or basted, or did whatever it is that old ladies do. As they worked, they discussed Mary Smith with the frumps. What the woman needed was a man; so said Old Age. The frumps agreed so readily that you might have thought them jealous. As usual, Old Age was quite correct. Opulence, seated in plain sight by the sulphur spring, had come to the same conclusion. As it puffed away at a cigarette, Opulence knew that what it needed was a man, and scored one on the frumps by telling itself that his name was Ben.

The love-music from the third act of "La Bohême" came drifting across the sun-flecked lawn. Opulence became a bit less bored. It leaned back languidly. It sighed luxuriously, as wholesouled a sigh as there ever was. And, as if in reply, from somewhere near at hand there came a laugh. A well-modulated laugh it was, wholesouled, to match the sigh, of Southern parentage, you would have said. Nonetheless, Opulence didn't move. It sat quite still until the final chords were reached, waiting until these died away in the sunny sum-

Then the Daughter of Millions

"Ben, how are you?"

The tone was casual, not to say fortuitous. The D. of M. didn't so much as turn her head. Whoever this Ben might or mightn't be, he didn't seem to interest Mary Smith. Said Opinion: This certainly couldn't be the necessary man of whom Old Age had spoken. Although one of the frumps all but toppled from the piazza in an effort to see, although the knitters' stitches dropped like April showers, there was absolutely nothing to talk about. The couple by the spring didn't so much as shake hands. The Piazza was having a most unsatisfactory time.

But, despite the Piazza, it was Mary's much needed man who stood before her. Calmly and thoroughly, she took him in. She looked him up; she looked him down. She inspected

him minutely.

He was an eminently acceptable person; Opulence admitted that. His close-cropped hair was just a little curly and of nocturnal blackness. His eyes were brown and likable. He was slim and tall; wore clothes you didn't notice. His manner was disinterested. Opinion had it that he was poor and trying to get through college. This was all Opinion seemed to know.

Surely no one could deny that during certain hours of the day and night he was partly visible above the "desk" of the hotel at the Springs. You went into the office, and there he was. You asked for your novel, your knitting, or your nougat, and, more than likely, he passed it to you with a smile. He wasn't there for the pleasure of the thing, naturally. So, concluded Logic, he must be poor. Wasn't he from Baltimore? Or was it Buffalo? A very polite young man, and always prompt about the mail.

Meantime, the very polite young man stood smiling into the eyes of

Opulence.

"Well, Ben," said Mary Smith.

Ben, bromidic Ben, began: "Hello, Mary, is that you?"

"No," responded Mary, caustically. "Behold Belshazzar!"

He sat beside her.

Said the Piazza: A pretty picture,

Poverty and Wealth.

Said Poverty: "It's beyond me why you sit here day after day, with sulphur penetrating to your immortal soul. You might as well spend the summer in a match factory."

Wealth, to its credit, ignored the re-

tort obvious.

"It keeps the people away," said Wealth, truthfully. "If I must be bored, I'd rather bore myself."

"Why don't you learn to knit?"

Wealth turned a metaphoric back, and whistled. This, said the Piazza, is a thing no real lady does. Lady or no lady, Wealth whistled shrilly, all out of tune. Looking at Poverty, Wealth saw that it was good. Its excellence was apparent, passing muster easily. Poverty, for once, appeared desirable. It was hatless. Flannels clothed it decently. "Alice in Wonderland" was beneath its arm. Opulence sighed, inwardly. Poverty must be mine, it told itself, hoping, as an afterthought, that dear papa would be pleased.

Wealth turned on Poverty. "Will you climb yon pearly peak with me?" it asked. Yon pearly peak was neither peaked nor pearly, but Wealth chose to be facetious. Before Poverty could reply, Wealth changed its key, and went on with the intermezzo. "Please do, Ben, I want to tell you something, something that . . ." Well might Wealth hesitate, knowing what it had to tell. Even Opulence must have a little modesty! After a momentary pause it demanded lamely: "Will you

go?"

So, of course, they went, leaving the Piazza meat for its morning meal. During the climb they, like the Walrus and the Carpenter, talked of many things; of books and Ben and Baltimore and other sensible subjects such as can be discussed with impunity between Poverty and Wealth. The day was warm. The way was steep. But the summit was reached at last. They sat side by side, as children sit, on the steps of the old and weather-worn observatory. A pleasant study in Utopia, this; Opulence and Penury, thick as thieves.

She turned and looked at him in a way he had never before seen a woman look. She was almost beautiful. The

marvel of it astonished him; he couldn't believe his eyes. It struck him all of a heap. The pipestem theory was smashed to smithereens; Minority's Lincolnesqueness came rushing to the fore. At the bottom of each well-like eye there shone a radiant star.

"Ben," her voice was 'cello-like, pitched very low. "Do you care for me

at all?"

"Do I care? How can you ask that, Mary? I care more for you than for any woman I've ever known. You've been a ripping friend to me." And, being such a boy, he added: "If I had a sister I'd want her to be just like you."

Mary didn't want to be a sister to him, so slipped her hand in his. And this made it very difficult for her to

go on

But, after a moment, she spoke his name. Her tone was soft and low, perhaps a little throaty. Her hand trembled as it lay in his; the pressure that he gave it made it tremble all the more. Never before had Wealth offered itself to Poverty, that was certain. Even the birds circling overhead witnessed the scarcity of Wealth's technique. A worm that crawled across the path—a large green fuzzy worm—saw that Wealth found the undertaking difficult to carry through. When at a loss for words, go directly to the point; thus Opulence addressed itself. Get to the point, my girl, it said.

The girl in question took a deep breath, closed her eyes, and "Ben, do you know that I love you?" she asked, landing firmly on the point. Well, that's over, thank heaven. The wheel of fortune is whirling like a Dervish. The game's been called; it is to win or

lose.

Poverty was taken by surprise. "This is so sudden," it replied.

"Tut!" said plain Mary Smith, plainly. "You'd make an ideal husband. If we were married—you and I—I'd be deliriously demented all the time. We—I'd be very happy. I love you, you

silly boy. I love you. Don't you understand?"

Poverty, apparently, didn't understand

"I'll be a brother to you," it said.

But Wealth went on its way, ignoring interruptions, knowing that she who hesitates is lost. "Stupid, stupid boy, won't you understand? I—love—you." This, surely, was not to be mistaken. Plain English, clear as day; nothing amphibolous here. "If I'd written this to you, you wouldn't have replied. I'm very, very rich; that is, papa is, you know, and you've told me that you are very poor. I thought, perhaps, that kept you silent; that's why I spoke. I took the chance; a fighting chance, you see, but still a chance. I had the right, you know I had the right."

"Yes," said Ben. "God knows you

had the right."

"Sometimes I thought you loved me. And then, again—Don't you love me,

Ben? Say you do."

Far back in the forest a bird gave a harsh, ugly cry. The entire flock darted through the trees, then dropped to the valley below. They pretended to watch, hand in hand. For a long moment neither spoke.

At last Mary broke the silence, but, somehow, hope seemed to have fled. Her voice was flat and toneless. "My father is rich; can't I buy you with that?" She smiled, ever so faintly, at the jest, but Ben was very grave. "Think of all the things money makes possible. Music. Books. London: Chelsea Embankment in the mist, the glare of Piccadilly after dark. Paris; the opera and the boulevards at night. The glory of Swiss sunsets. Etna, white against the soft Sicilian sky. The tinkling temple bells of Japan." she had to offer was there before him. She displayed her wares, one by one, and yet he did not speak. "Think, Ben, of all the things you want, and cannot get; of all the places you fairly ache to see, and yet have never seen." Fortune's wheel was slowing down, but there was still a chance to win. "You're

the only man I ever wanted, Ben, my dear, and how I do want you! Don't

you love me at all?"

She was crying, openly, quite unashamed. Wealth, Power, Opulence—call it what you will!—was in despair. Poverty, clad in flannels, held the situation, could halt the revolving wheel at any number it saw fit. Poverty, the Underdog, had got its day, and yet it was some time before the Underdog could speak. He gazed with unseeing eyes into the distance, which, of a sudden, had grown hazily dim. Spears of sunlight danced before his eyes.

"I'm afraid I don't love you, Mary dear," he told her, very gently, "that is, not in the way you want. I like you awfully, honestly I do, but as for love—I've never given love a thought, not in all my life. And as for the money, that doesn't matter in the least, one way or the other. It never has. It

never can."

Fortune's wheel had stopped at last, and Wealth had lost. But Wealth could wait. Another day would come, and then, perhaps—well, who could tell? So it argued, forcing back the tears. Then, in an illuminating flash, Wealth saw itself for what it was; a womanvery much a woman-longing for a Certain Man, a Certain Man who did not love her. A charming situation, A delectable tit-bit for the Piazza. He didn't love her, that was a He'd told her so; wasn't certainty. that enough? "I'm afraid I don't love you, Mary dear," he'd said. was no getting around that.

Each moment of this talk had been an hour of agony to her, so she

brought it to an end.

"Will you kiss me just once, boy dear? Then we'll go back to where we were, or as near to where we were as we can. You to your desk and your studies; I to my books, they're all I have to really interest me. You'll almost forget, and I—I'll try to."

The shadow of a cloud swept across the valley and climbed the mountainside. Poverty leaned over and kissed

Wealth on the lips.

"Ben, darling."
"Mary."
Then they started down the hill.

II

The weeks dragged on listlessly. *Dolce far niente*, said Opinion, having traveled abundantly.

In the morning, at the unearthly hour of ten, the Piazza collected in the colonnade about the ancient spring, discussing its several complaints, for-tissimo. The knitters knit not. The frumps' fancy-work became a thing of naught. The old men emerged from a mysterious aloofness referred to by the Piazza as Golf-or-the-Smoking-Room. Stomach came into its own. You learned that, owing to the magic waters, Fat was getting lean; that Lean was getting fat. And, in the evening, the Piazza auctioned with the old men, surrounded by a silence you could feel. In the ballroom a few deserters tangoed with each other, and discretion.

So things went. A nice, quiet existence, asserted Opinion. Much more

restful than St. Moritz.

Then, on top of a telegram, Midas motored down from Pittsburgh. The father of Wealth arrived with one secretary, two motor-cars, much luggage, and servants galore. Except for the accessories, Midas didn't look the part. A simple soul; you never would have guessed. Wealth, gowned becomingly in blue, met him at the gate; hugged him mightily. "Like the bear at the zoo," suggested Midas, "and just as public." A charming scene, thought the Piazza, looking on. A little overdone, perhaps, but charming, nonetheless.

Mary changed her entire scheme of things for the new arrival. She adored this man who had been born a gentleman and had achieved millions, a heret of ore unprecedented combination. Boredom, like the cowardly ghost it is, disappeared before the light. She rode with him before breakfast, motored and golfed with him during the day,

and "hesitated" with him, and Ben, at night. Midas took an immediate liking to Ben, and, probably through the influence of his daughter, offered him an excellent position with his firm. Pov-

erty refused, with thanks.

This is how things stood on a hot afternoon toward the end of August. It was piping hot. Bengal heat, said Opinion, moving bedward. Thermology, hat in hand, bowed low before the temperature. There was scarcely a breath of air, and even the thermometer had sensibly retired from the field of endeavor. All the ailing stomachs had been put to bed. Midas had gone motoring, but Wealth, pleading a headache, had stopped behind. Wealth was seated by the sulphur spring. In its lap was Mr. Bernard Shaw. Wealth and Socialism held the field until Poverty appeared on the far horizon. Wealth sent up appealing signals of distress. A shameless proceeding, but successful. Poverty, in high feather, responded promptly, coming nobly to the rescue.

Wealth, with Mr. Shaw in one hand and Poverty in the other, started along the winding path that leads to the golf course. A few pasteboard clouds floated lazily in a Maxfield Parrish sky, and were reflected in the lake that nestled in the hills. The odor of pine

trees was in the air.

"Did you ever hear of a man named Shaw?" asked Wealth. You would have said that the casualness was slightly forced.

Sure," responded Poverty, with boyish vigor. "He played halfback

Wealth made a silencing gesture, imperatorial, superb. "Nothing so intellectual as that," it said. "He merely has written several plays, among which is one called 'Man and Superman.'"

"Oh," murmured Poverty, all interest dying from its voice. The supermannerisms of Shaw did not appeal.

"Sit with me on this nearby bench," Wealth bantered. "I'm going to read to you."

Poverty rebelled. "If you stood behind a desk for half the day answering

the fool questions of water-logged idiots, you'd want to walk instead of-"

"Sit down!"

He sat, and began to vocalize. Thus he specified it. This will never do, thought Wealth. Besides being rude, which didn't really matter, it was distinctly unpleasant, suggesting Billy Murray on a cracked record.

"If you attempt to sing, I'll read you the entire play, preface and all," threat-

ened Mary Smith.

Poverty became inaudible; silent as the grave. Its arietta stuck crosswise

in its throat.

Wealth opened its book in a stillness unbelievable. When it spoke, sotto voce, it sounded vociferous, stentorophonic. But, having cleared its throat, as it were, it could do nothing but proceed. The Rubicon already lay behind. "'. . . So your Don Juan has come to birth as a stage projection of the tragiccomic love chase of the man by the woman; and my Don Juan'-that's you, Ben-'is the quarry instead of the huntsman.' "

"Do tell," said Ben.

Mary continued with outward calmness, but the roar of burning bridges was in her ears. "'It is assumed that the woman must wait motionless until she is wooed. Nay! She often does wait motionless. That is how the spider waits for the fly. But-""

"Pretty, but I don't know what it

means," chanted Ben.

Irritating, admitted Wealth, inwardly, but interruptions had better be ignored. A thoroughly clever spider, having screwed its courage to the sticking point, would spin on till the end. Wealth spun on. "'But the spider spins her web. And if the fly shows a strength that promises to extricate him, how swiftly does she abandon her pretense of passiveness, and openly fling coil after coil about him until he is secured forever." There was a momentary pause, then: "What do you think of that, Mr. Fly?" she asked.

"Rot!" said Mr. Fly.

"Now, Benjamin," said the Spider,

seriously, "listen closely to what I have to say, and remember that I mean it with all my heart and soul. I brought you here to tell you that, like the bogy man, I'm a-goin' to git you if you don't watch out. In fact, I'm a-goin' to git you whether you watch out or not. So don't you dare say I didn't warn you."

She handed him her well-thumbed copy of "Man and Superman." He took the book between thumb and fore-finger, and held it far away from him

as if it were a bomb.

"Keep that book," she said, "and read it. In it you will find the rules of the game I'm about to play."

Poverty noticed Wealth's seriousness,

and wondered.

"Now," concluded Wealth, in the tone of one emerging triumphantly from a trying situation, "let us change the subject and speak of something that really interests you. Who won yesterday's singles?"

"I think the fellow's name—" Mid-summer madness, this.

Wealth, its father, one secretary, two motor-cars and all the accessories left for Pittsburgh early the following morning. It did not so much as bid Ben good-bye. Poverty was, it said, nonplussed for the nonce. But even Poverty felt sure that Wealth had quite made up its mind.

$\Pi\Pi$

So, after a peaceful interlude, Poverty added up its books, packed its bag, and went back to Baltimore with "Man and Superman" beneath its arm.

The Fly enjoyed his return to college life. He studied hard, did hackwork for the newspapers, and, when he slept, dreamed chaotically of spiders, flies and Mr. Bernard Shaw. He wrote to Mary Smith several times,—three, to be exact. She did not answer. If that was the way she felt about it, very well!

But, on the other hand, he experienced a vague and incomprehensible unrest; an unrest he could not quite define. An absurd sense of threatening disaster took possession of him. He felt as if some strong force were working mysteriously within him. The face of a rather plain young woman came constantly before him. Two remarkable eyes gazed at him from his books until the printing disappeared.

He didn't know what was wrong. He scarcely realized that anything was wrong until, one gray November day, a letter arrived from Pittsburgh. This letter explained the situation; made it as clear as day. He sat in his tiny room, reading and re-reading it.

"Dear Ben," it began, in Mary's large and entirely unaffected writing, "I suppose you'll think me a most unstable female when I tell you that I'm going to be married. After the poignantly dramatic scene to which I treated you that day on the mountain, this news may cause you to doubt my sincerity at the time. I assure you that I meant it all—then. But, while thinking of the man I'm going to marry, it came upon me, quite suddenly, how wrong was my entire point of view. Oh, Ben, if you could only realize how happy I am, and how happy I'm going to be! This letter, if such it can be called, is comparatively easy for me to write from my knowledge of the way in which you care for me. I know I'm not your kind of woman."

Dry-eyed, apathetic, Ben stared out over the expressionless chimney pots. All the pent-up love of the past three months overwhelmed him. He could not think, but without thinking he knew that he loved this woman; that she was the only woman he could ever love. And she was to marry some one else.

"Not care for her!" he breathed, head in hands, "she says I do not care. Not my kind of woman. Good God!"

Ben left for Pittsburgh on the 8.55. All through the endless night he gazed with half-seeing eyes out of the window of the super-heated day-coach. Every light that flashed past the misty window seemed to mock him. The long

periods of darkness left him longing

for the deriding lights.

Several times he fell into a broken sleep, to be rudely awakened by the jolting train, every muscle aching from the uncomfortable position he was forced to assume. At last, daylight brought a slight relief. Pittsburgh was reached just as he thought he could stand the strain no longer. Smoke and mist hung heavy over the skyline. The city lights still burned.

Wealth met him at the station, emerged phantom-like from the gray November dawn. He looked tired and wan, and very miserable. Mary's heart went out to him as she gave him both her hands. She searched deep within his sullen eyes. The night's journey told terribly upon him, but Mary understood. It's a habit women have.

"Ben," was her sole greeting; that is, with her lips. She didn't appear surprised at seeing him. Ben was so astonished that he couldn't speak. She led him to a motor-car pulsing near the curb. He shivered in the dampness. She noticed how weak he was, and wrapped him in Midas' great fur coat.

The chauffeur had tucked them beneath the rugs before Ben spoke. "How on earth—why—Mary, you know all I want to ask."

Wealth looked the other way.

"There's time for all that later on," she put him off. To tell the truth, she couldn't speak just then. Not a word was said until the park was reached. She then explained, or thought she did. "When you got my letter, I thought you'd come by the first train, so I took the chance—it wasn't such a big chance after all—and came to meet you. So here I am." Realizing how banal the finish was, she added: "How are you, Ben? You don't look very well."

If he heard her question, which is doubtful, he didn't answer. This Spider was too deep for him. He felt instinctively that she had caught him in her web, but he didn't see the reason why. He couldn't understand the turn affairs had taken. All he understood

was that she was to be married, to be married to some one else; that he loved her, and had discovered his love too late. And, notwithstanding, she had come to meet him. No, he didn't understand. His brain was fagged. He couldn't think clearly, try as he might. But he was glad that she was there beside him.

They were silent for a time. Wealth could not speak; Poverty knew not what to say. The motor-car drove on through the translucency of the smoky mist

When he spoke he went directly to the point.

"When are you to be married, Mary?"

She thought for a moment.

"Within a month. Perhaps sooner."
"A month—?"

"Yes, if everything goes as I expect."
"I trust you'll be happy." His voice
was a bit husky as he added, for want
of something else to say, "Very happy."

"I expect to be. I love the man

very much."

Ben couldn't answer this. It was hard for the unsuspecting Fly. So he stared out at the dripping trees, silhouetted against the dawn. The river drive was reached before he broke the silence. "When your letter came, I read it many times. All at once, like a flash in the dark, I knew that I loved you, that I must always love you. I knew that you—"

He paused for a while. Even a Fly must be manly, especially when he doesn't feel so. The only sound was the humming of the driving chains. The chauffeur turned into the speedway, deserted in the early morning

murkiness.

"I don't know why I came," he went on, almost as if talking to himself. "There isn't any reason; no reason at all, except that I love you, which isn't any reason—now. Since I've been away from you I've been terribly lonely. At first I didn't know what the matter was. I've never been much of a Don Juan, you know. But it was you I was longing for. Each day I grew more sure

of it, but I wouldn't admit it, even to myself. Each day I knew less what to do. Then your letter came, andwell, I had to see you before you were married, Mary dear. I love you so."

She slipped her hand in his as she had done that day on the mountain, which, to them both, seemed years ago. "Benny-boy, you remember that day I gave you 'Man and Superman'; the day I told you I was going to fight for you. Ever since that day I've been fighting myself, and it hasn't been easy, for I knew it was a losing fight. My love for you was unconquerable, is still unconquerable, and always will be. So I wrote that letter to bring you to me."

"It was a great success," said Ben. "Something had to be done," Mary went on. "There was no use dilly-dallying any longer. I knew that if you'd learned to love me it would bring you. If you hadn't learned to love me, then nothing mattered." Wealth sighed, and, pressing the hand of Poverty, repeated softly, "Nothing mattered." Poverty sat still, not quite comprehending.

The lights along the way were pale as the moon at dawn. Ben counted them dully, one by one, as they passed the window of the car. He spoke stupidly, as if waking from a tangled dream. "But you said you were going to be married."

Mary smiled. It was a Mona Lisa

sort of smile.

"I am," she said, with deep conviction. "I am, dear boy, to you."

At last the simple truth of the entire matter came to him, all at once, as truth often comes. He gasped with the wonder of it, and the joy. "And

there never was another man? Never?"

"There never could have been; there never can be." Wealth laughed, a quiet, contented little laugh. "I told you I was going to get you, and I have. You remember what I read you about the spider and the fly." Her triumph seemed complete.

"And that dreadful letter?"

"Part of the Spider's game," said Mary Smith. "A decoy hung in my web to entice a lumpish little Fly."

The Fly looked at the Spider and

smiled.

"And I'm such an absurdly happy little Fly," he said. "I shall never feel sorry for a fly again." His arm, which lay along the back of the seat, dropped to her shoulders.

"Mary, my Mary."

"Benny-boy."

The sun peeped over the horizon and began to drive away the mist. Ben looked up, sidewise, and smiled. He was very happy now. His weariness had fallen from him like a cast-off

"What are you thinking of?" he asked, hoping it was of him. But his

hopes were vain.

"Of a certain person by the name of Shaw," murmured Mary, her eyes

aglow.

"Huh!" said Ben, "he does know a thing or two, doesn't he?" The light of dawn was in his face; its peace was in his voice.

The Spider merely smiled her Mona Lisa smile. Picking up the speaking

tube, she placed it in his hand.

"Father is waiting for us," said Mary Smith. "Please tell the chauffeur that we are going home."



N the dictionaries love comes first, and then marriage, and then regret.



THE TWISTED INN

By Hugh Walpole

M. BANNISTER chose his carriage with some care. He was always careful in the train because if you had work to do it was obviously necessary to have the place to yourself — when people were talking

nothing could be done.

It was a dark, windy day in late November. The platform at King's Cross was nearly deserted, and it was all very cold and gloomy. The bookstall stared vacantly across the empty lines and its books and papers fluttered discontentedly as though they protested indignantly against their unhappy neglect—a porter pushed a load of luggage vacantly down the platform and ran into Mr. Bannister; he apologized still vacantly and passed on, dreaming.

Mr. Bannister chose his carriage—a dirty, unappetizing third class furnished with six highly colored representations of "The Spa Longton," "The Beach," "Hicheton-on-Sea," "The Station Hotel, Trament," "The High Street, Wotton"—illustrations that were neither

truthful nor entrancing.

Mr. Bannister was thin and wore glasses; he had high cheekbones and sandy hair—his eyes were pale gray, watery and red at the edges; his great-coat was threadbare and shiny, his collar was a little frayed and his trousers had never been intended to turn up. Mr. Bannister was a journalist.

Times were hard just then, and, to be strictly truthful, his meals had, of late, been desperately uncertain. On Monday there had been breakfast, on Tuesday lunch, on Wednesday an excellent supper, owing to the happy discovery of a new friend; but to-day there had, as yet, been nothing—he sat in the corner

of his carriage and thought of sausages.

During a year and a half he had worked on the Daily Post and pay had been, on the whole, regular. He was a hackeler and claim.

been, on the whole, regular. He was a bachelor and claims on his purse were few, so things had gone well with him.

But the Daily Post had found the world a cold and unfeeling place and had passed silently away, leaving very few to regret its departure. Mr. Bannister missed it very sincerely, and he discovered how hard life could be. Everything that he handled seemed to be a lost cause, and one paper after another faded away at his eager touch—he depended, eventually, for his living, on the crimes and misfortunes of his fellow men—the world seemed to his tired brain a procession of thieves and murderers with the divorce courts for a background.

To-day he was hurrying down to a little village in a remote part of Wiltshire to investigate a crime of the night before. It was an affair of the usual kind-a woman had been murdered and there were suspicions of a lover. Mr. Bannister went to it as he would to his bath or morning cigarette—to his heated brain murder was the game that everybody played; and he must be back again by the evening to report on a religious revival meeting in Clapham. The clouds were lifting-it was long since he had had two jobs in one day, and the Telegraph had given him both of them. The Telegraph was an excel-

lent paper.

They had told him that he must be prepared, if necessary, to sleep there during the night—it would be annoying if that were to happen—he would miss the revival. He determined, therefore,

to be as speedy as possible, and he would, he hoped, be able to catch the

four-thirty train back to town.

It was dark and stormy and the wind whistled outside the carriage—the scudding clouds seemed to catch the top of the trees and drag them in their own hurrying direction—but the riots clung to the gray earth and the furious heavens tossed the trees back again to their

original abiding-place.

Mr. Bannister's coat was thin and he shivered in his corner-it was too dark to see, and the train shook so that it was impossible to write; he flung his notebook down and stared moodily out of the window. He was very hungry and was inclined to regard the world as an evil place; his mind flew back to his younger days when his ambition had challenged heaven and his poverty had seemed certain proof of genius. He had breakfasted on Swinburne, lunched on Pater, and dined on Meredith-now his library had been sold to pay his debts and his debts were still unpaid; he was very hungry.

At a small wayside station there came an old woman—a very massive old woman with a bright print skirt of blue and an immense bosom; she had also a large basket, a bundle of sticks and a little boy. The basket and the sticks she placed carefully at her side; the boy she flung behind her—he fell into the corner and crouched there, against the

cushions, softly sobbing.

From her treatment of the boy Mr. Bannister concluded that she was cruel, and he hated her cruelty—so he looked at her sternly and frowned. She sat staring straight in front of her, her hands planted firmly on her knees—she

was an enormous woman.

It was growing very dark and horribly cold—it was curiously dark for that time of day, Mr. Bannister thought—moreover, the pangs of hunger came crowding upon him, and, to forsake their company, he plunged into conversation.

"It is strangely dark for the hour," he said, and he coughed nervously. But the woman made no reply; only the lit-

tle boy ceased his sobbing and sat up in his corner to stare amazedly at Mr. Bannister.

"It is a dreary day," he said with a little sigh—but perhaps the wind and the noise of the train had drowned his words, for she gave no answer and sat there without movement.

She was rude as well as cruel, he thought, and he leaned back in his corner and desolately thought of murders and religious meetings and the profitable emotions of highly strung people.

He sat thus for a very considerable time. The train rushed furiously forward, and the landscape grew darker and darker. "There must be a terrible storm coming," thought Mr. Bannister—he watched the ebony blackness of the sky, the dark wavering outlines of fantastic trees, the sudden whites and grays of spaces of cloud and the clear shining of sudden pools.

Within the carriage there was silence, and obscurity gathered in the corners and hid the colored views mercifully in its arms; the outline of the enormous woman was black against the window and the curve of her great basket stood out hooplike in front of her.

Every now and again the train stopped, but no one ever seemed to get in or out, and the desolate little stations with their pathetically neat gardens stared at the train forlornly as though they would have liked to stay and talk for a little time.

Mr. Bannister felt quite sorry for the little gardens—he was arriving at that state of worldwide sympathy consequent on an empty stomach. He was growing vaguely uneasy—he should surely have arrived at his destination some time before. He was afraid lest he should have passed his station, and so he spoke again to the woman.

"Can you tell me," he said politely, "whether we have passed Little Dutton? I am afraid that I must have

missed it."

But she did not answer him, and her silence frightened him so that he dared not speak to her again. The consequences of missing his stations would be very serious indeed at such a crisis in his affairs. There were plenty of other persons ready to take his place and the *Telegraph* could scarcely afford to pay men who missed their trains.

He could not understand the darkness. He had left King's Cross in the morning and, slow though the train had been, it could not be more than lunchtime now. But the carriage was most horribly dark, and only vaguely from beyond the window he caught distant outlines of trees and somber houses.

Then suddenly he saw a star. There could be no mistake. Vividly, brilliantly, it sparkled at him through the carriage windows. A star! Then the darkness was no pretense, no sudden and furious storm as he had supposed.

It was night.

But it couldn't be. He was to have arrived at Little Dutton before one, and now it was dark. Then there came to him the horrible certainty that he had slept—there could be no other possible explanation. He must have slept for hours, and Little Dutton must have been left, far, far behind. The horrible discovery left him breathless. He would have to pay for all those miles that he had traveled, and he had nothing to give for them. He had ten shillings; it had been in his eyes a treasure trove on which he would have many meals in the future, and now it must go to pay for a fruitless journey, and even then it would not be enough. He began to speak excitedly to the woman.

"I have slept — I must have been sleeping for hours. Look, there's a star —and I only left King's Cross an hour ago and it was morning. I must have passed Little Dutton hours ago. It is really dreadfully unfortunate—I can't think how it happened. I've never done anything like that before. But where are we going to now? Shall I be able to get out somewhere and change and be back in Little Dutton to-night? It's really most dreadfully important—I

haven't the least idea-"

And then suddenly the train stopped. Through the carriage window a station lamp gleamed mistily. The large woman collected hurriedly her basket, her sticks and her little boy and vanished through the door. Mr. Bannister hurriedly followed her.

He leaned out over the platform. It was a tiny wayside station with two lamps and a wild porter with a long beard. He cried discordantly: "All change! All change!" and rushed furiously up and down and looked into every carriage.

"All change!" he cried at Mr. Ban-

nister and hurried on.

So Mr. Bannister got out and faced the situation. His watch, he found, had stopped; it was bitterly cold and the wind drove furiously down the platform. Above his head the stars and a round-faced jesting moon watched him coldly and without feeling.

He grasped the porter by the arm and tried to explain the situation. "I want to get back to Little Dutton tonight—I must get back—it's very im-

portant."

"Little Dutton!" The porter looked at him and laughed in the depths of his beard. "Never heard of it. But you can't, anyhow. You can't get anywhere to-night. Six in the morning—"

"There are no trains!" Mr. Bannister stared at him miserably. "Oh, but that is most unfortunate. Then I must sleep here!" He thought dismally of his ten shillings and all the noble plans that had been nipped in the bud. "There is an inn?"

"Oh, yes," said the porter, and again he laughed. "Yes, there is an inn," and he passed off down the platform.

Mr. Bannister pulled his poor cloak more tightly about him and searched for a road. It was visible enough, stretching whitely for a time in front of him and then of a sudden fearfully black where the trees closed darkly in on it. Down this went Mr. Bannister and cursed himself for a fool. By an unnecessary and ill-judged sleep he had, perhaps, missed the turning point of his career, and how he was to get back in the morning he had no idea. It occurred to him as strange that the porter had never asked him for his ticket—

it was indeed a most fortunate chance and, at the thought of it, his spirits went up a great many degrees and he felt a little warmer.

He disliked the blackness of the road and fancied that he was followed. For a moment he stopped and listened to make sure, and it seemed to him that the footsteps also stopped. Then suddenly there flashed across the road in the moonlight a rabbit. His heart beat furiously and he almost screamed. Then the silence and the perplexing moonlight were too much for him, and he took to his heels and ran, panting, down the dark road.

The wind whistled as he ran—it caught his coat and wrapped it, confused, round his legs—it slapped him on the face and brought water to his

eyes.

Then, at a turn of the road, he came upon the inn. It stood out very plainly in the moonlight, and he wondered whether it was the brilliant white spaces and the dark caverns of shadows that gave it its strange appearance. For that it was strange there could be no question. It stood there on the edge of a wide and moonlit moor. There seemed to be no other houses near it. It was a thing of gables and overhanging eaves and large diamond-paned windows-it was strangely crooked in shape, and, looked at from the road, seemed to lean curiously to one side. There were lights in the lower windows and the door stood ajar. passed through it into the dim, uneven hall.

It was dark and musty, with a close, unpleasant feeling of closed windows—on his right the door was open and he turned into a small room, dusty, with the desolate air of a place long forsaken by human beings. Prim chairs of a faded pink chintz and hard little wooden legs, a round and shiny table, bare save for a little green worsted mat in the middle, and a stiff horsehair sofa were the only furniture of the room. On the walls there was nothing to hide the faded green of the wallpaper with the single exception of a large photo-

graph hanging by the door. Onto this the quivering light of a cracked lamp shining from the window sill flung an uncertain light. Mr. Bannister started at it with horror. It was the photograph of the large-bosomed woman in the train. She glared down at him as she had stared before into space—cold, menacing, horrible.

Then he found at his side a little man whom he knew to be the innkeeper—a man round as a ball, with a chubby face and bright brown buttons on his waist-

coat.

"I should like a bed," explained Mr. Bannister. "I have most unfortunately missed my train, and I cannot leave until five to-morrow morning. What are your charges?"

"The room will be three shillings—breakfast extra," said the little landlord—he had a voice like a chaffinch.

"And I will have some bread and cheese and beer," said Mr. Bannister.

"Could you tell me the time?"

The landlord looked at him—his eyes dilated, his cheeks grew white and his hand shook. Then he leaned forward as though he would whisper in Mr. Bannister's ear; then, as suddenly, he stepped back again, and vanished through the door out into the

passage.

Mr. Bannister chose one of the hard pink chintz chairs and waited for the bread and cheese. The room was a room of a thousand ghosts, and the lamp on the table created a shifting curtain of shadow that crept from corner to corner and stole, like the fingers of a gigantic hand, over the dark green wall. Through the little diamond-paned window glimmered the white expanse of the moor under the moon—a magic lake of frosted silver.

He felt very sleepy and hungry. He had no thought now of the expenses of to-morrow and of the letting slip of so great an opportunity. His one wish was for food and a splendid bed into which he might sink down, down, down, with the sheets billowing great waves about him, and so sail on a sea of dreams to a land where journalists were

kings and hunger was for those who deserved it.

The eyes of the photograph followed him round the room and he moved from one hard little chair to another in a hopeless attempt to avoid their gaze, but he gave it up and slipped back into his corner and closed his eyes. Soon his head was nodding and he thought that he slept-but it was a very confused sleep, for people came creeping into the room and out again, and he thought that they were bringing his bread and cheese, but they only looked at him and then crept away, silent as they had come.

Then at last he awoke with a start. for someone was in the room-he sat up in his chair and rubbed his eyes; at the table were seated two men, bending over the lamp, their heads nodding as they talked and flinging giant shadows

on the wall behind them.

They wore curious huge black hats that fell, villainously, with most sinister effect, over one ear; they wore, moreover, black cloaks that hung in somber folds behind them over the backs of the pink chintz chairs-he could not see their faces. At their side were large glasses filled with ale, and they glittered in the light of the lamp. Mr. Bannister, sitting silently in his dark corner, overheard their conversation.

"They are all asleep. There is no one here.".

"No-the man is alone-we are the

only travelers."

"The box is under the bed. You know your directions. I will be waiting for you at the bottom of the pas-

'One blow will be sufficient.

I strike I strike hard."

These muttered sentences struck terfor into Mr. Bannister's heart, his hands gripped the sides of his chair and his legs shook so that they knocked against each other.

Against whom could their plot be intended? Supposing it should be meant for himself? At the thought he nearly screamed aloud. But it could not be for him. They did not know that he was there; he was a traveler and there was no box beneath his bed-at any rate no box of which he had any knowl-The woman looked down at him from the wall and he shuddered. She

was in it, you might be sure.

The men were silent, but their great hats still nodded against the wall. He had seen a play once at the Kensington and the villain had worn a hat like that. He had been a horrible man, that villain, and Mr. Bannister had hissed from the upper circle. Then it came to him in a flash that it must be the landlord of whom they had been speaking; he had wanted to speak to him before and he had been horribly afraidit was the little rosy-cheeked landlord with a voice like a canary whom these men were plotting to murder.

The men were no longer silent, for one of them was snoring-his head had sunk down onto the table and his arms sprawled in front of him; the other also was asleep-only his head was flung back and his hands were clenchedand, even now, his face was hidden

under the shadow of his hat.

Mr. Bannister thought it strange that such villains should fall asleep so speedilv, but now was the moment for escape. He would go and warn the landlord. He rose, trembling, from his chair and crept softly round the table, his eyes fixed on the sleepers.

One of them moved, and Mr. Bannister stood transfixed with terror, his hands clasping the edge of the table, his breath coming in short gasps, his eyes round as saucers-but nothing followed. They were, both of them, sound asleep, and he turned to the door.

The handle creaked in his grasp, and he thought that this must certainly waken them, but there was still no

movement, and he escaped.

The passage was as dark as the There was, he thought, no time to be lost, and he groped his way by The passage was heavy with the smell of decaying things. Mr. Bannister thought of cabbage and a damp church in winter-time.

He knew that he must hasten, but progress was very slow and the passage seemed to have no end. He had a confused feeling that people were on all sides of him, and he imagined white faces in the dark and the soft steps of hidden pursuers. He could not understand why the passage was so long. The inn had not seemed a very large place—but this was interminable. air grew thicker and thicker around him and he wondered whether he was descending into the heart of the earth. The thought of a living grave terrified him, and he leaned against the damp wall, his poor coat flapping against his trembling knees, and his hands stretched in front of his face as though to guard it from unseen horrors into which he might at any moment plunge.

Then, with a sigh of relief, he saw light ahead, and, to his surprise, found himself back in the little entrance hall through which he had passed on his first arrival. But had he? As he glanced around him it seemed strangely familiar, and yet he had thought that he had come straight from the door into the narrow passage. On his right he saw an ancient and trembling staircase that vanished into a higher floor. It was perhaps up this that the landlord had gone—at any rate, he must warn him, and then he would escape out of this place as soon as might be.

The stairs led him on to a dim passage and he could not see the end of it, but opposite to him there was a door. There might be other doors to right and left, but he could not face the darkness that stretched on either side, and so he turned the handle and entered the room.

It was an enormous bedroom and through the open window streamed the light of the moon. There was very little furniture in the room. A large oak cupboard stood to the right of the window, and in the center there was an enormous bed—an ancient four-poster with faded red curtains and little wooden lions carved on the posts.

From one of these posts a body was hanging. At the sight of it his throat

became horribly dry; his eyes burnt in his head like fire; suddenly frozen into stone, he stood there, choking with horror. It was the body of a little man, and it hung with its limbs swaying a little from side to side. The head lolled forward and was strangely gray in the light of the moon. It was the little landlord with a voice like a chaffinch. Mr. Bannister could see his brown buttons shining with the swaying of the body.

"I am too late. Oh, dear, I am too late," he cried, and then he turned to flee. But, as he turned with the handle of the door in his grasp, he heard steps on the stair. Someone was coming stealthily with muffled feet. "Stockings!" thought Mr. Bannister. He turned back into the room. He knew that the steps would not pass the door. He looked at the moon and then he looked at the body swaying in front of him and then he looked at the oak cupboard. "They will find me here," he thought; "they will think that I have done—that."

He rushed wildly to the window, but there was no escape there. There was a hideous drop that he dared not face. Then he saw the cupboard and he flew into it, closing the door behind him.

It seemed to be full of spiders' webs—they clung about his face and his hands and were thick about his hair, but he knelt there with his back against the wall, watching for the door to open.

It opened slowly, and into the light of the moon they stepped softly, their dark cloaks trailing behind them and the shadow of their black hats hiding their faces. "I knew who it would be," thought Mr. Bannister. He sank down in a heap on the floor of the cupboard and his teeth chattered in his head. He knew that there was no escape.

They did not seem to notice the body that swayed to and fro from the bedpost. They stepped slowly across the room, flung back the door of the cupboard and dragged out Mr. Bannister.

He fell in a heap at their feet. "I didn't do it," he cried. "I didn't, really. You know I didn't—I never saw him before to-night. I had only asked

him for a bed and some bread and cheese. I have come from London. I have missed my train. I was going to Little Dutton."

They dragged him across the floor, one on each side of him, and in a moment the room seemed to be full of people. They poured in through the door and stood in an excited crowd round him, and they all talked at the same

They wore, for the most part, large white cotton nightcaps, and many of them held little brass candlesticks with little candles burning brightly—the flames guttered a little in the breeze from the open window.

"I told you so-I knew he'd done it —he must die at once—in the middle of

the night, too."

But he could only cry helplessly: "I didn't do it, I tell you. I was going to Little Dutton and night came on so quickly-" but he couldn't get any further because he couldn't remember what came next.

And then the door opened and the crowd made way respectfully. It was the woman of the train. She came toward him smiling grimly, and he knew that his doom was sealed.

"You tell them!" he cried, crawling toward her. "You know that I was in the train. I was in the same carriage. Tell them I didn't do it-you know I

couldn't!"

But she smiled grimly and motioned with her hand. Someone brought forward a rope, and in a moment it was about his neck.

"No-no-not that!" he cried. am a journalist. It is murder!" But they raised him in their arms, and he knew that they were going to hang him from the bedpost by the side of the little landlord. The nightcaps closed round him; the candles flickered in the breeze; the woman watched him with quiet eyes.

"This is Little Dutton," she said

to him, and she touched him on the arm. "I hope you will forgive my waking you, sir, but this is Little Dutton, and you would have passed it."

He thanked her as he rubbed his eyes. She was sitting soberly opposite him, the basket on her knees, and the little boy watched him silently from the cor-

ner.

"Oh, thank you." He gathered his gloves and his stick. "I have been sleeping, I am afraid-thank you very much."

As he stepped out onto the platform he looked at his watch. It was a quarter to one-lunch-time; and he was

very hungry.

And so it was a dream. He was conscious of a feeling of intense regret. The wind passed howling down the platform; the porter frowned at him as he gave up his ticket-the main street of Little Dutton stretched drearily in front of him.

For a moment he had touched Romance. For a moment he had been the center of a crowd-he had lived. Now he was back again-a journalist in quest of a sordid murder case.

He wrapped his shabby coat around him and sighed. Was it, after all, a dream? Perhaps for a moment he had wakened-for a moment he had been Bannister the Romantic-Bannister the center of life and death.

He turned into a shabby restaurant and ordered a chop. Opposite him there sat a commercial traveler, a little run to seed.

"Cold," said Mr. Bannister.
"Very," said the traveler—and then added as he watched the dust whirl past the window:

"It's a dull world."

"Not so dull," said Mr. Bannister, and he winked as one who has been through a great experience. "I could tell you things . . . " he said-and he laughed.



THE END OF HIS ROPE

By Willis Boyd Allen

THE great ocean liner was moving slowly along the dock where hundreds of people were gathered, some shouting in a strange language, some crying, some waving handkerchiefs to the throng of passengers of all classes who lined the bulwarks of the vessel, returning unintelligible shrieks to those on the wharf. Officers on the lofty bridge gave sharp, staccato commands, and sailors ran to and fro, dragging huge hawsers and pushing the bewildered steerage folk to right and left.

Suddenly there was a new commotion in the rear of the crowd on shore. A young man, in a light suit, spotless gloves and immaculate tan-colored shoes, had sprung from a taxi-cab, and, suit-case in hand, was forcing his way almost savagely through the press toward the ship, followed by cries from the women and execrations from the men that he unceremoniously elbowed or thrust aside.

When the newcomer reached the edge of the wharf there was at least a six-foot space between him and the black side of the vessel, towering high above his head. A uniformed sailor called out something about "landgangsboren," but he was not heeded. Without a moment's hesitation the young fellow flung his suit-case upward and over the rail of the steamer; then, spying a rope dangling clear from the bulwarks, he leaped wildly into space, caught it in his gloved hand, and, after a heavy thud against the ship's side, hung there, swaying to and fro over the green waters of the harbor.

Archibald DeFrieze, the only son of 274

a millionaire, had that morning met with an experience of a character entirely novel to him. His will had been positively, flatly, unequivocally thwarted. Betty Vandyne had refused him! She was sleepy after a late dance the night before, and a bit cross at being proposed to directly after breakfast, but Archibald, of course, did not know that—and it is undeniable fact that she was prettier and more tantalizing than ever, in the bright morning sunshine.

Archie was aghast. "You don't mean, Miss Betty—you aren't in ear-

nest—!" he stammered.

"I mean just what I say, Mr. De-Frieze, and I hope you'll not mention the subject again. We'll be good friends, as we were before," she added, feeling as if she were in a novel, and dimpling a little as she saw Archibald's woebegone face.

"I thought—I really supposed—"

blundered the unhappy lad.

"You should not have supposed. I'm sure I never gave you reason to," flashed back indignant Betty. "Let's not talk about it any more. No, not another word, Arch—Mr. DeFrieze! When do you go to Elberon?" she asked airily, adjusting a saucy little sidecomb.

Archie gave her one look of mingled reproach and despair, muttered "Goodbye!" and turned on his heel and, without seeing the small hand held out timidly, or the gathering moisture in the gray eyes, strode out of the house.

Furious with mortification, grief and astonishment, he rushed home. His mother and sisters were already at their shore cottage, and the city house was in

its stuffy summer condition. Archibald caught up the morning paper and with trembling fingers turned to the advertisements of transatlantic steamship lines. It was an off day, and only the Scandinavian Company announced a sailing—the *Viking*, at 11.30 A. M. He glanced at his watch. Yes, there was just time. Well, she should see!

A hasty line to his mother, giving the reason for his sudden departure, and, with a suit-case hurriedly stuffed with collars, cuffs, neckties, handkerchiefs, waistcoats, belts, shirts, undershirts, cuff-links, watches, caps, gloves and other such small traveling necessities, he was in a taxi, bounding over the rough pavements of lower Manhattan to the water-side, across the ferry, onward again at a break-neck pace, reaching the Scandinavian wharf just two minutes after half-past eleven.

Archibald's breath was nearly knocked out of him by his collision with the ship's side. His hat fell into the murky water, swirling past the rope some five feet below him. stinctively he took a turn around his arm with the rope, and twisted his feet about it; then he hung a moment or two, gathering his wits. Meanwhile there was a decided commotion on the deck of the steamer, as well as on the long dock. Women were screaming and covering their eyes. One or two actually fainted. Officers rattled out a series of sharp commands in Danish, and presently Archie felt a tug at the rope. Looking up he saw the faces of two sailors grinning at him over the rail. They said something, but their words were drowned by a dozen voices, all screaming directions and warnings at once and in half a dozen tongues.

"I'm coming up the rope!" he shouted. "Don't try to haul me in!"

He confidently attempted a feat easy enough in the gymnasium; but he could not gain an inch. The exciting events of the morning, or the violence of the blow he had received, seemed to have sapped his strength. His gloves, too, were an impediment. To his dismay

he found that little by little he was slipping downward.

"Pull!" he shrieked. There was a jerk at the rope, but without effect.

Nearer and nearer the water he slid, until he had to draw up his legs to prevent immersion. He realized that his predicament, dangerous though it might be, was not of an heroic cast, from a spectacular point of view. He must look exactly like a spider curled up at the end of a thread. His feet were uncomfortably wet; and now, his knees. Renewed cries from deck and dock. steamer's progress had been checked, and the engines reversed. Archie was thinking of letting go and chancing it in the foul waters of the harbor, when he felt himself being pulled jerkily upward. A port opened. He was swung sideways a few feet; then strong, hairy arms reached out and drew him in. He stood a moment, helpless and bewildered, in the dimlylighted storeroom.

"Beder Dem, opholde Dig paa Dækket, min Herre," growled a husky voice. He yielded to the persuasive hands of his rescuers, and, stumbling through narrow doorways, along dark, bilge-smelling passages and up two or three flights of brass-shod steps, he emerged at last upon the sunny promenade deck, blinking, and abashed at the curious stare of several hundred Scandinavian eyes.

Up stepped an officer, blazing with gold lace, temper, and brass buttons. "What you want on this ship?" he

demanded sternly, in good English.
"I want to go to Copenhagen," re-

plied Archibald, gathering courage. "I was a bit late, and so I—"
"Copenhagen?" exclaimed the officer, his eyes suddenly popping. "He

wants to go to Copenhagen!"
"Well, why not?" demanded Archibald. "Isn't this a passenger ship?
And do you think I haven't got the

money?"

"He wants to go to Copenhagen!" exclaimed the officer again, as if fascinated by the grotesquery of the very idea.

"See here," cried Archibald, suddenly nettled. "Isn't this the Viking?"

"No, sir," replied the officer, apparently gathering his scattered wits. "This is the *Norseman*."

"Well, where is the Viking?"

The officer pointed to a dark hull down toward the Statue of Liberty, half hidden in the smoke of the morning.

"There is the Viking," he said. "This is the Norseman."

"Where are you bound?" demanded Archibald.

"We are just getting in from Bergen," replied the officer. "We are bound for New York."

And at that precise moment the great black hull of the *Norseman* struck the Hoboken pier.



ROMANCE

By Benjamin Hecht

TO-DAY I saw a woman sit unmoved, A room of staring faces Bobbing like white disks before her.

And in a cold, dry voice she told a judge A man had beat her and had blacked her eyes And struck her 'cross the mouth. "He came home drunk," she said. "And spent his pay 'And I went hungry."

"When were you married?" asked the judge, Nodding carelessly and turning to the clerk to whisper.

Through the open window came the city Spring—A gentle Amazon
Striding gay, lightfooted through the streets;
And far above a panel of pure sky
Hung drowsily.

The woman turned her cold eyes to the sun, Golden in the window.
"A year ago," she answered,
And the scar beside her lips burned red,
"In June."



IN every woman's life there is one real and consuming love. But very few women guess which one it is.



A SUCCESSFUL man is simply one who doesn't make a fool of himself in the same way more than two or three times running.

A BONE OF CONTENTION

By Paul Hervey Fox

FROM time to time various cheap cynics have put forth the statement that there is little justice in the Republic. The hour has arrived to smash these iconoclasts with a few facts. I have in my possession the records of a case tried in the courts some months back, and I shall briefly set down the principal details and allow

them to speak for themselves.

George Spotswood—the actual names of the persons concerned are, of course, in all instances disguised—is the manager and proprietor of the Hotel Clinton. One day nearly a year ago, Peter Morrison, a Western farmer, entered the hotel and registered. It is reported that he remarked to the day clerk that he had come to town to paint a few extra scarlet spots upon it. This, however, is irrelevant to the matter in hand.

That evening at dinner he ordered a luxurious Hamburg steak. To his astonishment he found, on swallowing a huge, country mouthful, that he had also swallowed a long, sharp bone. Not until the next day was he seriously troubled. Then, about four in the afternoon, he developed a kind of gasping cough accompanied by severe intestinal He was taken to a hospital where an operation was immediately performed. No sooner had the surgeon in charge removed the bone from Mr. Morrison's interior than he performed a still more delicate and painful operation on Mr. Morrison's bill-fold and removed \$500. Both operations were successful.

Upon his recovery Mr. Morrison secured a lawyer and commenced suit directly against Spotswood, the proprietor

of the Hotel Clinton, for \$5,000 damages. Spotswood put forth the argument that as he had discharged Mike O'Shaughnessy, his French chef, the day before the accident occurred, and that as the latter had, against his wishes, remained to finish the week out, he, Spotswood, was in no way responsible. An aged justice admitted that this was fair, and accordingly Mr. Morrison's suit was transferred to Mike O'Shaughnessy.

When, after some difficulty, O'Shaughnessy was found, he in turn objected that he was not responsible for the accident, since the wholesale butcher from whom he had bought the meat should have extracted the bone that was the cause of the trouble in

the first place.

With the aid of two chemists and three detectives, the great Hamburg steak was discovered to have been beef, and Mr. Hirkovitz, senior member of the wholesale meat firm of Hirkovitz and Hartsheimer, was summoned before the court to explain why his beef was so poorly prepared for the market. Mr. Hirkovitz informed the magistrate that for some time previous he had had trouble of a similar sort because of certain abnormal cattle purchased from Daniel Rankin, a Wisconsin stockbreeder.

Daniel Rankin was called East by the court to testify, and admitted that some of his heifers were defective and had begun to develop new bones in the region of the Hamburg and other organs. Yet this, he insisted, was the fault of a new and inferior kind of feed purchased from a farmer named—

At this point Mr. Peter Morrison rose

in court and shouted: "I protest!" The magistrate reprimanded him and ordered Mr. Rankin to proceed.

-"named," continued the cattleman, after an intensely dramatic pause, "Pe-

ter Morrison!"

The jury which had listened to the case for nearly six months now ad-

journed, returning a few moments later with the decision that the plaintiff, Mr. Peter Morrison, was awarded damages of 6 cents from the defendant, Mr. Peter Morrison. The defendant was further compelled to pay the costs of the case. Upon calculation, these proved to be exactly \$5,000.06.



A PANORAMA OF WOMEN

By W. L. D. Bell

AT women with flabby, double Moon-faced, pop-eyed chins. Women women in little flat hats. with starchy faces and thin vermilion Man-shy, suspicious women, shrinking into their clothes every time a wet, caressing eye alights upon them. Women soured and robbed of their souls by Christian Endeavor. Women who would probably be members of the Lake Mohonk Conference if they were men. Gray-haired, middle-aged, waddling women, wrecked and unsexed by endless, useless parturition, nursing, worry, sacrifice. Women who look as if they were still innocent yesterday afternoon. Women in shoes that bend their insteps to preposterous semi-circles. Women with green, barbaric bangles in their ears, like the concubines of Arab horse-thieves. Women looking in showwindows, wishing that their husbands were not such poor sticks. Shapeless

women lolling in six thousand dollar motor-cars. Trig little blondes, stepping like Shetland ponies. Women smelling of musk, ambergris, bergamot. Longlegged, cadaverous, hungry women. Women eager to be kidnapped, betrayed, forced into marriage at the pistol's point. Soft, pulpy, pale women. Women with ginger-colored hair and large, irregular freckles. Silly, chattering, gurgling women. Women showing their ankles to policemen, chauffeurs, street-cleaners. Women with slimshanked, whining, sticky-fingered children dragging after them. marching like grenadiers. Yellow Women with red hands. women. asymmetrical Women with eyes. Women with rococo ears. shouldered women. Women with huge hips. Bow-legged women. Appetizing women. Good-looking wom-



WHETHER or not a married man is happy often depends very largely on the women he has not married.



FROM THE SRINGA SATAKA OF BHARTRIHARI

7HO will praise the beauty of woman? Who will tell the tale of her loveliness? Her breasts are as lily pads, as pink moons, as pots of gold. Her face is like the sky at the hour of dawn. Her hips are like the swelling foreheads of elephants. Her eyes are pools in a dark forest. In her smile there is the freshness and the sadness of spring. Her love is like an ambrosial creeper embracing us with its pale tendrils. . . .

What, to her, is philosophy? What is wisdom? What are all the sages? Hast thou not heard of Visamitra, Parashara, a multitude of other holy men. and how they were undone? Retired

to the mountains, living upon dead leaves and water, meditating incessantly upon the wonders of the universe yet even they were shaken to madness by the mere glance of a woman with coral lips. How is it, then, with the rest of us-gross, sensual creatures, living upon rice, ghee, milk, honey, corn? We are as little children before her. We are as dust in the wind. We are as dewdrops under the sun. We are as antelopes before the tiger of the wilds. When shall we be free at last? When shall we conquer this soft and gentle conqueror? On that day, my son, when Mount Vindhya lifts sails and goes voyaging over the sapphire



PEOPLE who live in stone houses should never throw glasses.



N O wonder women dislike bachelors. Every bachelor is an Exhibit A against women's charms.



THERE is a good deal that might go without saying, but very little that actually does.

ALCOHOL is a viper, true enough, but without its gentle bite there would probably be a good deal fewer proposals.



RUTH would quickly cease to be stranger than fiction, once we got as used to it.

BRISÉ LÉGÈRE

By Emile Delta

ETTE fois, mes drôles, vous ne direz pas que je vois tout en jaune, et vous ne m'accuserez plus, je pense, après ce récit, de ne fréquenter qu'un monde interlope et malsain, car ce que je vais vous conter aujourd'hui, est empreint d'un parfum d'honnêteté stupéfiant, qui doit en un jour me rapprocher de feu Berguin. Vous allez d'ailleurs en juger. Bientôt, vous sentirez un souffle bienfaisant et embaumé caresser toute votre personne; et, comme dans tout mélodrame bienséant, il y a toujours en sourdine une musique de scène, je ne négligerai pas ce petit détail qui encadre si bien les situations.

Suivez-moi donc maintenant, si vous n'avez pas peur de m'accompagner, chez le comte Gontrain Musard de-Saint-Lilas et permettez-moi de vous présenter madame la comtesse, née de la Roupie, nom illustre donné au fondateur de la race à cause d'un coryza terrible qui ne le quitta jamais. beau brin de femme, cette comtesse, avec un assortiment complet d'apéritifs, dont le moindre valait mieux, à mon avis, que toutes les absinthes du monde entier, y compris celle de Suisse, n'en déplaise à monsieur Pernod Quels yeux! mes amis: deux falots de locomotive. Quelle taille! mos chers frères; les guêpes en mouraient de dépit quand elles volaient près d'elle,-ce qui fait qu'elles ne la piquaient jamais, -et le reste à l'avenant, car, une fois pour toutes, il est bien convenu, n'estce pas? qu'une beauté n'est réellement parfaite que lorsqu'elle est complétée par une série d avantages prépondérants dont je renonce à vous faire ici la description, gourmands et gourmets, pour ne pas mettre l'eau à la bouche et

vous engager à courtiser madame la comtesse.

II

Mais, vous voulez sans doute savoir où demeure cette noble famille, si parfaitement honnête, car ils le sont honnêtes, bien entendu, je viens de vous le dire. Eh bien! cela m'est égal, je vais vous le confier, je n'ai pas de secrets pour vous. C'est en Touraine que nous sommes, dans cette jolie Touraine, la patrie de Rabelais, le joyeux curé de Meudon, ou le ciel est bleu comme partout ailleurs quand le temps est clair, dans un vaste château flanqué de nombreuses tourelles, comme doivent en avoir tous les châteaux diges de ce nom, à quelques lieues à l'ouest de Tours, sur les bords de la Loire, entre Cinq-Mars-la-Pile et Langeais. Pays charmant, sejour charmant, avec des gens charmants.

Aussi, pendant l'été, toute la belle société des environs s'y donnaît rendezvous. On organisait des parties, donnait des soirées dans la serre, voire des bals, de jolis bals paysans, ou le satin remplacait la bure, donnant aux jolies invitqes des petits airs rustiques tout-àfait parisiens.

Toute la haute noblesse qui, pendant l'hiver, garnit les salons du faubourg Saint-Germain et du faubourg Saint-Honoré, se réunissait là pendant l'été Parmi les plus assidus, se trouvaient le marquis de la Poudrière et sa femme, une jeune personne facilement inflammable, le jeune vicomte Lafeuille des Vignes, dont la modestie est devenue proverbiale, le vidame de Faissemure, la jolie princesse russe Pranpadéneff.

très ardente, quoique nèe sur les rives de la Néva, l'élégant substitut Petacorday, la perle du barreau de Saint-Pétard, l'ami intime de la maison, un musicien de premier ordre qui savait tirer de son instrument des sons d'une netteté et d'une pureté surprenantes.

Ajoutez à ce monde choisi, la présence de nos célébrités artistiques les plus en vue, et vous comprendrez aisément le succés des soirées qu'on donnait au château. Le fameux ténor italien Montomi chantait le grand répertoire, la tragédienne, comédienne, etc. . . (je ne vous dirai pas son nom pour ne pas lui faire de réclame), exhibait, avec sa grâce et sa conviction habituelle, sa maigreur et ses talents, et l'orchestre, entiérement composé de solistes payés un prix fou, était dirigé par le célébre compositeur Vandanis, ex-chef à l'opera des Batignolles.

Hein! qu-en dites-vous? les mondains, qui croient qu-on ne s'amuse pas en province, en dehors des casinos. Tenez, si je n'étais pas poli de mon naturel, et si je n'avais pas pour vous quelque estime, je vous dirais des choses désa-

gréables.

III

Ah! mais, justement, le jour où je vous introduis dans cette seigneuriale demeure, tout le monde parait en fête; les arbres du parc sont bondés de ballons vénitiens qui, de loin, eussent fait dire à M. Prudhomme, qui était un peu myope:

Végétation surprenante, cette
 Touraine. Les oranges y poussent plus

grosses que dans le Midi.

Je dis: le jour; il serait mieux de dire le soir. Il est même dix heures. La nuit est lumineuse; le firmament chamarré de nombreuses étoiles comme un vieux soldat, enveloppe la campagne d'un voile vaporeux et bleu-âtre. La lune, en bonne fille, daigne regarder la terre sans se voiler la face, et répand sur la campagne endormie ses rayons argentés.

Le château, seul, jouit d'une anima-

tion joyeuse.

Là-bas, au bout du parc, à l'extrémité d'une immense serre, aménagée pour la circonstance en salon d'été, sous un bosquet de feuillage merveilleux, les musiciens commencent à accorder leurs instruments. Ce n'est encore qu'un murmure confus de notes échappées des violons, au milieu d'une demi-obscurité; mais, bientôt, sous l'eclat éblouissant lustres, le spectacle deviendra féerique. Les fleurs les plus rares ont été placées à profusion, mêlant leurs délicieux parfums à celui des jolies femmes, fleurs vivantes, elles aussi, et adorables par dessus le niarché,-je veux parler du moins de celles qui composent l'honorable société à laquelle je me plais à vous mêler par la penséeun vrai bouquet de roses, fraîches écloses pour le monde, quelque chose de neuf, d'inédit et de succulent pour les regards.

IV

— C'est merveilleux, comtesse, voilà mon opinion; seulement regardez donc ce lustre; deux bougies n'ont pas été allumées et les mauvaises langues pourraient supposer que vous voulez faire des économies.

C'est le substitut Pétacorday, qui, en intime, vient de donner son avis, tout bas à l'oreille de madame Saint Lilas.

- Vous avez raison, monsieur le

substitut, je vais les allumer.

Et plutôt que d'appeler un domestique, la comtesse approcha un tabouret. Mais, M. Pétacorday s'élançant:

- Laissez-moi faire, comtesse, je

m'en charge.

Et, pendant que la serre se garnit dëjà d'invités, le substitut monte vivement sur le tabouret.

Mais, c'est là que la situation devient critique. Comment vais-je vous expliquer ce qui se passa à ce mo-

ment !

A l'orchestre, les musiciens achevaient d'accorder leurs instruments, et se préparaient à attaquer une polka, lorsqu'une note ronflante et discordante, dont le nom n'appartient ni aux violons, ni à la clarinette, ni au piston, retentit

dans la serre à l'oreille même de mad-

ame de Saint-Lilas.

Hélas! vous m'avez bien compris, n'est ce pas? je n'ai pas besoin d'insister. Madame de Saint-Lilas tenait le tabouret, et ce son qui se rapprochait un peu de celui du basson, mais d'unbasson humain pour lequel aucune note de musique n'a encore été écrite, avait pour auteur M. Pétacorday, qui, dans son empressement à rendre service à a comtesse, avait exhalé dans son fond de culotte cette double croche sonore.

Le chef d'orchestre, le célèbre compositeur Vandanis, enregistra rapidement ce nouvel accord, et madame de Saint-Lilas en fut suffoquée. Les dames se voilaient la face, les hommes étaient rouges d'indignation et chacun se demandait comment le substitut allait se tirer de ce mauvais pas.

Mais lui, sans se déconcerter, alluma tranquillement les deux bougies, et sau-

tant à terre:

— Voilà ce que je voulais vous éviter, comtesse, dit-il en esquissant un malicieux sourire.



THE LITTLE GOLDEN FOUNTAIN

By Mary MacMillan

OH, my heart is a little golden fountain,
Through it and spilling over the brim
Wells the love of you.
Brighter gleams the gold for the sparkling water
And down below, where the overflow drips
Into a clear little pool of bubbles,
Fresh spears of grass spring against the golden column.
Oh, my heart is a little golden fountain
Fashioned purely for that leaping grace,
The luminous love of you.
Up through the column and over the golden basin
It thrills and fills and trembles in the sunlight,
Showering its gladness over and bestrewing
The golden fountainhead with rainbow rapture.



WHEN a man is old enough to be sinful discreetly he is usually too old to be sinful at all.



NOW TO REVIVE THE AUDIENCE

By George Jean Nathan

THE metropolitan theater during the past month has been abandoned almost in its entirety to revivals — some of them intentional.

Thus:

1. At the Garrick, Arnold Daly has revived Shaw's "You Never Can Tell."

2. At the Shubert, they have revived Paul Potter's dramatization of Du

Maurier's "Trilby."

3. At the Empire, they have revived d'Ennery and Cormon's old Union Square Theater success, "A Celebrated Case."

4. At the Forty-eighth Street, Emanuel Reicher has revived Ibsen's "John

Gabriel Borkman."

5. At the Lyceum, Margaret Anglin has revived "The Marriage of Kitty," "Nearly Married" and other well-known comedies under the title of "Beverly's Balance," supplied by Paul Kester.

6. At the Booth, Louis Mann has revived the play about the lovable old man who is swindled out of his savings by a smooth rascal and whose dreams of great wealth are sadly interrupted, under the title of "The Bubble," supplied by Edward Locke.

7. At the Maxine Elliott, they have revived "The Lure," "A Man's World," "Today" and "East Lynne" under the title of "The Revolt," also supplied by

Edward Locke.

8. At the Republic, they have revived "What Is Love?" and "Maternity" under the title of "The Natural Law,"

supplied by Charles Sumner.

9. At the Bramhall, they have revived "The Three Daughters of M. Dupont," "The Awakening of Spring" and Clyde Fitch's "The Climbers" un-

der the title of "The Importance of Coming and Going," supplied by Butler

Davenport.

Let us review the last-named revival first. Mr. Davenport, in his new and extremely intimate theater which possesses a seating capacity of but two hundred and twenty, would seem splendidly to have solved the theatrical problem of bringing his audience near the stage. But, so much accomplished, it would seem still to remain for Mr. Davenport to solve the somewhat more troublesome problem of bringing his

audience near the theater.

Mr. Davenport, who once on a time wrote a play of some promise—"Keeping Up Appearances," its name—presents a case so typical of the American playwright that he may forgive me for employing him, for clinical critical purposes, as a convenient horrible example. In the first place, this gentleman is overgiven in his work, as are so many of his native colleagues, to the epigram. A salty epigrammatic form of expression, in which this gentleman is no more talented than are the majority of his contemporaries, is, as I have frequently endeavored to indicate, so perfectly simple and so common of execution that it has long since ceased in the drama to be effective. It is not that epigrams died with Oscar Wilde, but that epigrams were born with Oscar Wilde, that argues for their diminished and diminishing kick in the theater. To be apt at epigram is merely to be skilfully dull. And nothing is quite so tedious as the superficial cleverness which springs from such tongue gymnastics, the sort of cleverness which is achieved, very easily, simply by saying the wrong thing at the right time. A second point. Mr. Davenport intimates by this play of his that he believes Brieux to be the greatest dramatist west of Russia. Thus making the third party to agree with Shaw—and Brieux. Worse still—Mr. Davenport, in his mad adoration of the French exclamation mark, has copied that dramatist's method without copying his methodology. In other words, he has followed Brieux's system of yelling,

but, unlike Brieux, he has neglected

to take the precaution first to get hold of something to yell about.

A third point. Like many of his indigenous messmates in dramaturgy, Mr. Davenport would appear to imagine that all that is necessary to achieve a sensational play is to rewrite into contemporaneous American surroundings some thesis play written by a Continental dramatist more than a dozen years ago. Though, true enough, this is the best way to impress our audiences and gain a fine reputation as an original dramatic thinker, Mr. Davenport has committed the failure-spelling error of attempting to insert into the theories cabbaged from Wedekind, has Thoma and Brieux some theories of his own and thus divulges himself in the light of a Raffles, prowling stealthily, noiselessly, hither and thither in the dark, searching out jewels with a flash-lantern, and the meanwhile lustily singing ragtime. For instance, instead of being content to win native kudos by following the established custom of reciting the cabbaged foreign authors verbatim and so, accurately,-in this immediate instance Thoma and Wedekind (see box-office receipts Cosmo Hamil-"Blindness of Virtue")—Mr. Davenport has imagined that he might improve upon these Continentals by slipping in, as they say in the newspapers, some of his own stuff. result is, naturally, grotesque. And the ideas of the Continentals are made to appear red-nosed and absurd.

Thus, parodying the author of "The Awakening of Spring," Mr. Davenport seeks to improve upon the Wedekind argument for the sex information of children by their parents by suggesting that the best person to safeguard with words the sex morals of a little girl of ten is a mother whose social commercialization of her own sex values constantly casts its glamour of romantic prosperity before her child's eyes. Thus, parodying Brieux, Mr. Davenport argues that a child born of a second act Three Daughters" climax will unquestionably be a monstrosity. And so the

Davenport wisdom proceeds.

The best and only artistically conceived scene in the Davenport play, a scene in which a young girl's hereditary viciousness is projected now by a twitch of her little shoulder, now by a quick nervous whisper, now by commenting with unconscious significance on the fragrance of a man's hair tonic, was vigorously denounced by my tender critical colleagues as the worst. argue that a scene is not well done because it is disgusting is to consign a great deal of Gorki's "Night Refuge," of Tolstoi's "Resurrection," of Shaw's "Mrs. Warren," of Porto-Riche and of the Bible to the sewers of art, letters, philosophy and imagination.

"A Celebrated Case" is not only a revival of "A Celebrated Case," but also-being presented with an all-star cast—a revival of bad acting. The play itself was in its original presentation in the late seventies one of the now familiar specimens of thrill melodrama in which "I'll always believe ye inno-cent," "I don't like the looks of that man," my-long-lost-daughter and purses of louis figured conspicuously. The play in its current manifestation is a thrill melodrama, the most conspicuous thrill of which is experienced by the audience in watching the allstar hero, the all-star heroine, the allstar villain, the all-star comedy relief character and all the other all-stars fight to the death with one another to determine which one can get and hold for the longest period of time the center of the stage. . . . All being successful.

Aside from this Ibsen-like conflict of

wills, the play is interesting in providing the dramatic critics an opportunity to remark how greatly the drama has changed in the last three decades and in providing all other persons an opportunity to observe how little it actually has changed. Since "A Celebrated Case" was first produced, the automobile, the submarine, the wireless, the aeroplane and countless such wonderful things have been given the world; but in the drama the butler is still going out of the room backwards, the faithful old servant's eye is still invaded by a tear when his master finds himself in dire straits, the guilty are still being found out in the end and the innocent vindicated, the bashful young lover still nervously holds the bunch of flowers behind his back, the drama's jewelry still knows no other form than that of a necklace, little Willie is still reuniting papa and mama, Louis Mann is still trying to imitate Warfield, husbands are still returning unexpectedly, the country air is still rehabilitating physically and morally corrupted young city men, the wrong person is still always being suspected and accused of the murder, old darkey servants are still hobbling around with one hand on their kidneys, characters due on the scene at a certain time are still always found ringing the doorbell following the remark: "He ought to be here any minute," and this remark is still always found to be followed with the "Ah, that must be he now," the abused orphan is still winning the desirable male from under the nose of her haughty rival, husbands still fail to recognize their wives at masquerade balls, the lady playing the piano in a drama still breaks down in the midst of the playing and buries her face in her arms, the lady standing beside the baby-grand and singing a song in a dramatic scene still suddenly breaks down and cannot continue, and the stock market still always goes the wrong way at the end of second acts.

And, in a general way, melodrama is still based upon the theory that the

greatest crisis in one's life always occurs near railroad tracks.

Of the revival of "Trilby," I am unable to deliver information. Its sponsor, Mr. Joseph "Brooks," who has already achieved a signal celebrity for his talent in barring audiences from those theaters in which he makes productions, has now begun to bar the critics. I being one of the first to be thus endorsed. That Mr. "Brooks." in excluding me from his presentations, does so with the best of intentions and means really to flatter me, I cannot doubt. Does his act not suggest that he holds me to be vastly above the common run of critics who, through inviting to attendance, he implies are still sufficiently the wet-ears to be interested in his productions? Does his decision not suggest that he frankly admits his inability longer to select and produce respectable drama? I cannot believe otherwise. For this "Brooks" enjoys the reputation for being, above everything else, a thoroughly honest, sincere and forthright man, although, true enough, an uneducated one.

It seems that Mr. "Brooks" has arrived at his high estimate of me because I have convinced him, in these pages and in the numerous other journals to which I am palmist to drama, of something which till recently he had been disposed stoutly to deny: to wit, that his pretty protégée, Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry, is not an actress. True, it took considerable penmanship to convince the loyal fellow, but he at last candidly admitted he was wrong, at last confessed openly, frankly and like a gentleman that he was mistaken, by inviting the more susceptible critics to meet his pretty protégée at a meal in the Hotel Astor (the night of April 14) and pitting the girl's shrewdly aimed smiles and a free filet mignon against a future honest critical appraisal of her.

For such men as Mr. "Brooks" I have the highest respect and veneration. True, one of his business associates confides to me that the gentleman

sleeps in his undershirt, but such things, after all, one may tolerantly overlook. On the other hand, it is only fair to admit the gentleman to be admirably equipped, as a theatrical manager and producer of drama, for increasing the popularity of the moving pictures.

It is well enough and easy to sneer at such fellows as this: to deal with them flippantly and impolitely; but it is a practice at once eminently unthinking and unfair. The "Brookses" serve their useful purpose in this world. They point out the unmistakable desirability and value of a sense of humor, of tuition and of cultivation. They prove positively to the community the truth of the contention of such a man as George Tyler that what our theater needs most of all are managers "who are interested in the theater, love the theater, respect the theater: whose love goes further than the sill of the box-office window." They emphasize the value to the theater of such men as Winthrop Ames and Charles Frohman and Arthur Hopkins. With their ready-made bow-tie tastes, they serve as notable contrasts to such men as Arnold Daly, who are willing to humble themselves in the motion pictures by day that they may make the money to present worth-while drama by night; such men as Tyler, who stand ready to become bankrupt in fight for their ideals; such men as Harrison Grey Fiske, who prefer to fail brilliantly rather than succeed cheaply; such younger men, even, as Ray Comstock, who, whatever their limitations and however much they may view as prejudiced the critical truth, are still not the cowards to flee from it, are still ready to listen to it and to profit by it and to travel over it, rough though be the road, on and upward toward the betterment of the American the-

That a producer like this Mr. "Brooks" should exclude a critic like myself from his theater I hold to be perfectly right, perfectly justified and in proper accordance with such a producer's lights. Maintaining, as he does,

that my ideas of the modern dramatic theater are not in coincidence with his own-and correctly so-I accept the ban with a complete and friendly concurrence and agreement. Were, on the other hand, a producer like Mr. Ames or Mr. Frohman to exclude a critic like myself from his theater, I should feel a grievous hurt, should be disappointed both in the producer and, not less so, in myself, and should protest with all the fire at my command. But such a manager as this Mr. "Brooks" is merely an overimportant little boy, and nobody ever takes overimportant little boys seriously.

The revival of "John Gabriel Borkman" simultaneously revived a familiar and vacant tradition of the Ibsen theater; to wit, that Ibsen must always be played on a darkened stage. The advantages that would accrue from playing, for instance, Charles Klein on a darkened stage become of course at once apparent; but the reason for the practice of bringing all possible indistinctness to the traffic of an Ibsen drama I am unable to plumb. "Borkman" should, for its best effect, have its progress—save patently in the case of its last act-upon a well-illuminated plat-The dark-stage idea has done as much to instil the fear of Ibsen in the proletarian heart as Mr. William Archer's prefaces.

It is the American critical habit, whenever an Ibsen play is presented, deftly to conceal a lack of critical understanding and opinion of the Ibsen play in question by confining the entire attention to the criticizing of the act-This seems to be as invariable a custom as the custom of American playwrights to believe that all the great crises of life take place standing up: that one cannot experience a critical situation while seated. In an effort measurably to correct this habit, Mr. Reicher provided each of the reviewers with a critique of the play in the form of a small printed pamphlet. It is to some of the reviewers' credit that they broke away from the critical habit sufficiently to copy off this critique into

their papers, even though, true, they omitted quotation marks and failed to observe that Mr. Reicher's critique was, for the major part, full of holes. For instance, sings Mr. Reicher: "In this apparently simple but thrilling drama five different theories of life are opposed to each other. The altruism. the illusion of making everybody happy, in Borkman; the right of love in Ella; the law of honor in Gunhild; the love of pleasure and amusement in Mrs. Wilton, and the right of all-overthrowing youth in Erhard. Every representative of these five theories believes himself right and, by acting accordingly, destroys the happiness of the others as well as his own; while, on the other hand, the poor, abused poet, Foldal, is in his retirement from life the only really happy person in the play." With all due respect for Mr. Reicher, pooh-The fairly good performance he gives in the role of Borkman is added proof that it is not necessary for an actor to know the meaning of his lines and the relation of the other lines to them in order to give an impressive portrayal: that acting, in short, has infinitely less to do with art and a capacity for dramatic analysis and understanding in general than it has with a presentable appearance, a tonefull speaking voice, a good wig-maker and a decent pair of trousers. As Mr. Reicher views the drama in which he acts, Mrs. Wilton and Erhard destroy each other's happiness and Foldal is the merry soul of the congregation. Well, well, let us not be too hard on the honorable gentleman. His critical pamphlet, at that, is no worse than Herr Barker's "preface" to Shakespeare's "Dream."

In the two plays of Mr. Edward Locke, "The Revolt" and "The Bubble," we see a revival, among other things, of the estranged couple who are brought to a reconciliation at the bedside of their dying child, the daughter of joy who becomes ocularly moist when "home" is mentioned, the idea that a lady can get drunk on a single cocktail, the ancient jabber over the

double standard of sex, the joke concerning the great number of smart men who have come from a certain small town, with the observation that the smarter they are the quicker they've come, jocose allusions to the Ford automobile, the young lovers who are compelled to meet clandestinely in order to slip the eye of the girl's irate male parent, the male parent's uncompromising hostility toward the young man, and then, in the last act, when the young man has proved his worth, the male parent's remark, "I told you all along he was a fine fellow!", the use of the names of queer German food dishes to provoke laughter, and the lady who, when her heart is breaking with a great sorrow, bravely affects an

air of gaiety.

The first of these revivals, "The Revolt," follows in execution the method practised by magazine editors who purchase some such fable as "The Common Law" or "The Salamander," print it serially and bring their reader suddenly up against the legend "continued in the next number" just as the spotless heroine is on the highly exciting point of surrendering her virtue to the main gentleman. The impatient reader, of course, invariably discovering at the beginning of the next fifteen-cent dose that the only thing the spotless heroine surrenders is the celebrated remark that "there can be no love where there is no respect." So, when the curtain descends upon the first act of this play, we hear Mrs. Stephens making speech to the effect that "if it is right for man to soandso, then why shouldn't it be right for woman to soandso?", and we see the lady grab her hat and wrap and slam her way out of the house, ready to join a gay party in a lady friend's flat. Obviously, what follows is what always follows in the next instalments of such fictions, to wit, nothing.

"The Bubble," as remarked, harks back to the school whose pupils are

1. The irascible but kindly old fellow in lowly surroundings who, after years of hard work, has saved up a few thousand dollars.

2. The plausible villain who seeks to swindle him, the while professing warm friendship.

3. The dream of wealth, with visions of a life of ease in a select

4. The plain, simple, loving, oldfashioned wife whose heart aches at the thought of leaving the humble home where her children were born.

5. The discovery that the gold mine

was a fraud.

6. The grief-stricken old fellow and the patient wife who essays to soothe and comfort him with the remark, "Now, now, it isn't so bad as it might be. We've always been very comfortable and happy here, Gustave, and we can get along some way. So long as we have each other and our Rosie . . ."

7. The sapient young lover of the daughter who has been suspicious of the villain from the start and who has taken the secret precaution to cover up

his sweetheart's father's losses.

and

8. The usual eleven o'clock cocacoda.

The dramatic records are full of this play. It bears the same relation to the legitimate stage that the sketch in which a burglar enters a lady's dark boudoir bears to the vaudeville stage and that the name Orloff bears to Russian characters in dramas, stories, sketches and musical comedies written by Americans. It is, in its way, very nearly as omnipresent as "Cinderella," "Divorçons," "Tosca" and "The Relief of Lucknow." Despite the autoptical nature of the play, Mr. Locke has brought to its manufacture intermittent appraisals of character that should not escape praise. His Mrs. Müller, as interpreted by that excellent actress, Madame Cottrelly, is extremely fine.

"The Natural Law," is, as I have pointed out, the title of a revival of the wise, magnanimous, understanding doctor character who speaks in the tempo of a home-and-mother ballad. the Manchester kindergarten of the David Graham Phillips school of heroine who is impure but honest, the notion

that all college men wear sweaters and turned-up trousers, talk slang and are habitually impertinent, and the stereotyped spent Brieux fireworks. tale is of a sweet minx who, engaged to marry a physician considerably older than herself, succumbs to the charms of a younger man, comes near a baby and seeks then to persuade her technical fiancé, the ancient medico, to assist her in holding her social position. The proposal horrifies the old gentleman, who seizes upon the opportunity to get smutty with the audience under the subtle pretext of preaching scientific obstetrical facts to the girl. the end, however, so I have been assured by one of the ushers, everything turns out respectably. The girl marries the young fellow, the doctor shakes the latter's hand in the conventional silent forgiveness, and the baby is cruelly destined to live and become a playwright.

"Beverly's Balance," though also a revival of familiar episodes and situations, as well as a revival of the character of the hot-headed young So'th'nuh who resents any foamilyaity (however eminently proper) toward his women folk, of the married couple who have been brought up to the verge of separation by the woman's predilection for society's gaieties and the man's longing for quiet evenings at home, of Murphy the comic janitor, and of the overly timid lover who is finally forced to a proposal of marriage by the exasperated leading woman, is in spots conceived with grace and a feeling for Mr. Kester labors comedy values. suspiciously under a burden of seemingly incurable sentimentality, however, and this contrives to work him ill in much of his writing. In Mr. Kester's play every male is a hero, every female a heroine. The air is insistently heavy with musk. One can almost hear the noble hearts beating. One longs for just a dash of human frailty, of distemper, of dirty work. One pines, as on a desert island, to sight the passing sail of a hell or a damn. To discover the footprints of an intercepted letter

or a thrown railroad switch or even a

forged will.

Too late for classification in our prefatory table, comes still another revival under the title of "The Hyphen," supplied by Justus Miles Forman. We find here, in the main, a phœnix of "The White Feather" and other such plays inspired by the current foreign unpleasantness. All war plays may be divided into two classes: those in which a lady has been, or is about to be, seduced by an officer of the invading army, and those in which a foxy spy braves great perils and the love of the leading lady in the service of his country. The play under consideration drops broadly into the second category.

Mr. Forman, in his piece, has revived, among other things, the beloved blue-print showing the usual plans and contained, in accordance with tradition, in the usual blue envelope, the safe hidden in the wall behind the usual painting, the "Won't you say something?" on the part of the trust-shaken hero when the accused heroine remains silent, the playing of "The Star Spangled Banner," the sudden switching out of the lights and the pulling forth of an eavesdropper from behind the portières, the bomb timed to explode at a certain moment but duly baffled in its intention, the dangerous papers that should have been burned but carelessly were not, the sudden entrance of a character while the young sweethearts are in the midst of a love scene, with the character's little cough to warn the lovers of his presence, the subterfuge of slamming a door in order to make a listener outside the room believe the person has left the scene, the smashing of a pane of glass, the warning whistle by night on the lawn under the balcony, the sudden collapse of an old gentleman the weak condition of whose heart has been properly planted, and the inevitable final Lucknow arrival of the rescuing police.

Mr. Forman is a fiction writer of delicacy and skill. What is more, he has hit upon a theme which might, with appropriate treatment, be made well to

serve the stage. But to this theme—the desirability of deleting the hyphen from American citizens of German or other foreign blood—he has borne both a ravaging triteness and an incendiary prejudice. His German villains would bring a shudder from even Owen Davis. His American heroes a snicker from

even William Jennings Bryan.

I may, true, be doing Mr. Forman a grave injustice. It is quite possible that he is strongly pro-German and has consciously taken this means so to exaggerate German diablerie and malicious animal magnetism as to reduce craftily the prevalent German animosity to an absurdum. It is more than possible; it is highly probable. Hoyt employed the same method against suffrage in "A Contented Woman" and against silly military pomp in "A Milk White Flag." If the Germans acted on the field of Mars as they are acting on the New York stage, the French would long ago have been sipping their picon and grenadine in the Café Bauer and the English would long ago have installed Ethel Levey in the Munich Court Opera.

Two points in connection with this play brew a raise of the eyebrow. First, Mr. Forman's revival of the screen. The history of the drama shows that the screen has been used for three, and just three, purposes. In real life, a screen is used for but one purpose: to hide some unsightly object, such, for example, as father when one is entertaining company. But not so on the stage. On the stage a screen is a device used to conceal (1) an eavesdropper (preferably a villain), (2) a married man having supper with a gay French actress, or (3) a leading lady who is undressing for bed or for an artist, or both. Certainly Mr. Forman is a sufficiently imaginative fellow to have devised a more piquant use for the screen than a hiding-place for supposedly super-cunning German spies.

Second, Mr. Frohman's casting of Mr. Forman's play. Imagine a Robert Haines German pronouncing "Vaderland" as if it rhymed with "hat-band"!

HERE ARE NOVELS!

By H. L. Mencken

HAT is more, here is a good one, to wit, "ONE MAN," by Robert Steele (Kennerley). I call it a novel as in duty bound, for the author himself prints that designation of it beneath his title. (The etiquette of book-reviewing is very strict; there is even a code of ethics for its professors, as for doctors, thieves, United States Senators and a minority of lawyers.) But you will not read into the book more than a chapter or two before you throw the fiction that it is fiction overboard, and so proceed to the engulfing of the remainder as autobiography pure and simple-autobiography unadorned and shameless, autobiography almost unbelievably cruel and betraying, autobiography that is as utterly devoid of artistic sophistication as an operation for gall-stones. author does not make up for his exhibition, nor does he project himself before us as the hero of a made-up and affecting little drama. Instead, he simply takes his stand where the spots, the bunches, the foots and the borders meet, and calmly strips off his clothes—first his plug-hat, then his shoes, then his coat and waistcoat, then his collar and necktie, then his shirt and socks, then his ear-muffs and pulse-warmers, and finally his B. V. D.'s. The closing scene shows the authentic Mensch-an-sich, the man himself, with every wart and pimple glittering and every crooked bone and flabby muscle telling its tale; the man stripped at last of every artifice and concealment, like Thack-eray's Louis XIV.; "horrible, hairy,

Searching my memory all day, I can drag up no recollection of another such

self-opener of secret chambers and skeletonic closets. Set beside this socalled Steele (obviously not his actual name), the late Giovanni Jacopo Casanova de Seingalt shrinks to the puny proportions of a mere barroom boaster. a smoking-car Don Juan, an Eighteenth Century stock company leading man or whiskey drummer. So, too, Benvenuto Cellini: a fellow vastly entertaining, true enough, but after all, not so much a psychological historian as a liar, a yellow journalist. One always feels, in reading Benvenuto, that the man who is telling the story is quite distinct from the man about whom it is being told. The fellow, indeed, was too noble an artist to do a mere portrait with fidelity; he could not resist the temptation to repair a cauliflower ear here, to paint out a tell-tale scar there, to shine up the eyes a bit, to straighten the legs down below. As for Marie Bashkirtseff and Mary MacLane, these fascinating baggages never really existed. The Marie and Mary that we know are no more real than the grand and tragic ladies that all other chlorotic flappers dream they are—and not only the chlorotic ones, but also those who are fat and rosy. But this Steele-or whatever his name may be-never steps out of himself. He is never describing the hero he would like to be, but always the commonplace, the weak, the emotional, the stupid, the ignorant, the third-rate American male that he actually is. He deplores himself, he distrusts himself, he plainly wishes heartily that he were not himself, but he never makes the slightest attempt to touch up and ameliorate himself. Such as he is, cheap, mawkish, unæsthetic, conscience-stricken, he depicts himself with fierce and

merciless honesty.

Superficially, the man that he sets before us seems to be a highly immoral and even satanic fellow, for he confesses frankly to a long series of youthful larcenies, to a somewhat banal adventure in forgery (leading to a term in jail), to sundry petty deceits and breaches of trust, and to an almost endless chain of exploits in amour, most of them sordid and unrelieved by anything approaching romance. But the inner truth about the fellow, of course, is that he is really a moralist of the moralists -that his one fundamental and allembracing virtue is what he himself regards as his viciousness-that he is never genuinely human and likable save in those moments which lead swiftly to his most florid self-accusing. In brief, the history is that of a moral young man, the child of moral and God-fearing parents, and its moral, if it has one, is that a strictly moral upbringing injects poisons into the system that even the most steadfast morality cannot resist. The old story of the preacher's son turned sot and cut-throat! Here we see an apparently sound and normal youngster converted into a sneak and rogue by the intolerable pressure of his father's abominable Puritanism. once a rogue, we see him make himself into a scoundrel by the very force of his horror of his roguery. Every step downward is helped from above. It is not until he resigns himself frankly to the fact of his incurable degradation, and so ceases to struggle against it, that he ever steps out of it.

The external facts of the story are simple enough. The son of a school teacher turned petty lawyer and politician, the hero of the chronicle is brought up under such barbaric rigors that he has already become a fluent and ingenious liar, in sheer self-protection, at the age of five or six. From lying he proceeds quite naturally to stealing: he lifts a few dollars from a neighbor, and then rifles a tin bank, and then takes to filching all sorts of small articles from the storekeepers of the vicinage.

His harsh, stupid, Christian father, getting wind of these peccadilloes, has at him in the manner of a mad bull, beating him, screaming at him, half killing him. The boy, for all the indecent cruelty of it, is convinced of the justice of it. He sees himself as one lost; he accepts the fact that he is a disgrace to his family; in the end, he embraces the parental theory that there is something strange and sinister in his soul, that he couldn't be good if he tried. Finally, filled with some vague notion of taking his abhorrent self out of sight, he runs away from home. Brought back in the character of a felon, he runs away again. Soon he is a felon in fact. That is to say, he forges his father's name to a sheaf of checks, and his father allows

him to go to prison.

This prison term gives the youngster a chance to think things out for himself, without the constant intrusion of his father's medieval notions of right or The result is a measurably wrong. saner philosophy than that he absorbed at home, but there is still enough left of the old moral obsession to cripple him in all his thinking, and especially in his thinking about himself. His attitude toward women, for example, is constantly conditioned by puritanical misgivings and superstitions. He can never view them innocently, joyously, unmorally, as a young fellow of twenty or twenty-one should, but is always oppressed by Sunday-schoolish notions of his duty to them, and to society in general. On the one hand, he is appalled by his ready yielding to those hussies who have at him unofficially, and on the other hand he is filled with the idea that it would be immoral for him, an exconvict, to go to the altar with a virgin. The result of these doubts is that he gives a good deal more earnest thought to the woman question than is good for him. The second result is that he proves an easy victim to the discarded mistress of his employer. This worthy working girl craftily snares him and marries him—and then breaks down on their wedding night, unwomaned, so to speak, by the pathetic innocence of the

fellow, and confesses to a choice selection of her past doings, ending with the news that she is suffering from what the vice crusaders mellifluously denom-

inate a "social disease."

Naturally enough, the blow almost kills the poor boy-he is still, in fact, scarcely out of his nonage-and the problems that grow out of the confession engage him for the better part of the next two years. Always he approaches them and wrestles with them morally; always his search is for the way that the copy-book maxims approve, not for the way that self-preservation demands. Even when a brilliant chance for revenge presents itself, and he is forced to embrace it by the sheer magnetic pull of it, he does so hesitatdoubtingly, ashamedly. whole attitude to this affair, indeed, is that of an Early Christian Father. He hates himself for gathering rosebuds while he may; he hates the woman with a double hatred for strewing them so temptingly in his path. And in the end, like the moral and upright fellow that he is, he sells out the temptress for cash in hand, and salves his conscience by handing over the money to an orphan asylum. This after prayers for divine guidance! A fact! Don't miss the story of it in the book. You will go far before you get another such illuminating glimpse into a pure and righteous

So in episode after episode. One observes a constant oscillation between a pharisaical piety and a hoggish carnality. The praying brother of yesterday is the night-hack roisterer of to-day; the roisterer of to-day is the snuffling penitent and pledge-taker of to-morrow. Finally, he is pulled both ways at once and suffers the greatest of all his tortures. Again, of course, a woman is at the center of it—this time a stenographer. He has no delusions about her virtue—she admits herself, in fact, that it is extinct—but all the same he falls head over heels in love with her, and is filled with an inordinate yearning to marry her and settle down with her. Why not, indeed? She is a pretty and

a nice girl; she seems to reciprocate his affection; she is naturally eager for the obliterating gold band; she will undoubtedly make him an excellent wife. But he has forgotten his conscience and it rises up in revenge and floors him. What! Marry a girl with such a Past! Take a fancy woman to his bosom! Jealousy quickly comes to the aid of conscience. Will he be able to forget? Contemplating the damsel in the years to come, at breakfast, at dinner, across the domestic hearth, in the cold, blue dawn, will he ever rid his mind of those abhorrent images, those phantasms of men?

Here, at the very end, we come to the most engrossing chapters in this extraordinary book. The duellist of sex, thrust through the gizzard at last, goes off to a lonely hunting camp to wrestle with his intolerable problem. He describes his vacillations faithfully, elaborately, almost cruelly. On the one side he sets his honest yearning, his desire to have done with light loves, the girl herself. On the other side he ranges his moral qualms, his sneaking distrusts, the sinister shadows of those nameless predecessors. The struggle within his soul is gigantic. He suffers as Prometheus suffered on the rock; his very vitals are devoured; he emerges battered and exhausted. But with his mind made He will marry the girl. She has wasted the immemorial dowry of her sex; she comes to him tarnished and at second-hand; snickers will appear in the polyphony of the wedding music—but he will marry her nevertheless. It will be a marriage unblessed by Holy Writ; it will be a flying in the face of Moses; luck and the archangels will be against it—but he will marry her all the same, Moses or no Moses. And so, with his face made bright by his first genuine revolt against the morality that has dragged him down, and his heart pulsing to his first display of authentic, unpolluted charity, generosity and nobility, he takes his departure from us. May the fates befriend him! He has suffered the agonies of the damned!

The book is free of nasty reticences.

At no time does the author try to be cheaply shocking, but neither does he swathe his story in pecksniffian equivocations and innuendoes. What he has to say, he says clearly—and innocently. Thus we may look for a howl against the story from the professional smuthounds, who will devour it with their eyes glittering and their damp noses twitching, and denounce it as indecent and immoral. Immoral it is, in the last analysis—but surely not by design. The author's obvious purpose, indeed, is an assertively moral one; he is trying to warn sinners against the pitfalls that he fell into himself; he sees his story as a sort of new Pilgrim's Progress. call him deliberately immoral would be as absurd as to call a vice crusader or a muck-raker immoral. And yet the net effect of the book, when all is said and done, is anything but "elevating." The disgust that it conjures up is not for the sins that this canting moralist commits, but for the morality that makes him ashamed of them. One carries away a feeling that a frank and unashamed rogue would have been a far pleasanter companion, a far better man. alas, is the invariable impression that the moral penitent makes, at all times and everywhere. He is, in his own person, a devastating answer to the unctuous goodness that he preaches. He is, at one stroke, his own refutation and his own punishment.

Two more brands from the burning are to be found in "My LIFE OUT OF PRISON," by Donald Lowrie (Kennerley), and "GETTING A WRONG START," by some scrivener who chooses to remain anonymous (Macmillan). A year or two ago, on being released from San Quentin, Lowrie wrote a book called "My Life in Prison." It told some bitter truths at a moment when the public was ready to hear them, and so it attracted a good deal of attention and inspired a good deal of muddle-headed reforming by amateur penologists. The new volume continues the story of his life to the present day, and shows him chiefly in the rôle of an itinerant lecturer and uplifter, sworn to heat up the plain people against the crime of jailing rascals. Just what is to be done with them, once this atrocity is foresworn, is not very clearly stated. Nor does the author display anything approaching the alert intelligence that the solution of so difficult a problem demands. His mental processes, indeed, are often quite childish. For example, a contemplation of "the work done by the horse, reindeer, elephant, camel and ox" converts him to vegetarianism. Again, he interprets a hemorrhage of the lungs as an effort of nature to expel the poisons of tobacco from his body. Yet again, he is amazed and enchanted by the discovery that "we're all human at heart," announced by a police reporter. Such are the master-minds who sweat to save us! Such is the cerebral horse-power of the uplift!

The author of "Getting a Wrong Start" has no crimes to confess, but he seems to be convinced that his story is full of "inspiration" nevertheless. A failure as a lawyer, he takes to odd jobs at twenty-three, and thereafter, for fifteen years or more, he lives by his wits -not feloniously, not picturesquely, but laboriously, painfully, dully. At thirtyseven he is Western advertising manager for a New York magazine, and earning three thousand a year. Then, having long harbored a yearning for beautiful letters, he writes a book that wins praise from the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, and shortly follows it with a novel that becomes a best-seller and makes a lot of money for him. But why the "wrong start"? Was there anything unworthy or inutile in the career of an advertising solicitor? Was it a step upward to write books so hollow and gaudy that they became bestsellers and aroused the enthusiasm of Mr. Roosevelt, that patron saint of bad writers? The author speaks of his change of trade as if it mirrored a great spiritual awakening-as if it switched him from frippery to consecration. In brief, he takes the whole thing too seriously, almost too awesomely. It would have been a far better story if he had written it more lightly, and so given us

more of his adventures as a rolling stone

and less of his philosophizing.

From such solemn babblings and soul-searchings to brisker and friskier things. For example, to "LIEUTENANT WHAT'S-HIS-NAME," by May Futrelle (Bobbs-Merrill), an elaboration, cleverly executed, of "The Simple Case of Susan," by the late Jacques Futrelle. Mrs. Futrelle has ingenuity and humor; she knows how to write a light novel that is amusing from the first chapter to the last. And to "THE VALLEY OF FEAR," by Arthur Conan Doyle (Doran), the latest of the endless reincarnations of Sherlock Holmes, done with all of Doyle's traditional inventiveness and assurance and bounce. And especially to "Ruggles of Red Gap," by Harry Leon Wilson (Doubleday), by long odds the best comic novel since Max Beerbohm's "Zuleika Dobson." In one essential, indeed, it is a far better piece of work than "Zuleika," for Mr. Wilson, despite the riotous extravagance of his humor, always holds his story close to plausibility, and even to probability. Beerbohm couldn't manage it: he had to help out satire with fantasy. But Wilson, with extraordinary dexterity, avoids that cross-breeding. His people, for all their antics, never depart from reality entirely, and his situations, for all their gorgeous farcicality, are still full of an intriguing reasonableness.

The story, like all good stories, is simple in its outlines. The Hon. George Augustus Vane-Basingwell, younger brother to the Earl of Brinstead, enters upon a game of draw-poker with one Egbert Floud, an American astray in Paris, and promptly loses all his ready cash, and after his ready cash, his valet de chambre, one Ruggles. Not that Egbert covets Ruggles—but his estimable sister-in-law, Mrs. Senator Floud, has made up her mind that he needs a valet to cure him of yellow shoes and detachable cuffs, and Ruggles is the victim handiest to her wiles. The whole party then departs for Red Gap, Mont., the kaiserstadt of the Flouds, and there the chief scenes of the farce are played

out. Ruggles, amazed and scandalized, finds himself received as an equal by all the lights of Red Gap society; he is slapped on the back, invited to drink, given an honorary colonelcy. pretty soon he finds himself the storm center of two great social wars. On the one hand there is the struggle for leadership on the fashionable North Side, and on the other hand there is the deadly feud between the North Side and the Bohemian set. The end is a grotesque transvaluation of all values. The Hon. George falling in love with the leader of the Bohemian set-the handsome widow of an Alaska mining king -the Earl, his brother, is hurriedly summoned to save him. This salvation the Earl achieves by marrying her himself! . . . Alas, poor Ruggles! But the shock, after all, doesn't kill him. Red Gap has done its work upon him; he is already half an American; he decides to settle down and grow up with

the country.

The satire, of course, is double-edged. We are looking two ways at once: at the Americans through English eyes, and at the English through American eyes. But despite the difficulty that Mr. Wilson thus erects for himself, he carries the thing through with the utmost resourcefulness and address. Not once does the story fall down; not once is there the slightest forcing of the humor; it flows so copiously and apparently so spontaneously that one quite forgets the art of it. The characters, to be sure, belong primarily to broad farce, but more than once they rise to the dignity of high comedy. What could be more genuinely ludicrous than the dialogue between Ruggles and the Hon. George in the first chapter, wherein they discuss the American habit of saying "I guess"? Or than the account of the metamorphosis of Cousin Egbert at Ruggles' hands? Or than the grand drunk in Paris, with Cousin Egbert and Jeff Tuttle "of the State of Washington" whooping 'er up, and poor Ruggles getting the blame? Or than the visit of Ruggles to Cousin Egbert's camp? Or than the scenes wherein

Ruggles gradually yields to the anarchistic social habits of America? Here, indeed, is a book of hilarity all compact. It has shaken up my old bones with gargantuan mirth. I commend it to all who have diaphragms to laugh with.

All that "Ruggles" is, H. G. Wells' "BEALBY" (Macmillan) is not. Duller stuff, indeed, has not poured sand into these eyes for many a long day. The decline so painfully visible in "The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman," a year or so ago, here reaches a climax: Wells has blown up. In the gay days of "Tono-Bungay," "Ann Veronica" and "The History of Mr. Polly" he seemed to be the coming English novelist, but that promise, alackaday, was no more than a promise, for the things that followed grew progressively cheaper and shoddier. "Marriage," "The Passionate Friends," "The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman"—in each the decline of his serious purpose could be plainly noted, in each his hold upon his materials grew looser. In "Bealby" we observe him departing this life as a comedian. The tale is unspeakably artificial and tiresome—a farce in the style of the early 'eighties, with its feeble humor based chiefly on physical collisions and its characters running in and out of doors, like the people of "A Trip to Chinatown" and "Are You a Mason?" More vapid drivel could not be imagined. To find its match one must go back to the elephantine buffooneries of "Peck's Bad Boy."

What is the matter with Wells? Why has he gone to pieces so quickly and so completely? The answer lies, I think, in the essential superficiality of his thought. He has a certain deceptive cleverness; he shows a truly journalistic facility for plausible writing; now and then he even attains to a considerable sharpness of observation; but at bottom he remains a shallow fellow, a pretender, a hollow smart aleck, and the fact often rises up to make nonsense of his writing. You will find an effort to reduce his so-called philosophy to coherence in "The World of H. G.

Wells," by Van Wyck Brooks (Kennerley), a book well written but not worth writing. Wells, in point of fact, has no philosophy deserving the name. His mental baggage consists of a series of smatterings, with a thread of puerile Socialism holding them together. He is no more a thinker than David Lloyd-George, Theodore Roosevelt or the editor of the New York Times. Very often, indeed, he doesn't even know what to think of his own characters. A novelist, if he would invade the field of serious letters, must bring with him a far more workable intellectual equipment. He must view life from some secure rock, drawing it into a definite perspective, interpreting it upon an ordered plan. Even if he hold (as Dreiser and Conrad do) that it is essentially meaningless, he must at least display its meaninglessness with reasonable consistency and address. But Wells seems to respond to all the varying crazes and fallacies of the day; he swallows them without digesting them; he tries to substitute mere timeliness and news interest for reflection and feeling. (Even in "Bealby" he argues for conscription in England!) The result, in the long run, is an effect like that of a trashy moving Wells flashes, flickers-and picture. then goes out.

Another disappointing book is "THE HARBOR," by Ernest Poole (Macmillan), but here, perhaps, the fault is not so much chargeable to the author as to his too-enthusiastic friends. The newspaper reviews led me to expect a masterpiece-a new "McTeague," or "Sister Carrie" or "Jennie Gerhart." But all I have been able to find in it is the somewhat stilted and oratorical tale of a young magazine hack's grappling with various abysmal sociological problems, leading to conclusions as vague as they are high-sounding. Maybe this is the secret of the encomiums lavished upon it by journalistic and other uplifters . and forward-lookers: any gabble about the Social Unrest, the New Freedom, the Internationale and such-like properties of the half-baked reformer is sure to convince them that portentous things

are being said. Mr. Poole's story is written with considerable fluency and often with an approach to style, but it goes to pieces upon the fact that its principal characters are wooden and uninteresting. Their emotions, in so far as they have any, do not carry. One is not aroused to that sympathy and understanding which should go out to them. They seem, at best, but characters in a tedious and indefinitely propagandist play, and at worst, mere sticks. I get nothing out of such books. Their people fail to move me, and as for their ideas. I prefer to absorb them at firsthand-from the diverting prose dithy-

rambs of the New Republic.

And so to lesser things: "ANGELA'S Business," by Henry Sydnor Harrison (Houghton), a sentimental comedy in the author's familiar manner, with the usual odd hero and the usual feeble whimsicality; "THE CHALK LINE," by Anne Warwick (Lane), a conventional enough melodrama, but with the scenes laid in Shanghai in plague time, and many novel thrills ensuing; "THE MAN of Iron," by Richard Dehan (Stokes), an historical romance with Bismarck as its dominating figure, and a failure, despite the author's skill, for reasons that I have often expounded in this place; "LOVE LETTERS OF A DIVORCED COUPLE," by William Farquhar Payson (Doubleday), the title of which sufficiently describes it; "THE FLYING U'S LAST STAND," by B. M. Bower (Little-Brown), the ditto of which dittos; "A SIREN OF THE SNOWS," by Sidney Shaw (Little-Brown), the ditto ditto; "A GIRL OF THE BLUE RIDGE," by Payne Erskine (Little-Brown), the ditto ditto; "THE RIM OF THE DESERT," by Ada Woodruff Anderson (Little-Brown), the ditto ditto. No need to go into such confections at length. You are, I take it, familiar with the anatomy of the best-seller. You know exactly what happens in the Canadian Northwest, the cow country, the irrigation belt and the North Carolina mountains.

A few more novels and we are done: "Brunel's Tower," by Eden Phillpotts (Macmillan), a tale well spoken of by

those who should know, but as for me I have not read it, being congenitally unable to stomach Phillpotts; "THE TAMING OF AMORETTE," by Anne Warner (Little-Brown), in which we see how a clever husband tames a flirtatious wife; "John the Fool," by Charles Tenney Tackson (Bobbs-Merrill), a romance of the Louisiana bayous; "A RELUCTANT ADAM," by Sidney Williams (Houghton Mifflin), the amorous history of a New Englander, better written than most American novels; "THE DIARY OF A BEAUTY," by Mollie Elliot Seawell (Lippincott), the chronicle of a fair young creature's rise from poverty to opulence; and "A DROP IN INFINITY," by Gerald Grogan (Lane), and "THE CHEERFUL BLACKGUARD," by Roger Pocock (Bobbs-Merrill), fantastic pieces, reasonably well done and happily free of problems. Maybe I miss a few. If so, I apologize to the

neglected authors.

And now, at the end, a half dozen rious books: "The Yellowstone serious books: NATIONAL PARK," by General Hiram M. Chittenden, U.S.A. (Stewart-Kidd), an elaborate history and description of the park, with a chapter of delightful Münchausen tales by Jim Bridger, one of its earliest explorers; "The Ameri-CAN ARMY," by General W. H. Carter, U. S. A. (Bobbs-Merrill), a tome that the old maids of Lake Mohonk would do well to read carefully and take to heart; "THE HAPPINESS OF NATIONS," by James MacKaye (Huebsch), an attempt to apply scientific principles to the manufacture of happiness; "LITERA-TURE AND INSURGENCY," by John Curtis Underwood (Kennerley), a thick volume of critical banalties in vociferous form; "CURED," by Brian Boru Dunne (Winston), the humorous story of a dyspeptic's search for a cure; "REFLECTIONS ON VIOLENCE," Georges Sorel (Huebsch), the first English translation of the bible of syndicalism. . . .

Syndicalism be darned! 'A bas literature! I have earned my June honorarium. I am going out to engage a

vahze of Pilsner.



In the Shops of the Smart Set

By Jeanne Judson

If you are interested in ad-

best shops, you will read the following pages with pleasure and profit. We will be glad to tell you where any of these articles can be found, or we will purchase them for you if you desire. Simply address your inquiry to The Smart Set Shop Department, and be sure to enclose stamped, addressed envelope for reply ment, and be sure to enclose stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

UNE-roses-brides! The sequence of thought is unanimous in the J minds of thousands of women all over the country. And to those thousands who are this year denied the delights of real Paris shopping for the trousseau, Fifth avenue has opened the doors of shops scarcely less alluring, and the eyes of feminine shoppers to the fact that there is very little that these shops cannot provide.

To be sure, they have imported much

from Paris, in spite of the war, not only garments, but ideas as well, and these, combined with the rapidly growing school of American designing, have opened up hitherto undreamed-of shop-

ping delights.

To the music of June-roses-brides there is always a sweet thought accompaniment of lingerie. Why lingerie more than shoes or hats or frocks no

one quite knows, but so it is.

Thus a shop on Fifty-ninth street, near Fifth avenue, devoted to lingerie, is called a trousseau shop. One set, consisting of an envelope chemise and robe de nuit, is of fine mercerized ba-



tiste. The trimming is a deep top of Irish lace and hand embroidery, with beading and knots of inch-wide blue satin ribbon. Irish lace also adorns the

bottom. The chemise is \$8.50; the gown \$7.50.

Another set of chemise and gown in batiste has Irish rose lace at top, Irish pekoe at the bottom and an accompaniment of pink The ribbon. chemise is \$4 and the gown \$3.95.

A set of cap, gown and petticoat, trimmed with cluny lace, hand-made embroidery and

pink ribbon, sells for \$29; the cap \$4.50, the gown \$16 and the petticoat \$8.50.

One of the newest afternoon frocks shown by a famous Fifth avenue house would make a much-coveted addition to the trousseau of any bride. The foundation is of brown taffeta, but any air of soberness which the color might lend is quite obliterated by the frivolity of the skirt, or skirts, for there are really four of them. The very under one is



of the taffeta, then comes another of net, then a short tunic of shadow lace and over that a very full net tunic of uneven length. The waist is a bodice effect of the taffeta with a double row



of buttons down the front. There is a ruff collar of the net, elbow sleeves of ruffed net and mock pockets. This frock is illustrated on page 297.

The picture at the lower right-hand corner of

this page shows a dance-frock, which may be had in yellow, rose, flesh, pale blue, orchid, white or black. It is of charmeuse, with a draped bodice, net sleeves and a wide double skirt. The upper tunic is finished with a fold hem. Three tiny tailored bows adorn each sleeve above double flounces of the net. A tiny bouquet of French flowers nestles at the left side of the bodice. This model is only \$29.50.

This same shop shows a blouse, illustrated on page 299, which is deserving of more than ordinary favor. It is of crêpe taffeta in pink or white. There are three large scallops down the front, a large pearl button on each scallop. The sleeves are long and fasten with one pearl button. The collar may be worn either high or low. It has three small pearl buttons, but the real fastenings are hooks. This unusually simple, smart model sells for \$6.50.

RAINBOW LEATHERS FOR NEW SHOES

Fashion experts predict that the era of fancy footwear is just beginning. It will grow as the summer advances and continue in popularity through the coming fall and winter.

To be quite au fait Milady must have a pair of shoes to go with every frock and suit, in the same color or a contrasting shade. However, cloth tops are no longer smart. The latest development in shoe fashions is exquisitely soft, colored kid, which has entirely superseded cloth for high boot tops and evening slippers.

Kid has a number of advantages aside from its superior appearance. It will hold its shape much longer than cloth, is close-fitting and combines equally well with buckskin, gun-metal or patent

leather

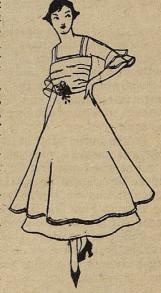
Then, too, an enterprising manufacturer has developed a new process whereby any shade may be obtained, so that frocks may be matched per-

fectly.

For the woman who desires to be correctly shod at all times, but whose purse will not permit her to have a separate pair of shoes for each costume, there are clever kid spats. These, of course, will not come into full vogue until autumn, but the present alluring

possibilities for smart footwear at small expense, with their many shades of sand, putty, bronze, blue, gray, green, brown, or even pink if one is frivolous enough to desire it.

Combinations of golden-brown kid with café au lait or champagne-colored tops are very striking.



Laced at back, side or in front, the unbreakable fashion rule is that colored kid must be employed in the making.

Here's another important point in their favor—one can ofttimes wear a size smaller kid evening slipper than one wears in satin. And when one realizes how easily and how often they can be cleaned without being in the least spoiled, their popularity is assured.

The shoes illustrated at the lower left-hand corner of page 297 are the Trianon Bride's slipper and the Wellesley, being shown by a prominent Fifth avenue house.

The Trianon is of pink or white brocade, or in white with silver brocade a strap slipper with a place for an orange-blossom rosette. These cost \$10; with silver brocade trimming the

price is \$12.

The Wellesley costs from \$8 to \$12. Made of gray suede or gray suede and black kid, very flexible, with a high heel, \$12. Made of dull leather in black or tan it is \$8. Made of dull leather and gray kid or patent and fawn kid it is \$8; or in plain gray buckskin, \$10. Or it may be had in white linen with white sole for \$5. The Wellesley is distinguished by a tiny pointed tongue.

A SPORT FASHION SPONSORED BY ENGLAND

Woolen stockings!

Really smart women are wearing them this summer. Let me hasten to reassure you; they are only being adopted for sport wear; that is, in America. It is whispered that in England they are given much wider use. And they are not the hand-knitted, coarse kind of early Colonial days. Instead, they are soft and fine—pure wool—knitted on the coast of Scotland, and the patterns and designs are as smart and varied as those found in silk.

The best-known hosiery shop on Fifth avenue is sponsor for them, and thus introduced they cannot fail to be popular. Besides, now that American women are really beginning to take sports seriously—that is, socially—they must be a bit practical about

them.

Plain white wool stockings cost \$2 a pair; but they may be had in any

color or white with one-half-inch-wide vertical stripes of black, rose, blue or yellow for \$4.50 a pair. It is very good to wear a belt or cravat of a color to match the

stripes on the stockings.

But to return to silk, where American women feel more at home, this shop is showing what should be called the zebra stocking. Made of pure thread French silk with onefourth-inch stripes running to the



top in any two-color combination desired for \$7 a pair. Three-row clocks in pure French thread silk cost \$3.50.

In one of the Fifth avenue shops I saw a sport hat that is sure to be one of the most popular innovations of the summer. It is sun-proof and so flexible that it can be packed as carelessly as a handkerchief, and can be bent to whatever shape is most becoming to the wearer. The top is of faille silk of one-half-inch width, sewn on in spiral form like braid. It is faced with straw of a contrasting shade. The hat shown in the sketch at upper lefthand corner of page 298 has a white top and purple facing, but any color combination may be used. A chic ribbon decoration emphasizes the left side. The hat is all hand-stitched. The brim is wide enough to give shade to the eyes. It is as serviceable as it is attractive and sells for only \$8.50. One advantage of this hat is its equal suitability for wear by either matron or maid.

An inexpensive sport coat for beach, boardwalk, golf or tennis is a threequarters length corduroy, caught in at the sides with a strap belt which connects the wide patch pockets. The collar may be worn either high or low. This model illustrated at the top of this page costs only \$11.50.

One very good model comes in either white, blue or khaki. It is made with a high belt, giving the empire effect, with the new pointed collar, which may be turned up to form a "choker," and has pointed shirred pockets. This corduroy coat is only \$13.50.

Another attractive corduroy coat of similar design, shown in the same shop, is brocadelined, has the new puffed pockets, and, of course, is belted. This model is also \$13.50.

These coats all come in almost any color desired.

IMPORTED SWISS EMBROIDERIES

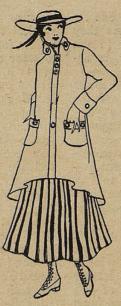
At the time of the New York Fashion Show many new cotton fabrics of American manufacture were brought out, and a lingerie summer was predicted with domestic fabrics in the foreground.

The first part of the prediction still holds good, but there will be almost as many imported fabrics as ever represented.

Among the daintiest are the Swiss embroideries which one importer is bringing over in large quantities. These are in all the latest French shades on organdie, linen, batiste, wool and cotton crêpe, voile, ratine, silk, net, chiffon and crêpe de chine.

The bride who does not include at least two frocks of these exquisitely cool and dainty embroideries in her trousseau will have overlooked a really worth-while opportunity, for they are not expensive and they will be a delight all summer long.

The importer will send a box of samples with illustrated patterns of frocks,



blouses and children's dresses to women who are sufficiently interested to write and mail postage. Material sufficient to make a garment sells for from \$1 to \$50.

Many beautiful and practical fabrics have been brought out for the separate coats which are so necessary a part of this summer's wardrobe.

One of these, called Waterfall, has all the soft luster of finest silk and is lighter than corduroy. The name seems quite appropriate when one sees the contrasting stripes of soft pile and plain weave. It comes in all the new colors—silver, sand, Fulgens, Belgique blue, gazelle, sailor and marmotte, and in various

weights for sport, simple afternoon or evening wear.

Cordurex and Corducœur in innumerable stripe combinations are others of the new coat materials.

THE PERFUME OF ROMANCE

To achieve that "faint, elusive perfume" of the Victorian novel heroine is the secret dream of almost every woman. But, alas, the scent that is strong enough to be lasting is seldom elusive, and the elusive scents are never lasting. Then, too, really good perfumes are usually very expensive. It was, therefore, with no little joy that I, with many other seekers, discovered the Glebeas Inspiration flower scents. A bottle (a very small bottle) of concentrated flower essence, either violet, rose or lily of the valley, costs one dollar. As fresh and fragrant as the flowers and wonderfully lasting. There is not a particle of alcohol in these perfumes and the scent keeps its freshness for weeks.

Quaintly in keeping with the summer's styles is the Glebeas Inspiration heart's-ease, a perfume essence that sells for only \$2.50 an ounce, coming in an oddly shaped dipplé glass bottle.

(Continued on second page following)



Gentleman (intent upon exercise): "SHALL WE WALK-ER-ER?"

Friend (interrupting): "A Walker? Splendid Idea! We'll find a 'Johnnie Walker' Red Label non-refillable bottle just across."

The "Johnnie Walker" non-refillable bottle is a result of the superior quality of "Johnnie Walker" whisky—It is the desire of the distillers to ensure the certainty of its not being tampered with.

It is the policy of liberal reserve stocks which always, and continue to, ensure the quality of "Johnnie Walker" being kept uniformly superior.

Every drop of "Johnnie Walker" Red Label is over 10 years old.

GUARANTEED SAME QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

Agents: WILLIAMS & HUMBERT, 1158 Broadway, NEW YORK.

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK.



FRECKLES AND SUNBURN CAN BE PREVENTED

"I can in a very great measure obviate the annoyance that sensitive women suffer from exposure to the sun."

posure to the sun."

This is a strong statement and could scarcely be made by other than Madame Helena Rubinstein, whose unique position as the authority in Beauty and its Culture is recognized universally by society women both here and throughout the Continent of Europe. The same Madame Rubinstein numbers among the clientéle who patronize her London and Paris establishments known as Maison de Beaute Valaze, many famous beauties and women of the highest rank in European courts.

Any one of these women will say to you, if asked: "Madame Rubinstein? Why, she simply has the secrets of beauty at her fingertips."

Not he least of these secrets, but really the outcome of years of scientific study, is

Novena Sunproof Creme

By simply rubbing a little of this preparation on the skin before going out freekling is prevented. You may enjoy all outdoor sports, even sea-bathing, with all risk of tanning and freekling reduced to a minimum. Above all, Novena Sunproof Creme is harmless, won't show on the face, and forms a serviceable foundation for powder, which it is always advisable to use in the summer time. When Mme. Rubinstein says that this preparation prevents freekling, she knows what this wonderful cream has done. Its effect is truly marvelous. Its price is \$3 and \$5 a pot. Sample size \$1.

Madame Rubinstein does not claim that this preparation will remove freckles or sunburn. It is a preventive, but not a cure.

If you carelessly allow these blemishes to appear, it is quite another of her preparations that you should use. Its name is

Valaze Beautifying Skinfood

and it forms the keynote and one of the triumphs of her success as a beauty culturist. This master-preparation removes the freckle-pigment, dispels tan and sallowness not by bleaching simply, but by stimulating the skin texture so that clearness of the skin is brought about and freedom from threatening lines and wrinkles is ensured. The price of Valaze is \$2.25 and \$6, but a sample size pot sufficient for six weeks' use can be had for \$1.25.

"Comment se fait la Beaute"

This is the title of a booklet, whose English edition is called "Beauty in the Making." It is written by Mme. Rubinstein herself especially for those who are unable to come to her Maison de Beaute Valaze for treatment. In this booklet she has dealt with every defect of the complexion and its prevention and relief through home treatment. It will be sent to you on receipt of 4c in stamps. Write to Mme. Rubinstein for an appointment or, for advice and she will answer you personally.

MADAME HELENA RUBINSTEIN 15 East Forty-ninth Street,

255 Rue Saint Honoré Paris

New York City 24 Grafton Street London, W.

MILITARY GLOVES

Among those little things that give a final touch of smartness to the toilet, nothing is more important than gloves. This season they are as distinctive in style as the shoes. "West Point" and "Fielder" are the names of two of the best street wear styles I have seen in the shops. "Fielder" gloves come in Kid, Cape, Mocha and silk, in sand, putty, covert colors or black and white. The "West Point" glove is six-button length, in black and white, or any color combination desired to match one's suit. gloves have black tops and black stitched fingers, with black silk embroidered backs. They fasten with three black straps, finished with pearl buttons. The "Fielder" has only one miltary strap finished with a pearl button. Both styles sell for \$2.50 a pair in Kid, Cape or Mocha, or \$1.50 for silk.

ABOUT THE COIFFURE

When a woman is no longer a débutante she realizes more each year the necessity of having her hair becomingly coiffed. One New York woman whose shop is on Thirtyseventh street has made this her especial study. By a careful study of the facial contours she decides upon the most becoming arrangement with unerring judgment. Then, by the addition of a "pin wave" here and an atractive curl there, she conceals every sign of advancing years.

Those happy people who are furnishing a new home, or even those who are just having one or two rooms done over, will be interested in a shop on Thirty-ninth street, where not only furniture may be obtained at very moderate prices, but walls are papered and rugs are furnished to match.

Here I saw a very pretty bedroom suite in a modified Adam design of ivory enamel and cane, with tiny panels of birds'-eye maple. The suite, consisting of bed, dresser, costumer, chest of drawers and a chair, sold for only \$125. The room for which it was designed was to be papered in black, white and lemon striped paper; the rug was black and yellow, and the window hangings were to be of soft gold Japanese cloth.

This shop makes rugs to order to go with any scheme of furnishing and decoration. A 9 x 12 rug of this sort costs only \$31.

I saw a blue and white enamel floor lamp, five feet seven inches high, with provision for two lights, for only \$14; another, the

(Continued on second page following)

THE SMART SET Will Do Your SUMMER SHOPPING

while you enjoy your summer at the shore without any of those disturbing trips back to town for "things you really must have."

A woman living in Hawaii

:: and ::

A volunteer Red Cross Nurse

who had been absent from New York so long that she had quite lost touch with the fashions and shops:

These women were among those for whom THE SMART SET shopped last month.

It is equally easy for our trained shoppers to buy for the women in Hawaii or to take care of your shopping interests while you are out of town for the summer.

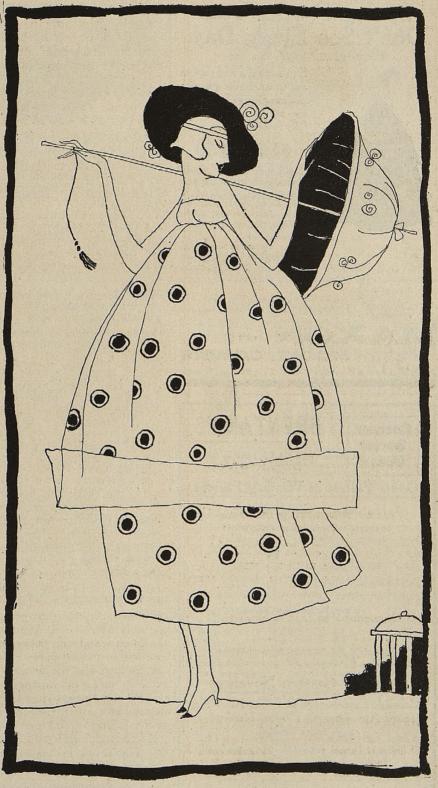
THE SMART SET will answer inquiries about matters of fashion, dress, home furnishing and similar interests. We will purchase anything you desire from poudre et rouge to golf clubs, or you may write in for prices and descriptions of articles in which you are interested.

Address all inquiries to

In the Shops of The Smart Set"

Smart Set Company

331 Fourth Ave. New York



Spring Frocks You Don't See Every Day

All Original Models-No Two Alike



So many delighted patrons ask us where we get such charming frocks and which we sell at such wonderfully reasonable prices.

\$15 to \$50

They are original Model Gowns imported for exhibition purposes only—not worn or shop worn, mind you, but frocks which are used by the importers to illustrate the latest Parisienne styles.

You can select here an exquisite summer frock for just one

half the amount you'd pay elsewhere, with both individuality and those chic French finishing touches which mean so much to well dressed women.

So many ask for catalogs. We have none. The gowns sell too rapidly. You must call and see them yourself – even try them on.

MAXON

Established 1899

No two of which MODEL GOWNS

1552 Broadway (46th St.) New York

Correct Social Usage

BRENTANO'S

STATIONERY DEPARTMENT

Good Values in Writing Papers

for Summer Correspondence.

Brentano's Bond, Letter Size, White
Box containing 120 Sheets and 100 Envelopes, \$1.00
" " 48 " " 48 " 50
" 24 " " 24 " 22 " ".25

French Lawn, Letter Size, White

Box containing 120 Sheets and 100 Envelopes, \$1.00 " 48 " 48 " 48 " 550 " 550 " 24 " 24 " 25

Vellum, Letter Size, White

Londsdale Fabric Bond, Blue or White Box containing 96 Sheets and 96 Envelopes, \$0.85

Summer Garden Novelties

Colonial Laquered Ware: Garden Pails, Ginger-Ale Coolers, Flower Holders, in any colors desired.

Many Useful Novelties for Travelers

Fifth Avenue

New York

same height, of antique gold, with a fluted column, was \$11.50.

This shop also shows Japanese grass cloth hangings, which are very inexpensive, and I saw a real bargain in white or écru scrim curtains, with cluny edging, two and one-half yards long, for only \$1.50 a pair.

IN MILADY'S GARDEN

Milady can find no stage setting more becoming than her garden, and when you add to this the very atractive tools which the shops are offering, it is not strange that gardens and gardening are very popular just now.

One Fifth avenue shop is showing many of these new gardening accessories (they are not really tools) in Colonial lacquered ware, a light metal, heavily lacquered and prettily decorated. A large pail, with a square handle, is decorated with flowers on a bright blue background. It may be used for cut flowers or as a ginger-ale cooler at the garden-party or picnic. Its price is \$5.

There are many other very attractive conceits in this new Colonial lacquer—a peacock candle-sconce selling for \$4; a sanitary perforated waste-basket, in any color ground and decoration desired, loking like an old-fashioned sampler, which sells for \$5; cornucopia vases, hanging by chains, for \$1.25 to \$1.75, and birdcage brackets, adorned with tiny birds, in colors to match the cage.

In this same shop is shown the "Maid in America" Maid. All equipped for traveling, she stands, eight inches high, made of wood, the back of her military cape forming a box for stationery. At her side is a trunk, packed only with a ball of twine, the end of which pokes conveniently out of the keyhole. A small bag holds stamps. Truly a pleasant and useful piece of desk equipment.

No matter where you live you can always avail yourself of the best that the New York shops have to offer; through the Shopping Service which The SMART SET has established. Or if you live in the city you can save time by making use of this department which is designed for the convenience of all of our readers. We will purchase anything for sale in New York City upon receipt of its retail price, or if the cost is unknown to you, we will price the same and hold it for you until the requisite amount is received. Every article described in this department is guaranteed to be as represented. This service is at your disposal free of charge.



H. JAECKEL & SONS WEST 32ND STREET NOS-16-18-20 BETWEEN 5THAVE-SB'WAY NOTE THE ADDRESS

COLD DDY AID STODAGE FOR FURS - REMODELING AND RE-PAIRING AT SUMMER PRICES

TELEPHONE 5230 MAD-SQ.



MME. FRIED

HAIR SHOP

Summer Hair Modes

Designed to insure Permanent Hair Wave by means of my

Wavy, Ventilated, Invisible, Side-parted Transformations

Especially suitable for traveling purposes \$10.00 and up Puff Curls, \$5.00 and up

15 West 34th St. New York Riker Bldg., Opposite Waldorf, Entire 3rd Floor

If You Enjoy Really Clever Fiction

you should get one or two bound volumes of SMART SET. We have a few from a year or so ago which we offer you at a reduction, viz.; \$1.00 each, postpaid or 3 (1 year bound) for \$2.50. A volume will be mailed you FREE with a year's subscription. Thus-

Regular Price 1 year's subscription to Smart Set . . \$3.00 640 page bound volume of fiction . . 1.50

Our Special Price

\$3.00



Is superior on all occasions.

From the famous White Rock Mineral Springs, Waukesha, Wis. Office, 100 Broadway, N.Y.

HEALTHY HAIR BEAUTIFUL HAIR

You can have both. Try the



METHOD OF HAIR TREATMENT and HERBEX HAIR TONICS

They correct HAIR TROUBLES and avoid HAIR WORRIES. Let me convince you by a practical demonstration. Hair and Scalp Examinations Free, Write for S. S. Booklet on "Healthy Hair." FRANK PARKER, 51 West 37th St., N. Y.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Etc., of

THE SMART SET

Published Monthly at New York, N. Y., required by the Act of August 24, 1912. For Apri 1, 1915.

POST-OFFICE ADDRESS

AME OF Editors, George Jean Nathan and H. L. Mencken 456 Fourth Avenue, New York Managing Editors, George Jean Nathan and H. L. Mencken 456 Fourth Avenue, New York

Business Manager, E. F. Warner, President 456 Fourth Avenue, New York

Publisher, Smart Set Company Inc. 456 Fourth Avenue, New York

OWNERS: Smart Set Company Inc. 456 Fourth Avenue, New York

456 Fourth Avenue, New York E. F. Warner -George Jean Nathan 456 Fourth Avenue, New York 456 Fourth Avenue, New York H. L. Mencken -

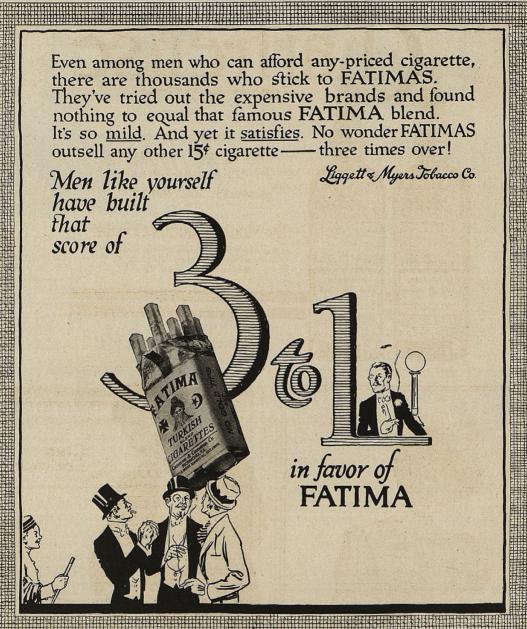
H. H. Stark -33 West 42nd Street, New York - - Westport, Conn. Mark Lee Luther -

Known bondholders, mort agees, and other security holders, holding one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities : Ess Ess Publishing Company, 2 West 45th Street, New York

(Signed) E. F. WARNER (Business Manager) Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23d day of March, 1915

(Signed) A. P. Smith, Notary Public Kings County

Certificate filed New York County No. 231. My commission expires March, 1916







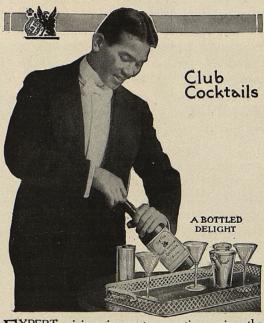


The superb liqueur of the ages. Unvarying in character—unsurpassed in excellence.

The Monks' Famous Cordial

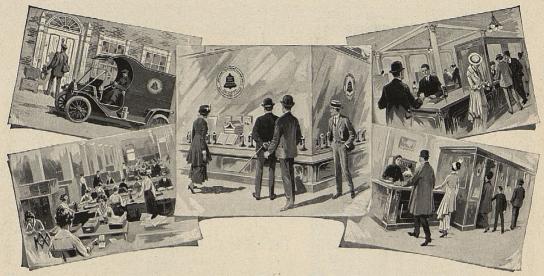
At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés, Bätjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Sole Agents for United States.





EXPERT mixing—in exact proportions—gives the uniformly distinctive flavor that has made Club Cocktails famous. And the soft, mellow smoothness—that's the result of aging in the wood.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.
Hartford New York London
Importers of the famous Brand's A-1 Sauce



Doing Business with a Business Concern

The business man is an important factor in your daily life and happiness.

He may raise wheat or cattle; he may manufacture flour or shoes; he may run a grocery or a drygoods store; he may operate a copper mine or a telephone company. He creates or distributes some commodity to be used by other people.

He is always hard at work to supply the needs of others, and in return he has his own needs supplied.

All of us are doing business with business men so constantly that we accept the benefits of this intercourse without question, as we accept the air we breathe. Most of us have little to do with government, yet we recognize the difference between business methods and government methods.

We know that it is to the interest of the business man to do something for us, while the function of the government man is to see that we do something for ourselves—that is, to control and regulate.

We pay them both, but of the two we naturally find the business man more get-at-able, more human, more democratic.

Because the telephone business has become large and extensive, it requires a high type of organization and must employ the best business methods.

The Bell System is in the business of selling its commodity—telephone service. It must meet the needs of many millions of customers, and teach them to use and appreciate the service which it has provided.

The democratic relation between the customer and the business concern has been indispensable, providing for the United States the best and most universal telephone service of any country in the world.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

((()),());();()

The latest dance hits while they are hits—the latest in every class of vocal and instrumental music—are on Columbia double-disc records. A new list on sale the 20th of every month. And at a standard price of 65 cents—the price of more than a thousand Columbia double-disc records.

Buy Columbia records because they are better records—universal in selections and faultless in recording.

Hear the newest records at your Columbia dealer's. Today! And hear any other particular records you like, you have a choice of more than 4000.

And while you are about it—hear the Columbia Grafonola "Favorite" at \$50 as illustrated;

the model that for more than four years has been sold to more people than any other instrument—regardless of price or make. It has every Columbia tone feature, including the exclusively Columbia tone control leaves. Other Columbia Grafonolas from \$17.50 to \$500—and on easy terms if you wish.



Columbia Graphophone Co.

Box F308 Woolworth Bldg., New York

TORONTO: 365-367 Sorauren Avenue. Prices in Canada plus duty. Creators of the Talking Machine Industry. Pioneers and Leaders in the Talking Machine Art. Owners of the Fundamental Patents. Dealers and Prospective Dealers write for a confidential letter and a free copy of our book "Music Money."



Double-Disc | Double-Disc



PAILI MAILI FAMOUS CIGARETTES





A Shilling
in London
A Quarte
Here